

THE

Atlantic



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Victrola radio-phonograph
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fairly floats over the record.

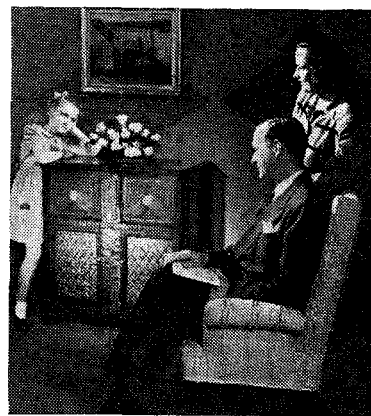
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point pickup—no needles. American
and foreign radio reception. An out-
standing radio-phonograph combina-
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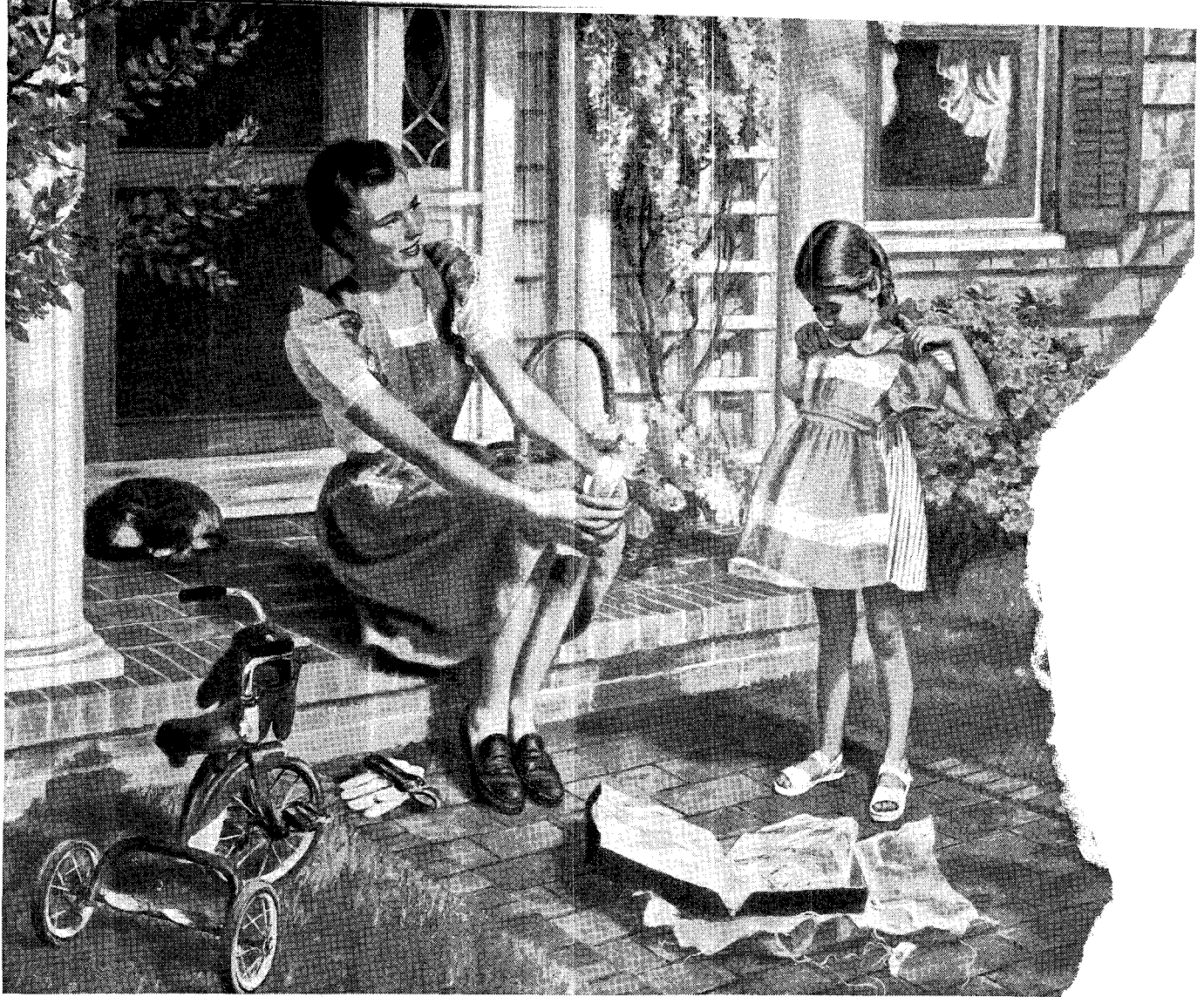


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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Far East

BECAUSE the Philippines are such an unimpeded field for American action, there can be seen the emerging characteristics of American policy under the Truman administration. These characteristics are strongly conservative. They reflect both the machine politics of President Truman himself, and the Administration's far-reaching appeasement of conservative Democrats and conservative Republicans.

Philippine independence will be inaugurated on July 4, and this will fulfill the letter of America's commitment. Strong American influences helped to elect Manuel Roxas as the first president of the independent Philippines instead of President Osmeña. The maneuver is another example of our strongly conservative policy. Osmeña is a man of the right; Roxas stands much further to the right. In Philippine politics he is grouped with Andrés Soriano — MacArthur's chief aide and political adviser in the Philippines — as a fellow-traveler of fascism and an ideological admirer of Franco.

Our preference for Roxas therefore underlines a growing consistency in Washington policy. In Europe, we shall continue to resort to every possible device to evade the issue of Franco Spain. While we do not want to be labeled as the friends of Franco, we feel that we must at all costs not allow ourselves to be identified with the enemies of Franco. In the Philippines, however, we are actually aiding the friends of Franco.

Special privilege for Americans

Not only are the outlines of policy becoming clear; even the details of method are being revealed. It is an essential characteristic of an independent country that no non-citizens should have advantages or privileges over other non-citizens. The same concept forms the very heart of the traditional Ameri-

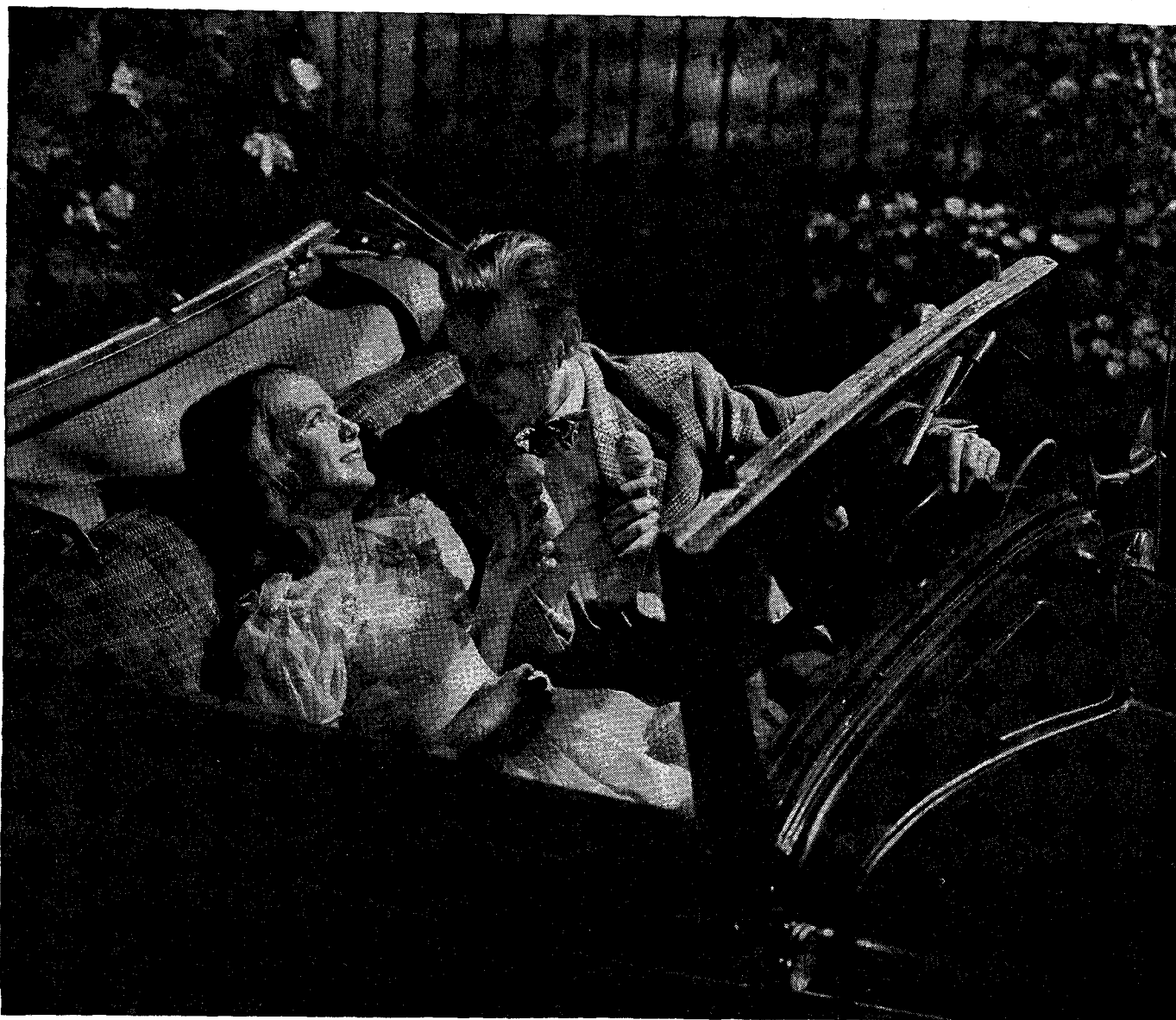
can Open Door policy, whether applied in China or elsewhere.

Yet the Tydings and Bell Acts provide that Americans shall have advantages and privileges which are withheld from all other nationals. Only Filipinos and Americans are to be compensated for war damage, though in heavily damaged Manila a third of the loss was suffered by Chinese. The result of this discriminatory proposal would be to refinance the Americans and place them securely out of reach of their competitors.

In addition, it is proposed that the Philippines shall be required — in other words, ordered — to amend the important clause of their constitution stipulating a minimum of 60 per cent ownership by Philippine citizens in public utility corporations and corporations which exploit the public domain and natural resources. It is now proposed that Americans, but not other nationals, shall have equal rights with Filipinos in this respect.

Other moves were High Commissioner McNutt's attempt to invalidate settlements of debts made during the Japanese occupation (which would have meant that American creditors could collect their debts in more valuable money), and his proposal to lift President Osmeña's moratorium on debts. As there are more American creditors than debtors, this would have been yet another way of strengthening American economic interests at a time when Philippine economic interests are weak.

President Osmeña protested strongly against some of these moves. President-elect Roxas has protested against nothing. The explanation is that Osmeña was writing the last words of a chapter of Philippine history that is closing. Roxas is squaring away to write the first words of the new chapter.



The moon and tenpence

Even today, a dime or so will still enable a fellow to end an evening in style. The high cost of living hasn't ruled out some old favorites — not the moon, at least, nor summer's own frosty-cool ice cream cone!

At such a moment, it's almost unromantic to say anything more. But the fact is, there's a lot besides frostiness and flavor that makes a certain ice cream a very *special* treat. You see it under the labels "Sealtest" and "Breyers"—and whether by the cone or quart, it means *extra* money's worth.

Every lick of ice cream which wears these labels is subject to a unique supervision. Sealtest Laboratories,

established by National Dairy, set the standards for it. And, moreover, check continually to make sure those standards are met.

In over a thousand communities, National Dairy member companies hold to the high mark fixed by scientific controls. Only ice cream which conforms to Sealtest standards can be sold to you under these labels.

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Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

As long as the Philippine independence movement involved a need for continuing pressures of manifold kinds, to hurry up the Americans, even conservative leaders had to mobilize not only right-wing support, but support from groups to the left. Habituated to this need, Osmeña, though a representative of the landed interests, has been willing to make at least moderate concessions to the numerically strong tenant farmers.

Roxas, man of opportunity

With full independence in the Philippines there is an opportunity (one must distinguish between opportunity and need) for a new type of leader. A man can now make a career for himself if he will make it his aim to control the country instead of representing the people of the country. To achieve this aim he must have outside support, in order to be able to dispense with the essentially democratic process of welding together groups having varying interests.

Roxas has now come forward as such a man of opportunity. With American bases in the Philippines, troops will be at hand in an "emergency." And with the American Congress in charge of tariffs and trade quotas, and with American financial and trading interests refinanced and given a head start, Roxas will not need to court his own people.

He will decide, on behalf of his American backers, who gets what. Therefore, the Philippines appear to be launched on a "banana republic" future — to use a phrase familiar to us from our dollar diplomacy in Central America and the Caribbean. The important consideration may be, not what happens to the Philippines, — for which we have a moral responsibility, — but what Asia is likely to deduce about American intentions in Asia.

Japanese policy (made in Missouri)

Japan is developing into an interesting halfway station of American policy. There have been murmurs about General MacArthur's cordial relations with Roxas, Soriano, and the friends of the Spanish Falangists in the Philippines. But it can be said without hesitation that in Japan MacArthur has promoted representative government more successfully than Washington has promoted it in most other countries.

It sometimes appears that Washington has a trembly feeling that labor unions and leftist parties in foreign countries are a little too representative. In Japan, MacArthur has given them a clear field, weighting the odds against them only by holding the elections early enough to favor the old conservative machines against the hastily assembled leftist campaign machinery.

The maneuver worked to the extent that the Diet elected was very strongly conservative. A few Com-

munists and other leftists, however, were elected by heavy votes in their individual constituencies. Since conservatives got wide representation with the aid of machine votes, while leftists got small representation backed by heavily concentrated votes, the Japanese Diet may be described as a trick thermometer which registers cold more than it ought to, and heat less than it ought to. We may therefore expect continuing leftist pressures in Japan greater than the leftist representation in the Diet would indicate.

The question-mark future of Japanese leftism and liberalism is a reminder that MacArthur, like other proconsuls of America's new world-wide power, is sensitive about Russia. A Russian request for information about the MacArthur purge of politically undesirable Japanese was met with a panicky "Quick, the Flit!" filibuster by a MacArthur aide. MacArthur quickly changed his representative on the Allied Council for Japan, naming a civilian, the able George Acheson of the State Department, who is his political adviser.

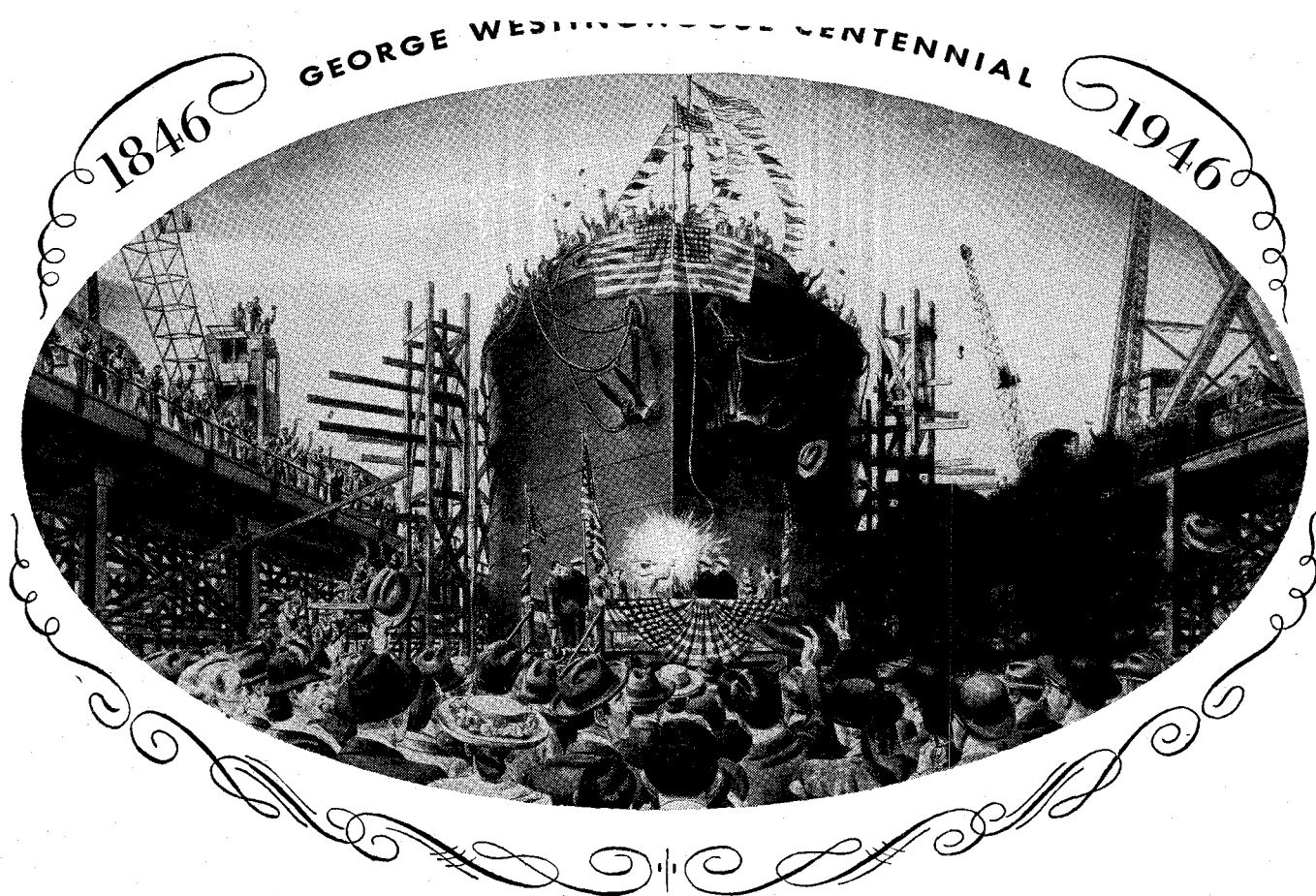
One-way street

The incident had an important by-product in the further weakening of the American position on the handling of Japanese reparations, which has been badly bungled in a number of ways. The basic American case is that the disposal of Japanese assets as reparations is a matter of joint concern to all nations which played a major part in the defeat of Japan. This sound case has been undermined by an American tendency to be unilateral in method and hectoring in manner.

The Allied Council precedent in Japan implies that Russians may not question what Americans have done. Other precedents suggest a theory that Americans may query what Russians have done. Demands have been made that the Russians let in an American mission — not an international mission — to see exactly what the Red Army has done in North Korea and Manchuria.

The full record of American and Russian notes on the subject has not been published, but in the record, as far as it has been disclosed, there is a suggestion that China has complained to America, and America, on China's behalf, to Russia. The procedure carries on and develops the tendency for the Chinese government to behave as if China were a protectorate rather than a fully sovereign country, and for the United States to treat it as such.

In the immediate circumstances it does not even occur to the American public, which feels friendly and protective toward China, to stop and think about the implications of this trend. In the long run the Chinese public, which has come out of the war flushed with nationalistic feeling, will react in a



Launching a New Era...

Nearly half a century ago, George Westinghouse developed a revolutionary steam turbine that supplanted the steam engine as a driving force for central station generators.

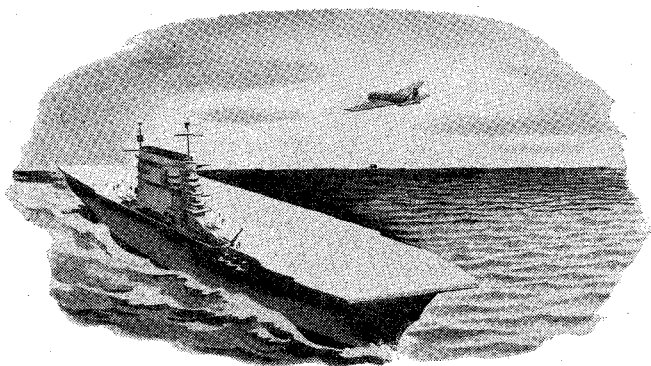
Always vitally interested in better transportation, Westinghouse quickly realized that here was the *ideal power source* for ship propulsion. Because of its compactness, the steam turbine would permit more space for fuel . . . reduce weight and vibration . . . assure far greater fuel economy.

But there was one difficult engineering problem that no one had yet solved—an efficient means for coupling the rapidly whirling turbine shaft with the ship's slow-moving propeller.

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After six long years of study and experiment, Westinghouse built two 3250 horsepower geared turbines which were installed in the collier, U. S. S. Neptune—launched on June 21, 1912.

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Tune in: JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—Sunday, 2:30 pm, EDT, NBC • TED MALONE—Monday through Friday, 11:45 am, EDT, American Network

chip-on-the-shoulder way both against its own government and against America.

Korea, orphan of democracy

Korea is one of the saddest orphans of a democratic victory over imperialism. Supposedly, Korea is to become fully free in its internal administration and in its relations with other countries after only five years. If this program can be carried through, it will make an important break in the whole extensive log jam of colonial emancipation.

We have made about as bad a beginning as we could. The Russian military occupiers of the north and American military occupiers of the south have been told to work out an agreement with each other. In and of itself, such an approach is a cardinal error. What is needed is not agreement in Korea between American and Russian generals, but agreement about Korea, in Washington and Moscow, between American and Russian policy-makers.

The situation illustrates, in its purest form, the most irritating problem in the whole scope of our international policy: Are the Korean, Manchurian, and Iranian situations the cause of bad relations between the Kremlin and the White House? Or are Korea, Manchuria, and Iran merely arenas in which we squabble as a result of the fact that there is no meeting of minds in Washington and Moscow?

The Roosevelt formula was: Agree in the world capitals, and apply in the peripheral areas the policies agreed on. The Truman formula seems to be: Turn on the heat in the peripheral areas, in order to force agreement in the world capitals.

In Manchuria we have a special variation of the pattern because here the Truman directive under which General Marshall operates is nearer to the old Roosevelt point of view. General Marshall himself is a heroic figure, and unfortunately a rather lonely figure, in his dogged insistence that there must not be a civil war in China, with one side backed by America and the other by Russia, and that the way to prevent it is to get an agreement at the top between the Chinese leaders. Afterwards the agreement can be applied in the field.

The Chinese muff a fast one

While General Marshall was in Washington for consultations, the Chinese Central Government tried to bring off a *fait accompli* — and lost. The Russians had said: Agree first, and then we will get out of Manchuria. The Chinese had retorted: Get out of Manchuria first, and then we will see if we can agree.

The Russians were outstaying their welcome, and though they hinted broadly that they were not “intervening” more than the Americans elsewhere, the

world press and world opinion were against them. The evidence that they had stripped Manchurian factories made all the difference. In the second skirmish the Russians, giving way to Chinese insistence, pulled out — and did it so fast that the Chinese government, pushing against a door that was no longer barred, fell flat on its face.

The government had compounded its errors by failing to come to an agreement with the Communists before entering Manchuria, and by underestimating the obstinacy of the Manchurian Chinese, who strongly resent any attempt to impose on them a regime which they have not chosen. The government also counted too much on its ability to overawe Manchuria by sending in American-trained and American-equipped troops, with the hint that this meant American approval.

Reports now reiterate what ought to have been understood before. One of the strongest Communist propaganda appeals is that “Chinese should not fight Chinese.” The troops sent into Manchuria had thought that they were going to disarm Japanese. Thrown into combat, they were disgusted at taking part in a civil war, and some of them surrendered easily.

The present ascendancy of the Communists in Manchuria is just that — an ascendancy, not a mastery. It is an ascendancy created primarily by mistaken government policy, not by the persuasiveness of Communist arguments. The dominant factor in Manchuria is the Manchurian Chinese population. These people are anti-Japanese, anti-collaborationist, and against being pushed around by the National Government — but not separatist. They are not pro-Russian (the Russians contributed to that by their behavior during the occupation), and they by no means favor Communist forms of government.

If the Communists are to retain their present ascendancy, they will have to do so by continuing to convince the local people that they have interests in common, not by trying to impose their own interests on those of the people. If the National Government wishes to retrieve its position, it will have to do so by making concessions to the demand for local self-government, combined with the right of representation in national politics.

Since no one dominates Manchuria, stabilization of the situation by agreement is still possible, or at least is not impossible. The government, however, having risked a gamble and made a mistake, has had to accept its losses by conceding better terms to the Communists and to the local Manchurian “states’ rights” movement than would have been necessary if the mistaken show of force had not been attempted.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Europe

WITH five weeks to go before harvests begin, the pinch of famine is sharp from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Thanks to the indefatigable labors of thousands of relief workers, and to the speed-up of UNRRA's procurement by Fiorello La Guardia, the catastrophe is being held within limits deemed improbable a few weeks ago. This famine is, nevertheless, one of the greatest calamities in history.

What are prospects for the future? Mr. Hoover and other able observers of Europe's plight have emphasized the immediate peril. That is a sound position so far as it goes, since it intensifies mobilization of relief efforts. But does it go far enough? Will there be an acute repetition of famine next winter?

Crops in Central Europe and the Balkans are suffering from lack of fertilizer. The peasantry are hampered by lack of tools and draft animals. Vast stretches of land once highly productive must still be cleared of war's rubble and explosives. In Poland, thousands of acres of fruitful terrain remain out of cultivation even now because of lack of mine-detectors. Warsaw's appeal in mid-April for 100,000 of these provides a clue to the dimensions of this task, which has been shockingly delayed.

Seed shortages afflict most of the nations in Europe, despite liberal contributions made by the United States and Canada, and by the Soviet Union, whose own problem of land reclamation west of the Urals is tremendous. In the eastern reaches of the Continent, famished populations are being forced to eat their supplies of seed.

No sound appraisal of the calamity afflicting Europe, or of the prospects for mastering it, can be made without considering the pre-war status of European countries with respect to self-sufficiency in food. Many of the misconceptions which de-

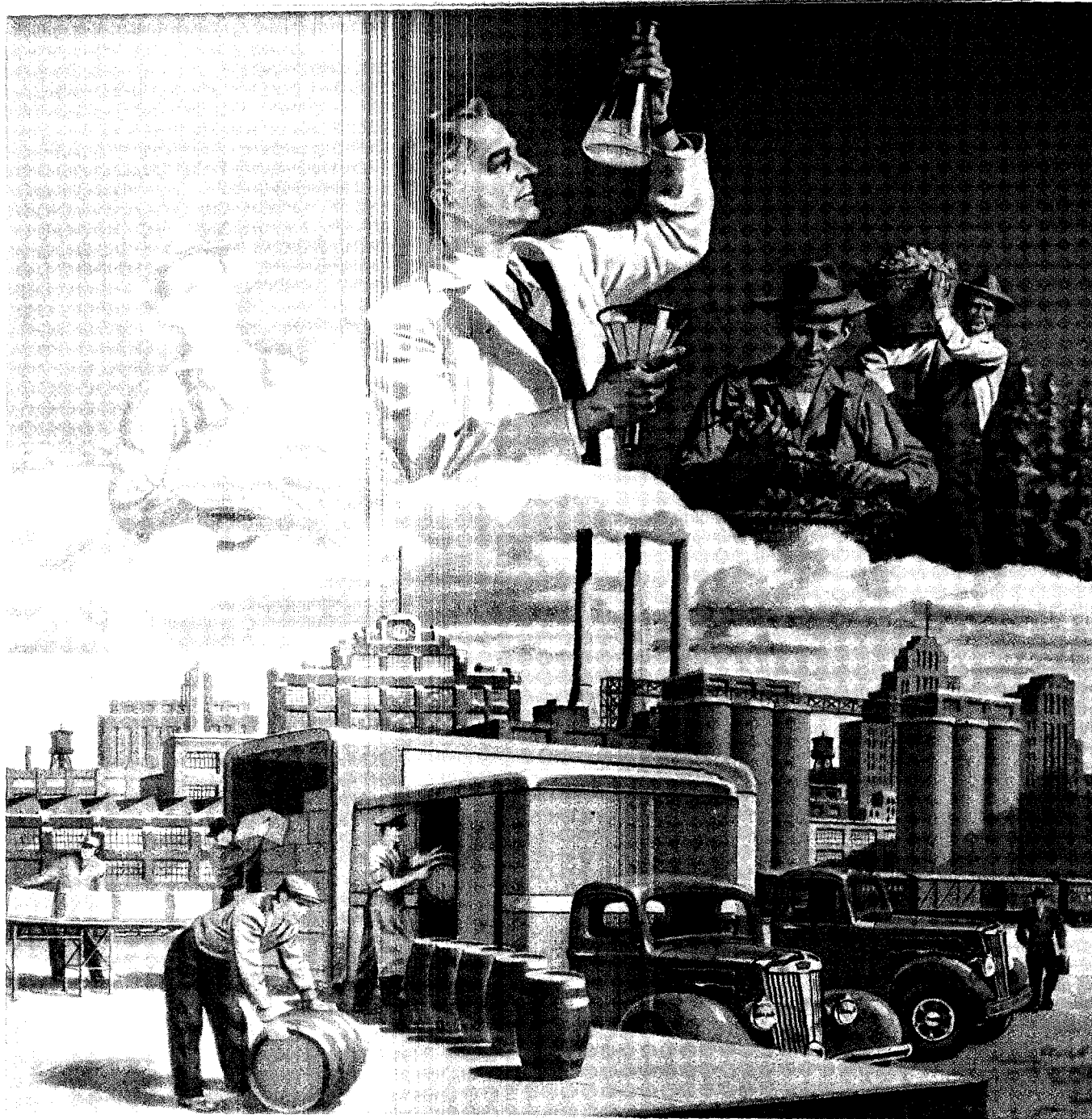
layed action until full crisis arrived have been caused by inadequate information on this point.

To assert that food supplies in France are today 45 per cent of normal, or that Belgium is battling a deficit of 30 per cent, does not mean what it seems to mean at all. In the years before the war, France produced only 85 per cent of the food she normally consumed, and Belgium only 51 per cent of her requirements. The 45 per cent shortage in France today means, accordingly, that the French are actually producing less than 40 per cent of their needs. Their Belgian neighbors are even worse off.

Sub-subsistence

Before the war not a single country in Western Europe, except Denmark, — according to the Bank of International Settlements studies of self-sufficiency in food among European nations, — met its food requirements out of its own production. Norway showed a deficit of about 57 per cent, Switzerland 48 per cent, and Holland 33 per cent. Greece was short by 25 per cent; Germany had to import 17 per cent. Even relatively prosperous Sweden had to make up an annual deficit of close to 10 per cent.

The great granary of Europe lies in Central Europe and along the Danubian basin. It stretches from the fertile plains of Poland down through eastern Germany and the states of the Balkan Peninsula, and includes sections as far west as the Croat and Slovenian portions of Yugoslavia. The effects of last year's withering drought have added to the misery of populations all the way from the Lombardy plains of Italy to the Danube estuary. In few regions of Europe could failure of rainfall inflict more far-reaching damage to the crippled economy of Europe.



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proteins as the original grain by chemical changes occurring in the brewing process. The industry in 1945 paid \$656-million in Federal taxes alone . . . and is one of the twenty largest users of motor transportation, employing a million persons in distribution. Ever since the days when thoroughbred Clydesdales and Percherons bespoke the quality standards of the brewing industry, White Trucks have been entrusted

with the tradition. In all fields, quality transportation helps provide a higher degree of public service. And for the new era of greater distribution efficiency ahead, White Super Power Trucks offer greater opportunities for better service at less cost than ever before.

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When you want the thrill of a full symphony, soft background music or the gaiety of light opera, Magnavox gives it to you—faithfully reproduced. In this superb radio-phonograph the world's great music is brought to you with concert hall splendor and trueness of tone. Magnavox gives you a rare combination of fine music, distinctive style and beauty which is not duplicated by any other radio-phonograph.



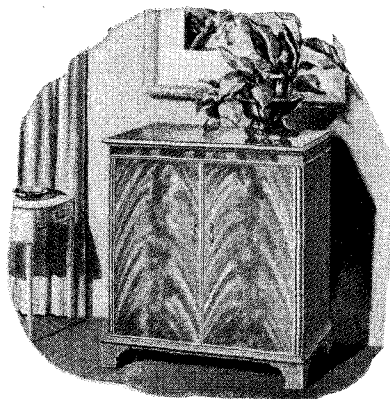
PHOTOGRAPHY: PAUL HESSE

Joan Fontaine (soon to be seen in R. K. O.'s "Christabel Caine") enjoys the Magnavox in her Beverly Hills home

Designed to be truly fine furniture

Combining all the wonders of radio science, F. M. and automatic record changing with the best in furniture craftsmanship, Magnavox is designed to hold its place over the years. See, hear and compare Magnavox with other radio-phonographs—you won't be satisfied until you own one—a wide choice of models, starting at \$214.50, in America's fine stores. The Georgian shown is \$260*; F. M. optional, \$50 extra. The Magnavox Co., Fort Wayne 4, Ind.

*Slightly higher west of Rockies



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RADIO PHONOGRAPH

The Symbol of Quality in Radio—Since 1915

The Czechs, cultivating a rich and varied territory, had a normal pre-war food production which came to within 5 per cent of their needs. Today Czechoslovakia's national deficit is approximately 30 per cent.

Poland regularly exceeded her own domestic requirements with a food production of 105 per cent. Today Poland's famine is one of the worst in Europe. Yugoslavia did better in pre-war days than Poland, with 106 per cent self-sufficiency in food production. Now, barring help from UNRRA, some of her provinces face the probability of a ration of less than 500 calories — enough to protract dying for five or six weeks.

Before the war, Bulgaria had attained an annual margin above her domestic subsistence needs which enabled her to export close to one tenth of her entire food production. She is now receiving help from Russia. From 1937 to 1939, the tremendous harvests gathered in Rumania and Hungary piled up average surpluses for export that ran as high as 11 and 12 per cent. That productive competence has been utterly smashed, and at present neither of these rich agricultural nations is producing sufficient food to keep its population fed.

By laying this yardstick of past production alongside today's shortages, and by considering at the same time the devastation of war, the deficits in manpower, and the loss of machinery, tools, seed, and fertilizers, the observer can gauge the dimensions of Europe's famine.

Even Britain, after all the heroic efforts by her government and people throughout the war, is still approximately 50 per cent short of self-sufficiency in food requirements.

The nations of the western side of the Continent endure also the excesses of black-market operations which are dividing the populace dangerously. In a recent incident in Sicily, 20,000 starving peasants mobbed government authorities in a demonstration seeking more to eat and fairer ration arrangements. "They were easily put down by tanks," according to a triumphant official communiqué. Only Yugoslavia, among the states in or bordering the western side of the Continent, has effectively throttled black-marketers. There they are shot.

Get the railroads running

Transportation is vital in Europe's battle against hunger. On the first anniversary of Germany's surrender, progress continues with the knitting up of domestic railway lines in several countries, especially in Western Europe. But the vast network of trunk lines that connected with the water transport sys-

tems of the Rhine and Danube, on which the Continent depended for its economic existence, remains today in virtual ruin.

The rolling stock of Central and Eastern Europe is down to approximately 30 per cent of normal; the through rail lines are broken into disconnected fragments; hundreds of thousands of tons of rails have been ripped up and shipped off to replace the German-wrecked railway systems in western Russia, and Europe's stock of locomotives is today insufficient to meet even minimum requirements.

Early in April a striking illustration was given of the effects of this communications hiatus in a corner of Western Europe. Denmark was forced to turn 30,000 head of cattle back to her farmers, who had sent the animals in for slaughter and export to hungry neighbors. It was impossible to ship the meat out of the country!

Among all the nations on the European continent, only Russia has set up a complete rehabilitation program for rail, water, and highway transport, and gone powerfully to work on it. None of her efforts, needless to say, is concentrated on this problem outside her own frontiers. The Czechs, working with limited resources, have managed this past month to complete restoration of a rail link with Hungary.

But patchwork, piecemeal, and hit-or-miss measures will not do. The Big Four and the United Nations Economic and Social Council could do no greater service to a disaster-ridden Europe than to plan speedily for the reintegration of Europe's essential transport system and the liberation of traffic on the Danube.

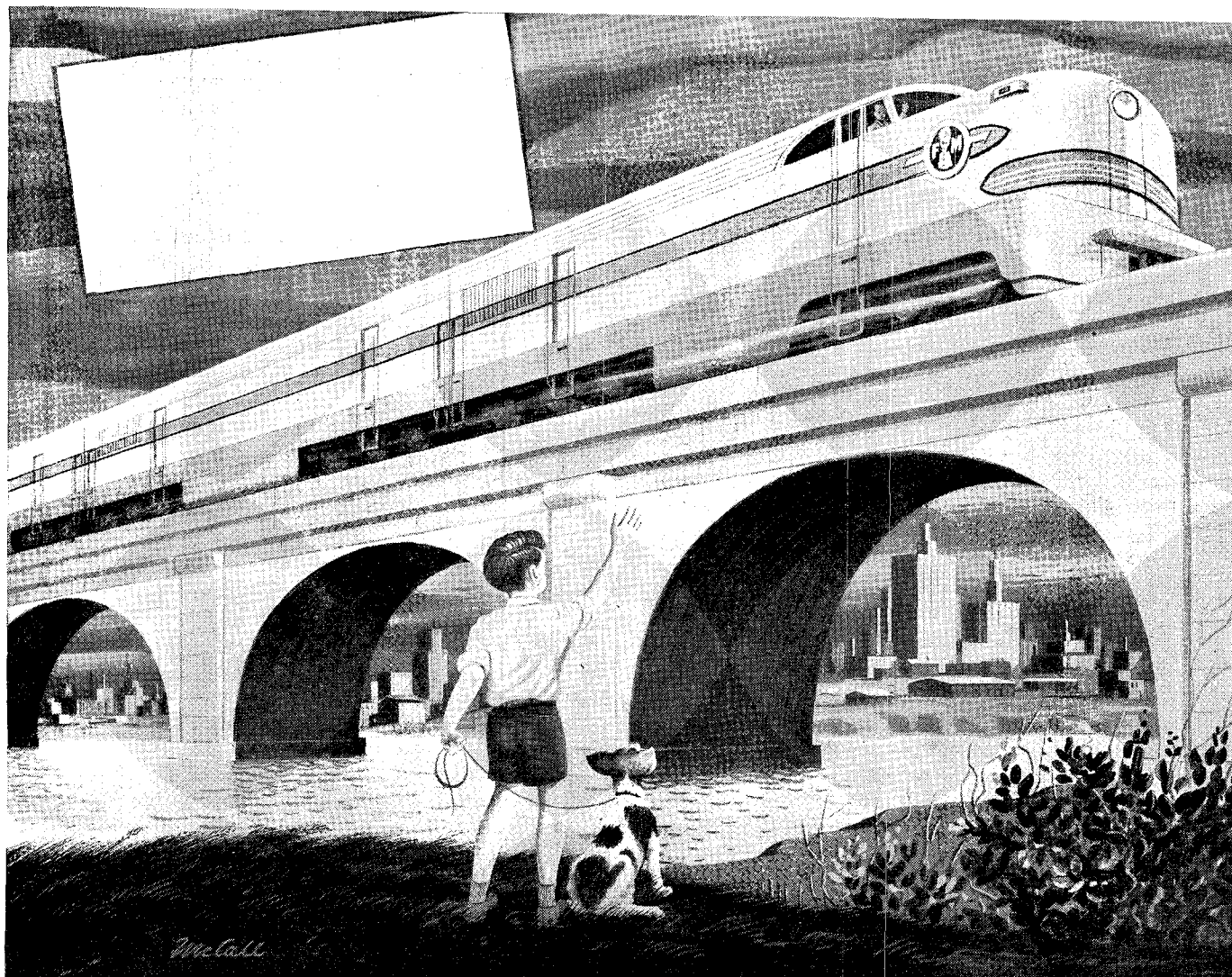
Stop wrangling and go to work

The time for action is not next year but now. Every country on the Continent should be assigned its share of the reconstruction task. War prisoners, displaced persons, and voluntary labor are needed for it. Concentration on the production of rails and rolling stock would go far toward eliminating the possibility that Europe may crawl painfully through the present famine only to be confronted by another before next Christmas.

The devil's poultry which Hungary sent into Russia during the war, in the form of several hundred thousand troops to assist Hitler's spoliation of the Ukraine, have come home to roost. Thus, the retention of between 300,000 and 500,000 Russian troops in Hungary is political in the obvious sense, since it fortifies Russia's bargaining position in the Balkans.

But it is also an act of economic necessity so long as the Ukraine (whence these soldiers come) remains

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Fairbanks-Morse Diesel Locomotives will do more than help increase passenger and freight revenue. They will make a second contribution to railroad income by cutting operating costs.

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unfit to sustain life. Moscow has been utterly frank on this point. This is the reason that her Army Commander at Budapest has requisitioned several thousands of acres of Hungarian land to grow crops for his troops. By autumn, the Russians expect to have most of the Ukraine rehabilitated.

Fascism is not out

Fascism is in the open again in Italy, and is making headway in Austria and Hungary. Its agents are sleeplessly exploiting the quarrels that rock relations among the Big Three. One reason for the increasingly stiff attitude adopted by the Russians toward Austria is the fact that the present government of that country shelters the same forces which were responsible for swinging Austria to Hitler.

The Russian counterattack takes the form of drastic moves for industrial reparations, intensified pressure upon the Austrian Social Democratic Party for union with the microscopic Communist Party (whose every political principle is detested by the Viennese Social Democrats), and land requisition. The upshot is to split Austria sharply and artificially into a political right and a political left, eliminating in the process the powerful old balance wheel of the Social Democratic moderates. This division promises endless trouble when the country is finally reunited and the occupying armies withdraw.

Sitting on the edge of this smoldering volcano, at Lichtenstein some thirty miles from the Austrian frontier, is the inveterately hopeful Archduke Otto. The Austrian reaction is largely monarchist, and Otto has powerful friends, strategically situated, both in Washington and in Western Europe.

His opponents in the Danubian region, however, are also powerful and infinitely more grim. Every state in the Balkans has cause to fear a Hapsburg restoration. Every one of them is on the alert whenever the Hapsburgs begin to flit in and out of Austria.

The Paris Conference

Should the makers of peace treaties seek first common agreement on general principles, from which they might move to specific settlements? Or would they be wiser to try to hammer out specific settlements, one by one, and postpone the generalizations? A fundamental difficulty, dividing the war-time allies, arises from the lack of agreement on this initial question of procedure.

Russia, meticulous at Paris as she was at San Francisco (and later at London and New York) for rigid adherence to the stipulated agenda, challenges every effort to broaden and amend terms of reference. Great Britain's Foreign Secretary, Mr. Bevin, following instinctively the counsels of English political experience, seeks to fit the spe-

cific instance into an evolving design. Mr. Byrnes, expressing the preference of his countrymen for broad concepts, insists that comprehensive agreement on principle provides the wisest approach to specific cases.

What is causing the trouble at Paris is something more than three differing sets of conceptions and policies of power. Three political traditions, which stem from three differing political outlooks, have collided.

The London Conference last summer exploded into futility because of an attempt to depart from the business on the agenda. Russia's attitude in the United Nations Security Council at New York illustrates the same determination to insist upon strict construction of the Charter that her diplomats have shown at Paris on the question of sticking to the agenda drawn up for treaty discussions.

No treaty for Italy this year?

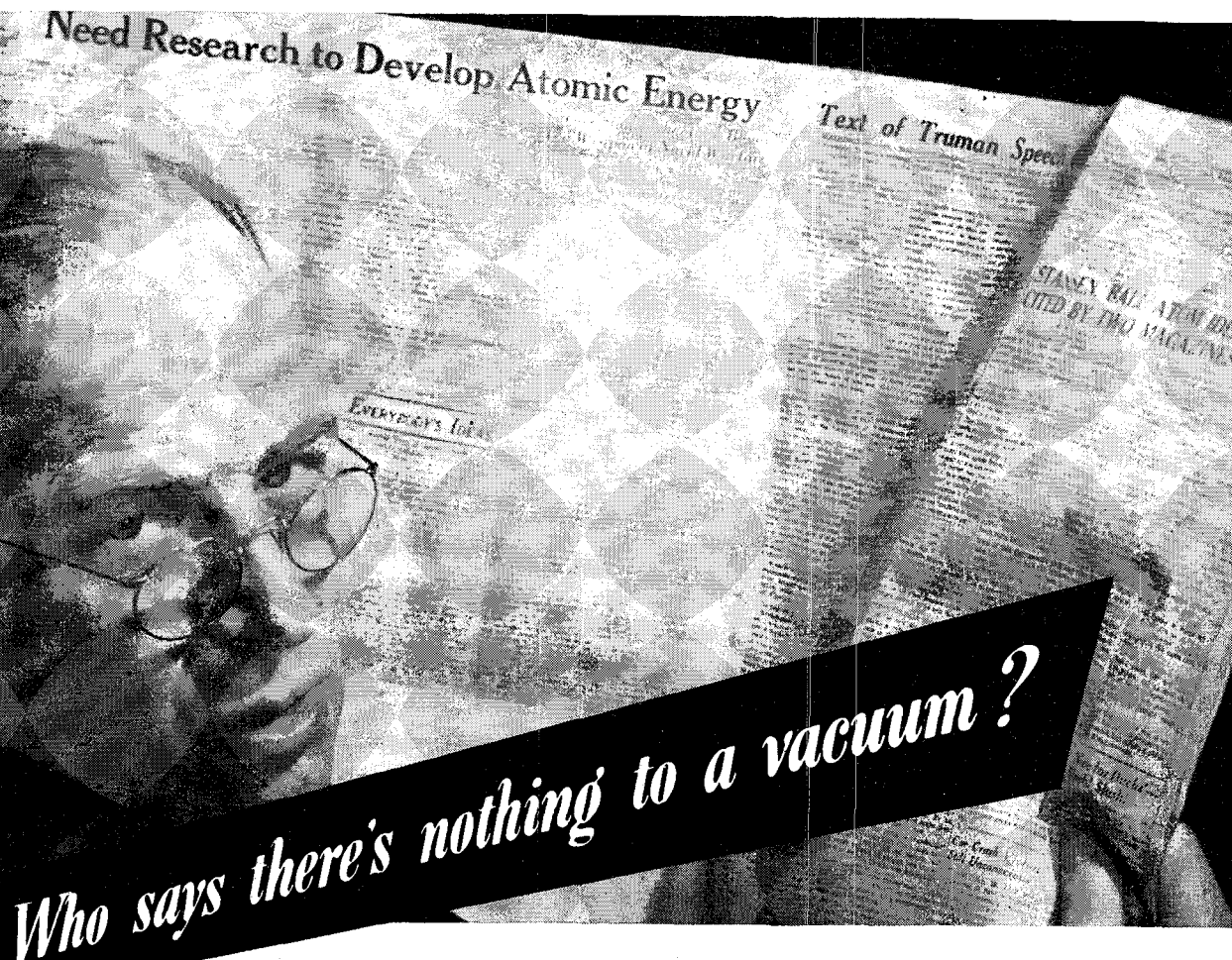
The Italian treaty, as expected, has brought into opposition two large blocs of power. One is represented by Russia's position of dominance in Eastern Europe and the Balkans; the other, by the dominance of the Western Allies, particularly Britain, in Italy and throughout the Mediterranean basin.

To what extent, if Russia offers satisfactory compromise on other claims on Italy, will Britain and the United States yield on the Yugoslav claims? Early in May, Mr. Molotov dropped strong hints of a readiness to bargain out this riddle.

On the side of the Western powers, the critical decision on this question of mutual compromises to speed an Italian peace lies rather with Britain than with the United States. What Mr. Bevin has to decide is whether to swap British aspirations at the head of the Adriatic for Russian concessions elsewhere in the Mediterranean. The resentment of the Arab world over the Palestine Report complicates Britain's decision.

If it is the policy of the Western Allies to veto each of the claims laid down by Moscow relating to the Italian settlement, or if it is Moscow's intention to press all, or even a majority, of Russia's claims regarding Italy, there will be no peace treaty for that country this year and dissension among the Big Four may grow even more serious.

Large compromises are imperative, on both sides. Unless they are managed during the next few months, the struggle threatens to move with new intensity into the increasingly distracted Middle East. The delegation which the Arab states are sending to Moscow, as a result of the embittered Palestine question, suggests exactly that outcome.



Here are a few things that vacuum has helped produce or improve in your lifetime:

<i>Incandescent light</i>	<i>Cyclotrons</i>
<i>Atomic Power</i>	<i>Coated Lenses</i>
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The "Art of the Empty Vessel" has an anything-but-empty record of accomplishment.

And, as experience in producing vacuums has increased, so have the results correspondingly multiplied. It is now possible, with some of the vacuum equipment we make at DPI, to produce super-vacuums which are only a thousand millionth the density of air!

High vacuum has reached its greatest development in America at DPI. Pumps in-

vented here before the war to purify Vitamin A came to find themselves on battleships improving the transparency of range finders, in factories emptying the implements of Radar, and at Oak Ridge, expanded and multiplied in fantastic degree, expediting with "nothing" the fate of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Now, in less violent adaptations, DPI's super-vacuums are making their contributions to a dozen forms of electronic development including television, to better optical and photographic lenses coated in vacuum with metallic salts, to plasticizers and vitamins and rare chemicals and a hundred research uses.

Who said there's "nothing" to a vacuum?

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Have you a product or process that high-vacuum or molecular distillation might improve? Got an idea or a problem that DPI's specialized research skill could solve? Write for information and literature—on business letterhead, please.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

DURING the war years, the United States invested a huge sum in creating an emergency Hemisphere economy and making it function. The grand total still remains one of the most scrambled mysteries of Washington bookkeeping. But waste and all, — and unquestionably there was plenty of haste-made waste, — we spent in Latin America somewhat less than 5 billion dollars, or under 2 per cent of our total war bill of more than 300 billions.

We got an enormous money's worth. The raw materials for fully a fourth of our war production came from Latin America, most of them crucial materials unavailable elsewhere. From the military bases granted us on the Latin American coasts — and our economic generosity helped us vitally in getting permission to use them — we were able to smash the 1942 German submarine offensive in a battle as crucial to Allied victory as Stalingrad.

And the emergency Hemisphere economy did work. While the Latin American countries were supplying us with a large share of our war necessities, we were supplying them with the basic commodities which enabled their economies to survive. In the light of these experiences, it makes business sense today to look on our 5 billion dollars as investment. If we can hold a Western Hemisphere economy together, put it on a permanent peacetime basis, make its productive capacities grow in line with the consumption needs of the 260,000,000 people of both continents — then even the "wasted" funds can be made to pay dividends.

Is economic progress possible?

Latin America is an area of some 8,000,000 square miles, with a population of more than 125,000,000, where economic conditions are very different from those in the United States, except in a dozen modernized cities. Outside these cities a modern econ-

omy has either to be planted or, where sparse roots already are in existence, to be given years of judicious cultivation.

The hindrances to economic development are these: —

1. *Poverty.* Economic production in Latin America is predominantly agricultural. Because most of it is conducted under an antiquated system of vast landed estates, using semi-peonage and hand-labor farming processes, more than half the family incomes in the twenty republics are estimated to be below \$200 annually. Millions of Latin American families never in a single year see more than a small fraction of \$100. From the standpoint of foreign trade, families on incomes of less than \$200 simply are not in the market for imported products.

2. *Ignorance.* Because nations whose populations lack taxable wealth cannot afford to provide adequate public school systems, the by-product of mass poverty is mass ignorance. Despite varying educational standards in different republics, far more than half of Latin America's 125,000,000 people are illiterate or barely literate. It is doubtful if 3 per cent have the equivalent of a United States high school education. Every Latin American republic, therefore, is short on the technical and managerial skills required for business and industrial development, and on the trained capacity for economic, social, and governmental administration.

3. *Health deficiencies.* Productive capacity and economic initiative are held down at almost every level of Latin American society by preventable diseases. For the twenty republics to pull their weight in a Hemisphere economy, public health and sanitation practices need to be instituted, and diet and climatic adaptations made, through which these diseases can be controlled.

What is your **GUESS?** on our profits...

SOMETIMES, although an idea is wrong, it does no harm. Like the idea that a square jaw is the sign of will power. That winters aren't as severe as they used to be, or that red hair denotes quick temper.

But there are other wrong ideas, which are definitely harmful to public confidence in and understanding of industry. One such idea is the current "guessing" about profits made by large business organizations.

Many people are apt to grossly exaggerate the money made by business. So Opinion Research Corporation (an independent organization) made a survey to learn just what the public thinks about profits. Compare these guesses and yours with the International Harvester profit figures given below.

⑤ ⑤ ⑤ ⑤ ⑤ ⑤

Public guess on war profits . . 30.0¢

⑤

I H four war year
average profit . . . 4.9¢

In this survey, the average of the guesses by the public of the war-time profits made by industry was . . . thirty per cent (30%).

But in the four war years of 1942, 1943, 1944, and 1945, the profits of International Harvester Company averaged only . . . 4.9% on sales. *Less than one sixth of what the general public "guessed" for all industry.*

For this period, the year by year per cent of profits on sales was: 1942—7.34, 1943—5.59, 1944—3.95, 1945—3.93.

⑤ ⑤ ⑤ ⑤

Public guess on peace profits 18.0¢

⑤ ⑤

I H four pre-war year
average profit . . 7.17¢

In the four peace years of 1938, 1939, 1940, and 1941, the profits of International Harvester Company averaged . . . 7.17%. *This is well under half of what the public "guessed" for all industry.*

⑤ FAIR ⑤ ⑤ I H ⑤

Majority think fair profit
in normal times is 10¢

I H ten-year average is less than 7¢

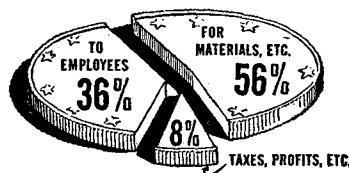
The survey indicates the public knows that in our economy profits are indispensable. And the majority regard 10% as a fair

rate of profit in normal times. Many large businesses, including ourselves, would consider it a banner year if we could reach this figure. *Our average profit for the last ten years—four war and six peace—was 6.43%—more than a third less than what the public considers fair.*

All these figures show that our profits are not high. As a matter of fact, the entire farm machinery industry is a low profit industry. In 1944, the Federal Trade Commission published a list of 76 industries ranked in order of their ratio of profits to sales. The farm machinery industry was 57th on the list.

What About Current I H Prices?

When the War ended and we planned our peace-time production, we had hoped to be able to serve our farmer customers at the same level which has held since 1942, regardless of war-time increases in costs of wages and ma-



terials up to that time. But recent developments have forced a change in our plans.

Wages and materials consume nearly all of every dollar Harvester takes in from sales. A Government board has recommended and the Company has agreed to pay a general wage increase of 18 cents per hour for Harvester factory employees. The Government has also allowed price increases on raw materials which we purchase in large quantities. Steel has had an average increase of 8.2%.



There has been no general increase in our prices since they were frozen by the Government early in 1942.

So our situation today is that what we BUY costs us 1946 prices. We will be paying average hourly wages 56% above 1941. For what we SELL we get only 1942 prices. This condition cannot long be met out of our present low rate of profit.

Future Prices on I H Products

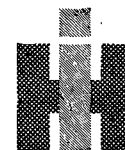
It is plain that price relief will be needed to meet the increased wage and material costs which we must carry.

We regret this necessity. We prefer to lower prices, when possible, rather than raise them and we know our customers prefer to have us do that. We had hoped to be able to "hold the line," at least.

But we do not see how we can avoid operating at a loss if our prices continue to remain at their present frozen levels. We will NOT "cut corners" on any of our products, because **QUALITY IS THE FOUNDATION OF OUR BUSINESS.**

Our customers can be certain that we will seek no more than a moderate profit, both because of our policies and because we have approximately 300 competitors fighting us vigorously for your business. Our request for price relief will be no more than is necessary to insure continued service to our customers, continued work for our employees, and a reasonable return for our stockholders.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER



NOTE: This advertisement appeared in April, 1946,
in newspapers throughout the country.

4. *Transport deficiencies.* Where the United States has some 240,000 miles of railways and 3,000,000 miles of highways, all Latin America combined has, by the best available statistics, only 70,000 miles of railways, and 300,000 miles of highways. And this to serve nearly as large a population as the United States, and more than two and one-half times the area.

Even these figures do not tell the full story of the transportation lag. Except for considerable sections of the Pan American Highway, and two difficult transcontinental routes out of Buenos Aires, most Latin American all-weather roads penetrate little beyond the market-farming areas surrounding sizable cities. North of Buenos Aires, there are no transcontinental railways.

As a result, throughout Latin America economic circulation is checked — between neighboring republics, in each republic, often between near-by localities. The virtually moneyless rural regions remain moneyless because, without the facilities for heavy-volume transport, they cannot exchange products in quantity with the cities and with world markets.

5. *Power problems.* Although potential South American and Mexican fuel oil production may be sufficient, South America's coal stocks are small and of inferior quality. While hydroelectric resources are practically unlimited on the eastern slopes of the Andes, most of them are in regions where climatic transport obstacles may prevent industrial development for generations. For the development of an intensive industrial economy, Latin America needs surveys and power-allotment programs — quite possibly on the TVA model — for regions suited to industrial development.

6. *Financial dangers.* The long, spotty record of credit and currency fluctuations in Latin American finance — not to mention the ghastly post-war inflationary fevers raging today in all but two or three of the republics — provides another hazard for a Hemisphere economy program. An early priority in the program, therefore, is the establishment of inter-American financial facilities for maintaining the stability of the currencies and the debt and exchange practices of the republics.

7. *Nationalist obstructions.* One difficulty about new-born industries, especially in countries hitherto industrially undeveloped, is that they tend to foster among ruling economic and political groups protective passions akin to a mother jaguar's. In the case of numerous industries recently improvised or expanded in Latin America to meet various war-supply emergencies in consumers' goods, the list of trade restrictions erected by various republics for their protection is already formidable.

As further industries are developed in peace — or even fostered by a Hemisphere economy project itself — it is highly unlikely that this protective trend will be reversed. On the contrary, added to the normal give-and-take of nationalist rivalries and antipathies, trade barriers could conceivably impede the exchange of products within the Hemisphere to the point of stifling the over-all economy. The Hemisphere economy project requires, then, not necessarily an iron-clad customs union among the republics, but a truce on "dog in the manger" tariffs and import restrictions.

8. *Competitive hazards.* South of Rio de Janeiro, in subtropical and temperate zone South America, a climatic region begins whose natural soil products — grains, cotton, livestock, wool, vegetables, and fruits — are in competition with those of the United States. Moreover, industries there, because they utilize the same products as ours, also tend to be competitors of American industries. For this reason the main ties of the 35,000,000 people in southern Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile — industrially the most advanced population in Latin America — have been with Europe rather than with the countries of the Western Hemisphere.

A main task in the establishment of a Hemisphere economy, then, is — without in any way interfering with this region's overseas outlets — to center its economic interests more directly in the Americas: by raising purchasing power and demand for the regional products in tropical Latin America; and, through "three-way" trade arrangements involving the "regular" European customers, to make it possible for "deep" South America to absorb more of the special machine, automotive, and mechanized comfort products of the United States.

How we can help

The immense reservoirs of capital and technical skills in the United States can foster the economic development of Latin America, and the United States can provide markets for a vastly increased share of Latin American products. Widespread industrial development in Latin America will call for long-continued technical assistance and relatively large financial support from the United States.

Basically, in the creation of Hemisphere economy, four factors are involved: —

1. The normal agricultural and mining export commodities of Latin America must continue to move into the world markets — especially to the United States — to keep purchasing power as high as possible.
2. The profits of foreign transactions should be increasingly reinvested in the development of process-

ing and manufacturing industries within the Latin American republics, as a means of commanding higher prices on their natural products and of further increasing mass purchasing power.

3. Profits of this increased industrialization should be used as far as possible to improve Latin America's transportation and power facilities.

4. In all these developments, emphasis should be placed by all the American governments on the growth of trade within the Hemisphere: on trade between the Latin American republics as well as on trade between Latin America and the United States; and in general on trade in commodities that strengthen the Hemisphere's economic independence.

A much greater degree of economic planning will be required of all the American governments: planning within the individual governments and "partnership planning" between them — planning which will make sure that a good share of the profits of developing industries will be used to raise the living standards of the people, and that the rest will be used to develop national resources still further.

Little Hitler?

Colonel Perón, decisively elected President of Argentina, has been doing his best since the election to refute the wishful conclusion of certain admirers and would-be appeasers, in the United States and other republics, that he is just another Latin American dictator with whom all reasonable persons can do business.

By a decree of the still existent administration of General Farrell, the government gained virtually complete control of the credit and rediscount operations of banks in the republic. Invoking a celebrated Nazi trick, the decree limits the volume of rediscount operations — without special government permission — to the registered amount of each bank's capital.

Big-profit activities for all banks are thus rendered impossible without government favor. But American and other foreign banks are obviously the heaviest sufferers. With their merely nominal capitalization in Argentina — the National City Bank's branch is capitalized, for instance, at slightly less than \$3,000,000 — they are crippled in their capacity to rediscount all but the most trifling import shipments, unless they are willing to take both political and business orders from Perón and Company.

Leaders of Perón's Laborista Party have served notice on the principal universities that political agitations in class and lecture rooms must cease with the new administration; and that they are expected to discipline, or purge, their faculties accordingly. This directive means that — again according to

European fascist patterns — only Peronist political ideology is to be taught in Argentina's institutions of higher education.

The resignation of Roberto Repetto, Chief Justice of the Argentine Supreme Court, a stalwart, old-fashioned democratic leader whose bench opinions during the past three years have to some extent slowed the destruction of constitutionalism, has thrown the Argentine judiciary wide open to wholesale reconstruction by Perón.

The President-elect announced that he had chosen as his inauguration date June 3, the anniversary of the barracks revolt which overthrew Argentina's constitutional government and replaced it with military totalitarianism. To all but die-hard defenders of the "just another Latin American dictator" theory in Washington, this was sufficient notice that Perón is proud of the revolution and will carry on with totalitarianism.

Perón throws his weight around

The heat was turned on Argentina's democratic and relatively defenseless neighbor, Uruguay. The 50,000 tons of winter wheat customarily delivered to Uruguay were denied, on the ground that the Argentine surplus was committed to relief in Europe.

It was hinted that Argentinians might have difficulty getting passports to Uruguayan seaside resorts, unless Uruguay shortly mended its political manners. Unofficially, it was conveyed that the mending involved the dismissal of Eduardo Rodríguez Larreta, Uruguayan Foreign Minister and author of the proposal for dealing forcibly with American totalitarian states that are potential disturbers of the peace.

Trouble seemed to be developing, too, over wheat shipments to mildly anti-Peronist Peru. And on the Chilean border, Argentina continued to increase her armaments. Brazil, the only power in South America capable of checking Argentina, hesitated to protest. Instead, Rio de Janeiro commissioned one of Perón's most intimate friends and advisers, Baptista Luzardo, as its ambassador to Buenos Aires.

Washington viewed these signs and portents grimly. Its conciliatory gestures of appointing the veteran career diplomat, George Messersmith, as ambassador to the incoming administration, and of suggesting a formula by which a mutual military assistance treaty might eventually be signed with Argentina, plainly had merely incited Perón to throw his weight around. If Argentine "interventions" in neighbor nations like Uruguay are to be stopped and Perón's plans for detaching all of South America below the Caribbean from the influence of the United States are to be blocked, we shall need something more than conciliatory gestures.

Shall we join the ladies?

Enough of this masculine talk of plastic! strength economy, high heat resistance and so on. What about *high style*? Let's see what Monsanto Plastic are doing to make our ladies more beautiful, their hearts lighter.

Wherever you go... wherever feminine good taste and good sense are factors... there you'll find, almost surely, a Monsanto Plastic at work. And each day, as Monsanto chemists present new plastics, you'll see new, *fashionable, utilitarian* products.

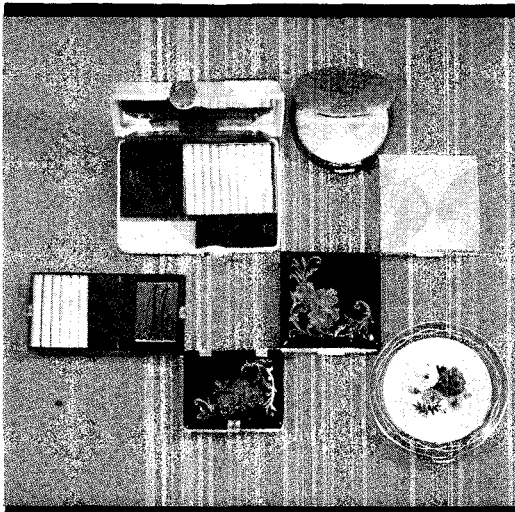
Here are just a few that have already won applause from the feminine side of the house:

Truly non-fading thermoplastics... for a galaxy of fashion uses, including modish eyeglass frames.

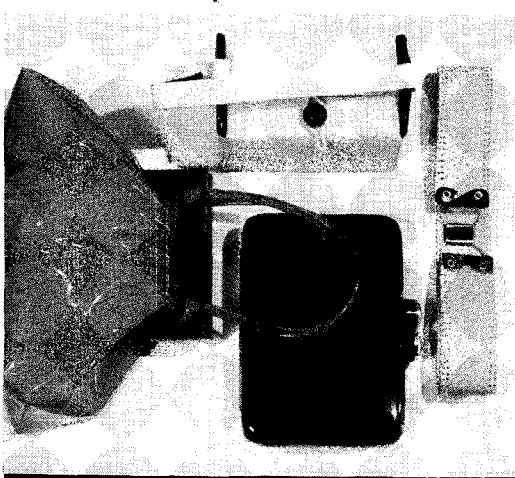
Flexible coatings for plastic leather handbags, belts, footwear... for spotproof, washable upholstery.

Gem-like plastics to give each costume its perfect accentuating note.

Yes, Monsanto Plastics have an interesting social as well as business life. Whichever side interests you—would you like more details?

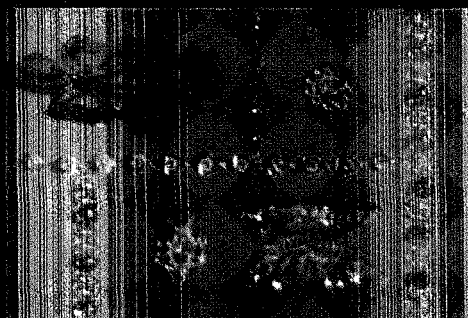


Vital complement to every costume... the compact
... by Rex Products Corp., New York; Fibestos sheet materials, Lustron, molded Fibestos, combined with fabrics, sterling, enamel.



Now, plastics are fashionable and flexible, too

WHITE BAG—by Friedman-Shanbron, N. Y., Monsanto vinyl coating on sheepskin by Richard Young Leather Co., N. Y. **RED BAG**—by Leonace Import Co., N. Y., molded Lustron frame by Hardy Plastics & Chemical Co., N. Y. **BLACK BAG**—by Rex Products Corp., N. Y., Fibestos sheeting. **BELT**—by Schaffer Belts, N. Y., Monsanto vinyl coating by Bridgeport Fabrics, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



Man-made gems... of Lustron and Fibestos
... by Elliott, Green & Co., New York and Electro Plastics, Orange, N. J.

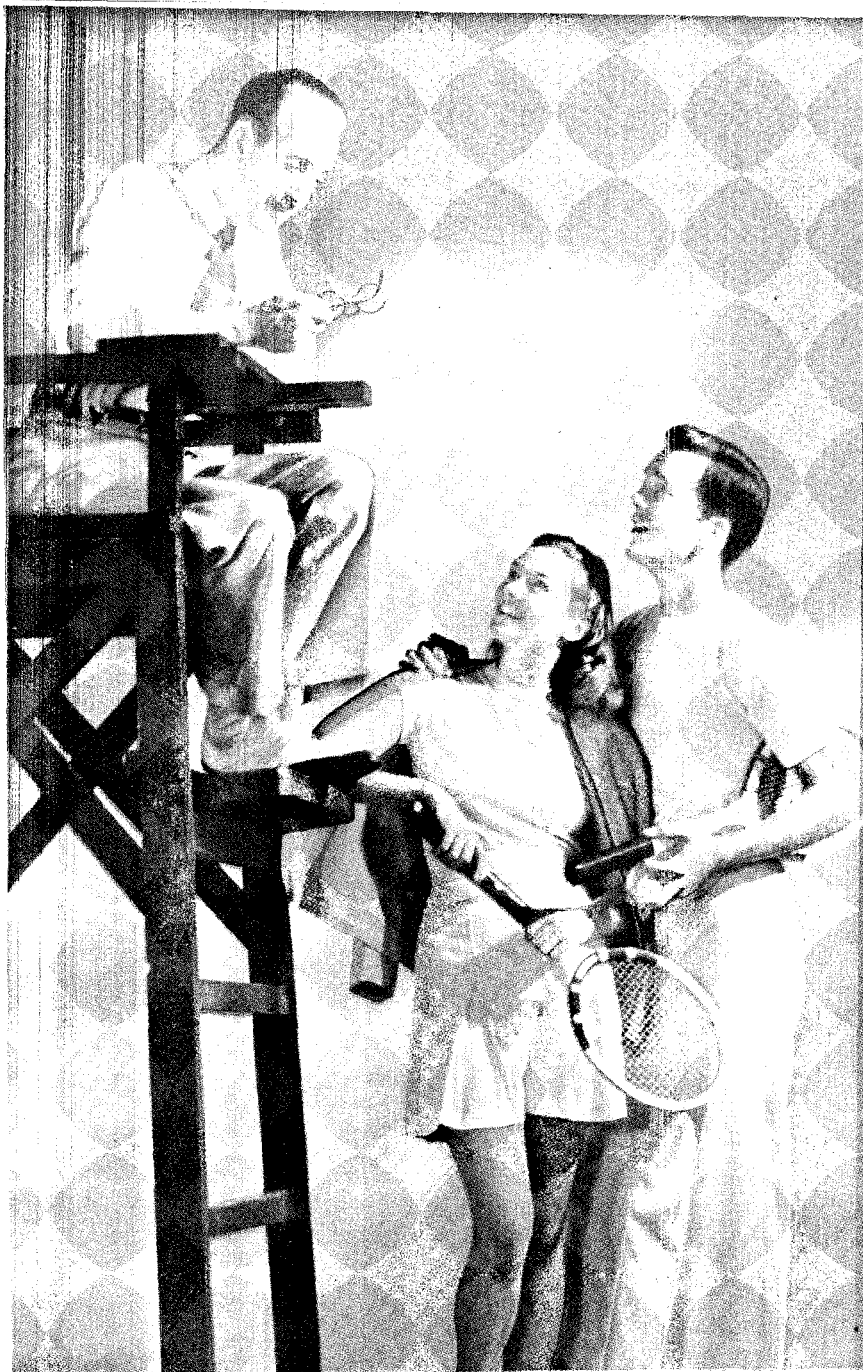
LUSTRON AND FIBESTOS: Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

A TIP here, for you, perhaps...

... whether you make compacts or airliners or something else, remember: to American women, buyers of 85% of all merchandise, plastics have proved irresistible. For complete information on plastics or any of the more than 400 Monsanto Chemicals, address MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, Executive Offices, St. Louis 4, Mo. Branch Offices: New York, Chicago, Boston, Detroit, Charlotte, Cincinnati, Birmingham, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Montreal, Toronto.

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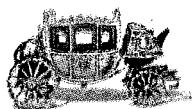
PLACE IN THE SUN

At work or at play, you find Body by Fisher occupying its familiar, high-ranking place in the sun of popular favor.

For on the new General Motors cars even more than on those of prewar years, the Fisher Body emblem marks the very newest in beauty, the utmost in safety, and the peak of traveling comfort.

Look for the Body by Fisher emblem on the new car you buy. It means you get full benefit of this world-famed organization's 37 years of specialized skill in fine coachcraft. It means a better automobile wherever you see it.

Body by Fisher

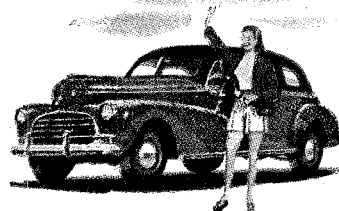


BETTER BY FAR

Thousands of dollars in university scholarships and cash awards for best model Napoleonic coaches or miniature cars submitted by boys of 12-19 years inclusive. For information, write: Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, General Motors Bldg., Detroit 2, Michigan.

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The New 1946 Chevrolet Stylemaster Sport Sedan

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Berlin

ONE full year of experience with the Germans in defeat has punctured our hope that their re-education is feasible through efforts from the outside. The Russians, too, appear to be badly stymied in this undertaking, notwithstanding the pressure exerted by Communist political agents.

The simple fact is that there are not enough dependable teachers in Germany to undertake this work. In Russian-dominated Thuringia, nearly 9000 school teachers have been eliminated because of pro-Nazi convictions. Yet few replacements have been found. The Russians are discovering that it is far easier to maneuver on the political level — as in their persistent efforts to amalgamate the German Communists with the German Social Democrats — than it is to conduct a purged educational system from the primary grades up.

There is little doubt that post-defeat Nazi secret organizations are functioning today in the Russian zone, regardless of the risks run by their members. And certainly they are operating in the American zone. There is an obvious connection between these carriers of German Nazi infection and the obstacles which have reduced the re-education program to something perilously akin to grim jest.

Lack of suitable teachers has compelled the AMG to choose between closing the bulk of the schools and making the best of a hopeless situation. As a result, the German educational system in Bavaria, Greater Hesse, and Württemberg-Baden continues to pump the essentials of the "master race" doctrine into thousands of German children.

At the higher levels, evidences of a revival of Nazi doctrines are even clearer. Thinly disguised attacks on the Allies, sardonic criticism of occupation policies, and skillful playing up of the tenets of Ger-

man nationalism have been noted in recent conferences of German educators. At the Universities of Erlangen and Munich, and at other institutions, swarms of discharged young German Wehrmacht officers carry on continuous sabotage of all efforts to restore the old German liberal tradition. Every reputable American correspondent in these three provinces within the past month has cabled warnings of the Nazi revival.

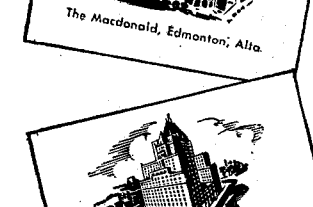
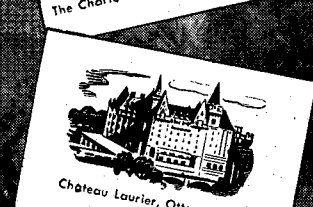
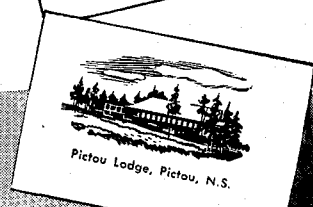
This movement is not limited to the schools. It has at last begun to emerge in the realm of politics and community life. Evidence of the existence of underground Nazi organizations was presented when the AMG rounded up nearly 900 members of one group. A reign of terror is in the making.

What shall the AMG do?

The denazification program faces endless difficulties. Different interpretations, by AMG officials in different areas, of orders issued from AMG Headquarters complicate the problem further. Too many AMG officers continue to assume that wealth and social position indicate political reliability. The AMG has consistently refused to seek full assistance from anti-Nazi members of the Social Democratic Party and the trade-unions; yet these are the only heirs to liberal traditions in the Reich. The Social Democrats include potentially dangerous nationalists, but their ranks also harbor the best-informed opponents of German fascism.

By leaning heavily on German conservatives, most of whom did not hesitate to lend ardent support to Hitler, and all of whom are devotees of resurgent German nationalism, the AMG is multiplying its difficulties. The consequences promise to assume serious proportions this autumn, when the step-by-step program for political integration in the three American-controlled provinces is completed.

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Unless the new Bavarian denazification Minister, Heinrich Schmitt, succeeds in carrying out his promised purge by means of the 200 special courts he is setting up for the purpose, it is possible that every one of the three provinces will be firmly in the grip of a strongly pro-Nazi German political reaction. Under the new American denazification law, Herr Schmitt has plenty of authority. But will he be permitted to use it without interference when he begins to step on the toes of influential Germans?

It is impossible, naturally, to dismiss from official jobs or officially approved assignments every German who may have had connections with Hitler's regime. A great many of these people merely bent to the wind of necessity. Yet the fact remains that both in German industry and in German civil posts hundreds of extremely dangerous individuals with very bad records hold place with AMG approval. Not a few of them could, with ample justice, be lodged in prisoner camps. Here is a situation which points up the desirability of combing the huge documentary files available at the Nuremberg Court for identification lists. The evidence is there. Why is it being ignored?

The mystery of Martin Treu

One of the curiosities of historical circumstance — and his case suggests some of the puzzles confronting the AMG in making decisions — is the Mayor of Nuremberg himself, Herr Martin Treu. Herr Treu was a Social Democrat in the nineteen-thirties. Fired from his mayoral job by the Nazis in 1933 when he refused to raise the swastika over Nuremberg City Hall, he was given a fat pension by the local Gauleiter. He resigned thereupon from the Social Democratic Party and proceeded to assist his successor at Nuremberg City Hall.

This action made his name anathema among all Social Democrats in Bavaria. Now, at seventy-five, he enjoys the distinction of having been authorized by AMG authorities to rebuild the Social Democratic Party, though its local members despise him. Herr Treu is probably harmless; but by re-elevating him to office and charging him with his present political role, the AMG has fumbled an opportunity to gain more effective support from the district trade-unions, which form the backbone of the old Social Democratic political organization just as the British trade-unions are the basis of the British Socialist Party — and this in Nuremberg itself.

Babes in the Wald

The appalling political illiteracy of many AMG officials is indicated by their outspoken hostility, in several areas of the American zone, to all rank-and-file German Social Democrats, whom they classify as "Reds." It is significant that in this attitude they are encouraged and applauded by conspicuous

and well-entrenched exponents of the most extreme German political reaction, industrial and clerical.

Full utilization by the AMG of returned German prisoners of war who have been trained in the United States for the German civil services will help enormously toward the creation of a sounder political structure in the American zone. Elementary wisdom and the experience acquired during the past year call for a better appraisal of the Social Democrats.

The political integration of the defeated Reich is still a problem for the future. General Clay in the American zone believes, however, that this question can be settled successfully by 1947, and that the creation of a central government and the framing of a new constitution for Germany may be managed before the end of 1948. The Allies could then reduce the present controls to a joint Allied commission supported by small, streamlined military units drawn from France, Britain, America, and Russia.

Meantime, what of Germany's progress along "the road back"? Present plans provide for completion of the demilitarization of Germany by the end of this year. By January, 1947, the readjustments of German industry called for by the Potsdam Agreement are expected to be completed, leaving the Reich sufficient plants to meet all its peacetime needs.

The rigorous Morgenthau plan has been substantially modified, and in some important instances dropped entirely. But the changes agreed to by the Allied Control Commission do not give Germany the industrial facilities for making war.

Such a program, however, presupposes that much more intensive effort will be directed toward the breaking up of the huge I. G. Farben cartel organization. As late as the end of April, testimony from qualified American experts before the Senate Kilgore Committee indicated that only two of the fifty-two I. G. Farben plants in the American zone had been actually destroyed. Three others had been set aside for reparations. All the rest were running full blast.

In the light of this testimony, there appears to be some point to Molotov's insistence that a study of the deindustrialization of Germany to date is as important as any plan to supervise and control her war potential in the future. What are those forty-seven plants producing so busily? Fertilizer?

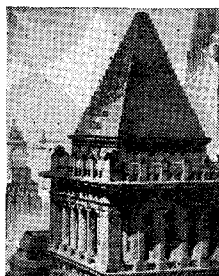
At any rate, the continuance of Allied supervision over a period possibly lasting as long as twenty-five years, as proposed by Secretary Byrnes, is simply an insurance policy. The framing of a peace treaty for Germany must of necessity await the re-establishment of a unified Germany and a German government which can be held to account.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

THE great attack on the Office of Price Administration filled the Capital to overflowing with lobbyists. The natural result is a renewed hue and cry against the practice of lobbying. The practice, however, is inseparable from our system of representative government. It is an essential adjunct of the lawmaking process. Only through spokesmen for organized groups can Congress be apprised of abuses and be educated in the way of ending them.

Lobbying, however, is not to blame for the ills that Congress perpetrates. Congress alone is responsible for the legislation it enacts. It cannot put the blame — as sixty-three irate Congressmen, in a manifesto on the initial House massacre of the OPA by amendment, have done — on “an unholy alliance of paid lobbyists operating from their expensive hotel suites behind the skirts of reputable but deluded business leaders.”

The business of lobbying, however, needs legislative regulation. Its activity has grown until it seems to rival even the business of government itself. As the La Follette-Monroney Committee report on the reorganization of Congress says, the multiplication of organized pressure groups may distort and confuse public opinion. Certainly the lobbyists have confused public opinion about the OPA, and in general their activities help to explain why Congressmen vote as they do.

One remedial step suggested by the La Follette-Monroney Committee is publicity. Individuals would remain free to apply all the persuasive powers at their command in dealing with their Congressmen. But organized groups “seeking to influence legislative action” and individuals employed by such groups would be compelled to register and report on their activities. Lobbyists hired to bring pressure on Congress would thus be brought out into the open.

Any discussion of lobbies is incomplete without some mention of money. From time to time one hears of huge amounts to be devoted to the influencing of legislation or some other process of government. Where does this money go?

For example, one big national lobby advertised in the newspapers a few months ago for contributions to a million-dollar fund for a drive against the OPA. This was only a single group. There are others, as big or bigger.

How much money can an organization spend on cocktails, hotel suites, high jinks, cigars, and the other odds and ends of frivolity that the public commonly considers the tools of the lobbyist? A million dollars will buy a surprising quantity of mimeograph paper. Even if one hopefully admits large expenditures for advertising, travel, and “educational work,” a million dollars is still a lot of money. If we are going to identify and register the activities of the lobbyist, must we not also audit his cash performance?

OPA on the defensive

Sober analysts, such as the Committee for Economic Development, admit that any *sudden* ending of controls would be most unwise. In some cases the OPA, to be sure, has hampered output. But, as Price Administrator Paul Porter told Congress, it is the scarcities of manpower, materials, and equipment that are the immediate obstacles to enlarged output. Much of the criticism of the OPA is due to inefficient administration: decisions were not handed down with enough speed in cases where decontrol or price increases were required by economic conditions.

During his brief tenure of office, Paul Porter has moved fast in response to legitimate criticism of the OPA. He has raised ceiling prices when adjustments were required to increase production. He has

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inaugurated a program assuring that controls will not be retained any longer than is necessary to protect the people against inflation.

This is the test: when an item has come into ample supply, no excuse exists any longer to retain control. And this is the policy Porter has been following. He also has weeded out of the staff the men who are ideologically statist or profit controllers. The OPA has had more than its share of these gentry.

We watch the world starve

There will be plenty of worry about our foreign policy if the present world famine gets worse. President Truman correctly called it the "worst mass starvation in history." We cannot negotiate with chaos and social and political convulsion. The State Department is well aware of this grave situation.

There was no need to let such a serious situation develop. In at least two respects we have been remiss. First, early in the war a proposal for stockpiling food against the day of liberation was shelved. One of the reasons, it is said, is that the War Production Board frowned on the building of warehouses.

Another example of our remissness was the hasty removal of controls after V-J Day. If we had kept up rationing, there would have been more to spare for the starving. As it was, the entire government was misled by the calamity-howlers who forecast deflation last winter.

It has been difficult for the Administration to overcome its earlier failure to act, which has already made this country lag throughout the year far behind its pledges of aid for the world's hungry. Now a program is in effect. The key items are those aimed at moving wheat carry-overs off the Northwestern farms and at preventing farmers from feeding wheat and corn to overweight hogs and cattle. In an effort to force corn on the market, the government called, for repayment on May 1, the Federal loans on the 1945 crop which were due originally September 1.

The carry-over is not excessive. Nor is it due to hoarding in the hope of getting better prices. The years of the locust are still fresh in the minds of the plowmen west of the Missouri River. Not so long ago, the dwellers in the Dust Bowl had not even enough carry-over for feed and seed.

Their present carry-over is a prudent reserve for the lean years which may succeed the five-year run of bumper crops. The government's job is to pry loose enough of the carry-over to help this country fulfill its obligations abroad. Without government prodding there is no possibility of meeting the arrears in our pledged quotas. Summer wheat does not look too hopeful for current requirements.

No less than 35 per cent of the nation's carry-over is held in North Dakota. This amounts to enough wheat to provide every person in the world with two loaves of bread. The appeal to North Dakotans is now taking the form of pastoral letters by the Catholic and Lutheran hierarchies. Cash and bonus offers have up to now left the farmers unresponsive. It is felt that the message of the Bible will be more effective.

Petrillo and Lewis

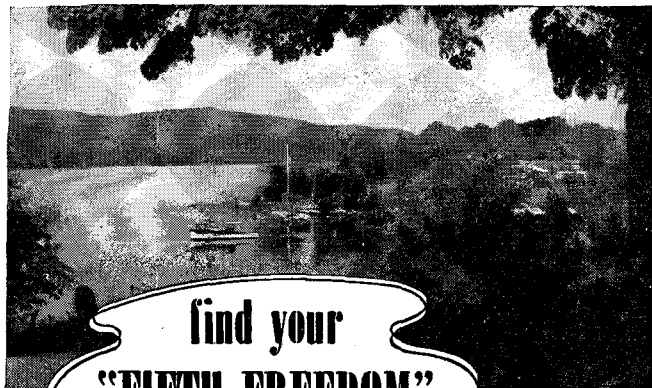
The pusillanimity of Congress on labor legislation is in danger of bringing our representative system into disrepute. When the mountain moved at last, all that was forthcoming was a mouse in the shape of an anti-Petrillo bill. This bill prohibits the use of force to make broadcasters hire stand-by bands or pay royalties to the union for playing recorded music. It also bans use of force to prevent broadcasters from carrying noncommercial, educational, and foreign programs.

Measures directed at specific persons notoriously make bad law. The badness of this law was demonstrated even before its enactment. Petrillo simply launched out in another direction. Aiming at the lush coffers of Hollywood, he asked for a threefold increase in the number of musicians hired by the eight principal motion picture studios, along with a 100 per cent pay rise for the ten playing hours a week permitted by the union. The coolness of Petrillo's demand is matched only by his nose-thumbing at Congress.

John L. Lewis, who has copied some of Petrillo's tactics and added them to his own armory, is, however, far more formidable than Petrillo. Lewis has been on his usual spring rampage. Bargaining, in his language, is a euphemism for bludgeoning.

To be sure, his demand for a "royalty" on coal has as its object a laudable reform. It would be used to create a health and welfare fund for the miners, and it is not in dispute by the operators. But when they offered a rational basis for discussion — namely, an independent administration for the fund — Lewis imperiously brushed aside the counter-proposal of the operators.

The miners' "rest" has held back production, of course. And, in addition, it has held up recuperation abroad. The effect on relief is even worse. Coal-starved France is dependent on coal supplies from America while the Ruhr is being restored. Without this coal the transport of food supplies in Europe is retarded. Lewis's ability to impose his will on his following, to wrest concessions from the employers, to hold up the processes of government, to cripple our foreign program — this sequence approaches the intolerable.



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WASHINGTON (continued)

Labor leadership is now exerting its influence in the matter of appointments to strategic posts in the government service. The latest example is the case of the Commissioner of Labor Statistics. For nearly six years the acting Commissioner has been Dr. A. Ford Hinrichs. He is the logical successor to Isador Lubin, who has now resigned.

But Dr. Hinrichs fell afoul of the labor unions several years ago. They had challenged the reliability of the Bureau of Labor Statistics cost-of-living index. That index had acted as a barrier to wartime wage increases based on extravagant claims about the extent of the rise in living costs. In spite of expert testimony to the general reliability of the index, the union leaders never forgave Dr. Hinrichs.

Congress marks time

Secretary Byrnes is constantly pleading with Congress to give him the tools with which to operate the nation's foreign policy. But Congress has never been so laggard. The late Lord Keynes told the House of Lords that in his three months in Washington not a single bill was passed. Extension of the draft, the Army and Navy merger, the loan to Britain, military training — action on all these measures is essential to Byrnes in an affirmative prosecution of foreign policy.

Byrnes's new activity has been widely applauded, but he gets little help. Before he left for the Paris Conference of Foreign Ministers, he was told by a Southern editor that in the South the best horse-trading was done when you didn't seem anxious to trade. "Yes," the Secretary of State flashed back, "but you had a horse."

Even a minor thing like the Fulbright bill on surplus property abroad meanders through the Congressional machinery. Surplus property is rusting away to zero value. It requires guards to look after it who are yearning to be home. All that Fulbright suggests is that we sell it to foreign governments in their currencies, and spend this money abroad in scholarships for Americans. Yet weeks and weeks are consumed in talking about it.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is one of frustration. One reason for it is the approaching Congressional elections. These always put a damper on action. But the general inaction is harmful to the country. Most of Mr. Truman's domestic legislative program is still hanging fire: full employment; extension of social security; health and medical care; labor legislation; river valley development.

One of these days, the legislators will wake up. But it may be too late. The more one looks at the Capital scene, the more one is convinced that radical innovation may be the sole safeguard against stagnation, dry rot, and termites.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Atlantic Report

Sir:

As a cattle raiser in the range country of northern Arizona, I read with interest the Atlantic Report in your April issue, and particularly the remarks under the heading "Food Can Win the Peace," on page 27. At the risk of being called inhuman and heartless at this unhappy moment, we cattle raisers wonder if you realize the consequences your recommendation in regard to the feeding or not feeding of grains to livestock would have.

Granted that there is a terrible need to send huge supplies of food to a starving world, let us not, to win a temporary victory over world starvation and chaos, get so out of position that we cannot be a great and effective power for peace in the years ahead.

A primary cornerstone in American agriculture has been the feeding of concentrates (grains) to livestock to put usable proteins and fats on animals after pasture feeds have produced their growth. Always the numbers of livestock and the quantities of grains and other concentrates seek to come into an equilibrium, to the end that there are not too many animals for the feed available and not too much feed for the livestock available. Agriculture is a long-time enterprise, not susceptible to sudden starts and stops. The sudden and drastic removal of grains, without regard for existing livestock numbers, can upset the balance between stock and feed for several years.

If isolationist leaders can prove to the agricultural group that our international policy contributes to the economic ruin of that group, there can be no hope for a strong and progressive international policy in the years to come, when the fires of World War II have died down and the incendiary atmosphere for another conflict is developing.

We members of the agricultural group are trying to view world conditions from an objective and historical standpoint. Whether we are right or wrong in our conclusions, no harm can be done by recog-

nizing that there is a lot of high explosive in American agriculture, for this country and the world.

WM. M. THOMPSON, JR.
Ashfork, Ariz.

Sir:

I wish to congratulate you on the very able Report on India in the April *Atlantic*. Being an Indian, I feel (from what I know of my land and her problems) that the article is thoroughly dispassionate and accurate.

I hope the article is read by every internationally-minded American who is interested in understanding the Indian political deadlock quickly and yet correctly.

N. KRISHNA MURTHY
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

I should like to commend you with respect to the Atlantic Report on the World Today. The news in that section is competently written, and you deserve the appreciation of your subscribers for such an analytical presentation of it.

CHARLES R. MILLER
*Yale Law School
New Haven, Conn.*

Sir:

I was amazed to read in the *Atlantic* for April, under the heading "Washington," the following statement:—

Under Roosevelt there was little or no stockpiling against the day of liberation. War Food Administrator Marvin Jones, indeed, wanted to wind up the war with no surpluses.

The writer of the article was evidently misinformed. Exactly the contrary is true. One of the first steps I took, on becoming War Food Administrator in June, 1943, was to remove all restrictions on production and to urge the fullest possible production all along the line. I repeatedly stated, in



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Atlantic Repartee

speeches and orders, that however much we might produce, the demand would be even greater.

We stockpiled all possible foods and carried them just as long as their perishable nature would permit. In fact, what little criticism was offered was that we were stockpiling too much.

There is not a line in a statement, address, or order issued by me as War Food Administrator that takes any other position, and I repeated over and over again that we could not afford to take chances.

In my last report to the nation, after the war in Europe had ended, I re-emphasized the need for the greatest possible production. A copy of that report is enclosed.

Your magazine is usually accurate and dependable, and I am sure you want your information to be correct.

MARVIN JONES
*Judge, United States Court of Claims
Washington, D. C.*

Our Washington correspondent replies: —

● **The parlous situation since V-J Day is its own answer to Mr. Jones. This situation seems to have been in part the result of the anti-surplus policy pursued by the Jones administration. Mr. Jones's Director of Distribution, Lee Marshall, stated this policy in a speech at Chicago, September 26, 1944. The following are pertinent extracts: "Blind stockpiling is as much against our policy as it is against yours. . . . There are some preliminary things . . . we can and are doing to make the job [adjusting agricultural production to demand after the war] easier. These involve keeping government foods stocks as small as we can without endangering war needs." What is this but an anti-surplus policy?**

Fishes from Heaven

Sir:

In the *Atlantic* for April, Bergen Evans, Professor of English at Northwestern University, writes: "The little fishes that come down in heavy storms are one of the most delightful . . . myths"; and further on he refers briefly to one report of a "rain" in my first article (1921). This particular fall occurred in India in 1830 and the English reporter had the ten Indian farmers who saw it attest their reports in 1-2-3 order before a magistrate and their accounts are so printed in my article. Of witnesses 5 and 8, Professor Evans says: "Some of Dr. Gudger's more reliable witnesses make the interesting point that the fish which descended on them were headless, rotten, and partly eaten — suggesting birds to the incredulous, and God knows what [a rain?] to the credulous."

What Professor Evans does not note is that these

two "more reliable witnesses" also state that some of the specimens were "fresh." Furthermore, he also fails to note that, of the eight other (unreliable?) witnesses, five state that they saw the fishes fall, and witness 5 (a "reliable" witness above) had a fish fall on his head. Furthermore, three men (including Professor Evans's witness 5 above) picked up fresh fishes and carried them away. All these and the accounts of forty-three other reporters in this article (among them James Prinsep) are disregarded by Professor Evans. He picked out the evidence he wanted but was "incredulous" of all the other testimony.

I have written four articles on rains of fishes, — 1921, 1922, 1929 (2 articles), — all printed in reputable journals in the United States and England: in *Natural History* (2 articles), *Scientific Monthly*, and *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*. Furthermore I have on hand many accounts for a fifth article. These reports range in time from about 400 B.C. to 1929 — from the time of Phaenias, a philosopher who flourished at Eresus, near Smyrna, in the fourth century B.C., to the last account published by the present writer.

In my first article (1921), which seems to be the only one of the four seen by Professor Evans, I made an attempt to evaluate the evidence. Some accounts were put down as hearsay, and some as hearsay pretty well attested. Others come from men who found previously dry receptacles filled with rain water and fishes. Among them was James Prinsep (1833), long secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, who "found a small fish, which had apparently been alive when it first fell in a brass funnel of my pluviometer at Benares, which stood on an isolated stone pillar, raised five feet above the ground in my garden." Some of the various reporters saw the fishes fall, and some had the fishes strike their heads or bodies. Among those who did not witness the falls were scientific men of high standing and veracity who, after carefully investigating the alleged rains, accepted the accounts as credible and whose printed word is today accepted by scientific men. Professor Evans makes no mention of these.

The explanation is to be found in the action of whirlwinds and waterspouts, and possibly of strong typhoon and monsoon winds. A "twister" or whirlwind starts in front of an approaching storm, and as it gains in size the "snout" elongates and approaches the water. This, caught by the whirling wind, rises up in a cone. The two unite and the swirling column moves along picking up water and fishes and other fairly light objects at or near the surface of the water.

When the waterspout or whirlwind, with its load of fishes, breaks, as it will always do sooner or later, for causes not readily apparent; or when these and the typhoon and monsoon winds lose their velocity to a point where their carrying power is less than the pull of gravity on the fishes, water and fishes will fall as a "rain of fishes."

To my very great regret I have never witnessed a

Atlantic Repartee

rain of fishes, just as I have never seen some of the other unusual and extraordinary things about fishes of which I have written in the past forty years. But after careful and critical consideration of the reports (from hearsay to scientific) from widespread sources the world around and from many reputable observers — reports which in detail corroborate each other — I feel that I have ample justification for still believing that *fishes fall from the sky with rain*.

E. W. GUDGER
*American Museum of Natural History
New York City*

Sir:

I granted that Dr. Gudger's theory was possible. I gave my reasons for doubting that it was probable. The point at which a man is willing to suspend his disbelief is his to choose, and Dr. Gudger and I have different criteria of credibility.

I have read three of Dr. Gudger's four articles on falling fish. I concentrated on the first because the others were hardly more than footnotes. Surely one cannot be expected to take Olaus Magnus and John Kendrick Bangs's additions to Munchausen as scientific evidence.

Dr. Gudger's chief exhibit remains James Prinsep, and James Prinsep's evidence consists of one dead fish in a pluviometer. I don't know how the fish got there, but I could think of a hundred ways more likely than its having fallen from the sky.

The "reports" of the Hindu farmers are not properly reports at all, but someone else's report of their reports. When I described these men as being among Dr. Gudger's "more reliable witnesses" I was only following his own evaluation of them, and my quoting some of them did not impugn the reliability of the others. Nor when I said that these "some" made "an interesting point" did I exclude the possibility of their making other points.

In selecting witness 5 for special emphasis Dr. Gudger was generous, for immediately after stating that a fish hit him on the back of the head, No. 5 added: "I looked at heaven and I saw like a flock of birds flying up." Whether the quaintness of his phraseology was due to a lack of familiarity with English or to a mild concussion caused by the fish, I am unable to say.

BERGEN EVANS
*Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.*

Giraud or de Gaulle?

Sir:

I am impelled to write you concerning Mr. Richard E. Danielson's review in the May *Atlantic* of three chapters of my *Casablanca to Katyn* not because of any possible injustice Mr. Danielson may have done me (I will trust to his readers to correct

that) but because of the indisputable injustice he has done to those valiant Frenchmen who joined the Allied cause in its darkest days, when defeat seemed more probable than victory and when the surrender of their own country had enabled them, if they had desired to do so, to abandon the fight without fear of criticism.

Forgetting Bir Hacheim and the Fighting French part in breaking through the Mareth Line, Mr. Danielson, one of the executors of the United States policy of backing General Giraud against General de Gaulle, continues to champion that policy, even after its failure, by the dubious method of sneering at the contribution made by the Fighting French forces to the war.

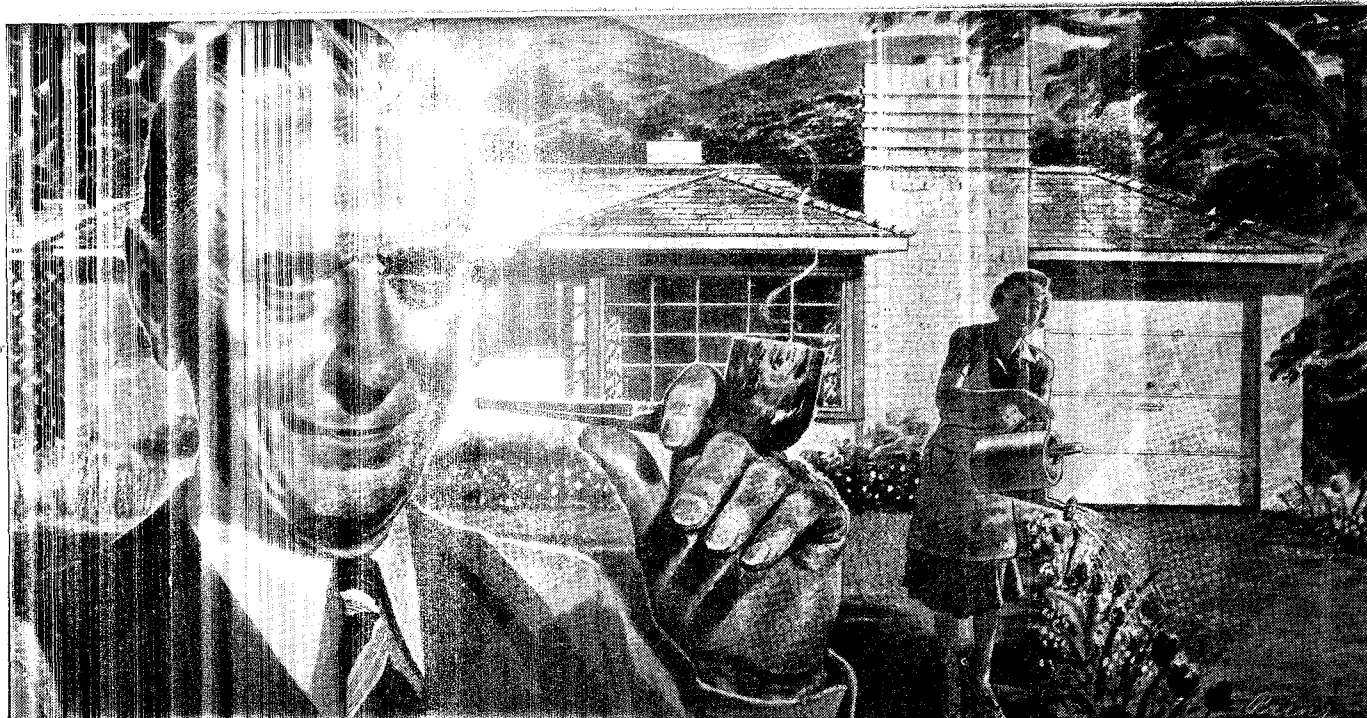
He writes, for instance, that the de Gaullists "showed little hesitation in shedding the blood of Frenchmen who were their political enemies, although they sought few opportunities of attacking the Axis direct." To document this assertion, Mr. Danielson notes that Syria, West Africa, and Madagascar "were attacked in turn" by the Fighting French.

Syria was taken by a joint Fighting French and British force which was obliged to undertake this operation when the Vichy government opened Syria to Germany and when German planes began to land on Syrian airfields. The campaign took much longer than was actually necessary because of Fighting French insistence on tactics which would cause as little bloodshed as possible. The de Gaullists buried the French dead of both sides under crosses marked uniformly *Mort pour la France*, without indication of the side on which the fallen soldier had been fighting.

Madagascar was not attacked by the Fighting French but by the British, without the knowledge of the French. West Africa was never attacked by anyone, but joined the Allies reluctantly after the North African invasion — unless Mr. Danielson is thinking of the abortive Franco-British expedition to Dakar early in the war, which was abandoned precisely because de Gaulle did not want to force an entrance, at the cost of French lives, into a port which he had had reason to believe would admit him without fighting.

Mr. Danielson speaks of "the ineffective private navy of de Gaulle" in unfavorable comparison with the *Richelieu* and the other North African ships which joined the Allies after the invasion. It might be embarrassing to ask him to name any post-armistice actions in which these ships participated, with the single exception of the resistance some of them opposed to the Allied landing in North Africa. But the forty warships of the de Gaulle navy lost one man dead out of every twelve — 4500 killed out of a force of 52,000. Among the ships they sacrificed to the Allied cause was the pride of the French Navy, the *Surcouf*, the largest submarine in the world, which by mistake was rammed and sunk by an American ship.

Another 4500 men were killed in the de Gaulle



Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you

can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

" 'Don't do it, John!' she said. 'Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if

we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"

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land and air forces of 62,800, mostly in the North African fighting against the Germans and Italians. This high proportion of deaths is proof that the Fighting French did indeed bear the brunt of serious fighting.

These 9000 dead, all volunteers, all men whom the chances of war had acquitted of the duty of combat and who might still be living today if they had simply remained at home, as they might have done in all honor, deserve better of Mr. Danielson than the slur he has cast on their memory.

WAVERLEY ROOT
Rockport, Mass.

Sir:

Mr. Waverley Root has, it seems to me, begged several of the questions raised in my review of his *Casablanca to Katyn*, by limiting his reply to the statement that I have "sneered" at the de Gaullist soldiers and sailors who died in service during the war, and that I have minimized the de Gaullist war effort. Mr. Root should know that neither I nor anyone else sneers at men who fought and died for their country.

I thought at the time, and still think, that the contribution toward winning the war made by the forces under General Charles de Gaulle, by direct military pressure on Germany and Italy, was trivial in proportion to the opportunities offered. In spite of the 9000 fatal casualties in de Gaulle's army and navy, I cannot help feeling that his "war effort" was primarily a political battle against other Frenchmen. A more generous spirit of coöperation with the Allied powers, — particularly with the British, to whom he owed everything, — a touch of abnegation in his relations with his own countrymen, and General de Gaulle might have led to the liberation of his country a force which had some relation to the power of the French Empire overseas.

Mr. Root should remember that the bulk of the fighting by French troops in Tunisia, in Italy, and later in France was done by forces which had been originally mobilized and trained under General Giraud and his subordinates and equipped by the American Army. Their contribution toward winning the war was direct and of great value — in proportion to their numbers. This seems to be forgotten by the writers who continue to "sneer" at General Giraud.

I am quite aware that the Madagascar campaign was fought by the British alone — they doubted the military security of de Gaulle's headquarters. I am not impressed by the *ex post facto* gesture of putting *Mort pour la France* on the graves of fellow countrymen you have recently killed. And, in mentioning West Africa, I was certainly referring to the "abortive Franco-British expedition to Dakar early in the war." This expedition aborted because it was

badly planned, feebly commanded, and strongly resisted. General de Gaulle attempted to take Dakar by force after his negotiations had failed, and was very soundly defeated. His explanation that he could not bear to shed French blood was, obviously, a face-saving device and was not substantiated by his subsequent actions.

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON
Boston, Mass.

"New Aids for the Blind"

Sir:

After reading "New Aids for the Blind" by Dr. Paul A. Zahl in the May *Atlantic*, I find myself differing with him in the philosophy of approach to the problem. As the Director of Perkins Institution, I see all work for the blind from the point of view of the individual who has been deprived of his sight; whereas most of the approaches toward this problem by people during the war have been from the scientific, or one might say the "gadget," point of view.

Most of the people outside the field of work for the blind are motivated by the horror which they have of how they would feel if they lost their sight. While blindness is certainly unfortunate, it is a handicap which can be accepted, and adjustment can be made so that blind persons can lead reasonably happy and useful lives. This is reflected in the records of many of our graduates who have taken contributory places in the economic and social life of their communities.

From our point of view, I think Dr. Zahl has painted too black a picture of the hopeless desolation of blindness, and he certainly implies that few have succeeded in overcoming that handicap. At the close of the third paragraph of the article, he refers to the man with the cane, the cup, the dog, and continues: "But rarely do we realize that for every such blind man we see on the streets. . . ." As I read this, I hoped he would continue by saying that there are hundreds who are successful in the world and who are contributing to it; but instead he states that there are many who "have never learned re-entry into the world of the sighted." He looks behind the man with the cup to see many even more disabled, and gives no indication that, in front of those with the cup, there are a great many successful blind people.

Furthermore, I feel that the statement "We offer the blind only Braille, trained dogs, and a few gadgets" is extremely unfair when one considers how much has been done for blind persons in this country. There seems to be an appalling lack of information regarding work for the blind in articles recently published.

For some time, I have been interested in the work of the Committee on Sensory Devices. In the spring of 1944, I had an opportunity to meet Dr. Corner. At that time, I learned of the research planned to find some substitute for Braille. I brought to their attention the Optophone, on which

ties, and the Visagraph, on which we worked in the early thirties. Both instruments were found too expensive and too difficult to be practical. I am glad, however, that the Committee are continuing to explore these possibilities, because, with all the resources now available, they ought either to find something of value or to determine finally that nothing can be done. The same applies to other forms of research.

There is, I think, a definite danger in publishing Dr. Zahl's article, especially with such a title. New hope will be stirred up in the blind, but upon learning the content of the article, they will discover that after two years of work, with every possible scientific facility and the "best brains in the country," the only conclusion to be reached is: "One cannot venture to guess whether it is possible to devise artificial aids which will have more than special-use utility for the blind man."

I am afraid that I have taken a good deal of space in writing my reactions, but I should like to see a true picture of the blind in this country presented rather than the portrayal of helplessness which is appearing in the public print at the present time. My chief regret is that this article is not announcing some tangible accomplishment. If it were a report of definite progress, I should feel encouraged, but it is really a report of despair. When the war fever is over, the care of the blind will fall back into the laps of the institutions in which such problems have been dealt with for over a hundred years and which have been considerably ignored in connection with the war-blinded.

GABRIEL FARRELL
Director, Perkins Institution and
Massachusetts School for the Blind
Watertown, Mass.

Sir:

The present and past work for the blind in such great institutions as Perkins is magnificent, and it has helped to rehabilitate many blind persons and to enrich their lives. In my article I did not intend in any way to underestimate the value of such work, but rather to pose the question: "Is there not more that can be done for the blind?" The need for new and additional help seems obvious from the fact that, although Braille has been in use over one hundred years, fewer than 20,000 out of the 200,000 or 300,000 blind people in the United States find it useful, and that dogs and canes are still the only guidance aids available for the blind.

I must disagree with Dr. Farrell's implication that these facts do not present a depressing picture, and one in which the brush of modern technology is not justified in attempting to apply strokes with new pigments. The Committee on Sensory Devices has set itself the task of searching through the files of modern science for new ideas and devices which may be pressed into service as practical aids to the blind, hoping thus, in time, to brighten the hues of the picture.

PAUL A. ZAHL
Haskins Laboratories
New York City

1945

1946

Atlantic Prizes

to College Students

The Atlantic Contests for College Students for 1945-1946 (closing date April 10) were open to all students using the Atlantic Monthly in a course during some part of the 1945-1946 college year.

Essay Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Annie, by Elizabeth Johnston, University of Pittsburgh; Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

We Were the Land's, by Joan Biechler, Clarke College, Dubuque, Iowa; Sister Mary Adorita, B.V.M., Instructor.

Country Children, by Vira de Sherbinin, Wellesley College, Massachusetts; Mary Eleanor Prentiss, Instructor.

On Fireflies, by Patricia Dunkel, Wellesley College, Massachusetts; Roberta M. Grahame, Instructor.

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Thy People, My People, by Carolyn G. Heilbrun, Wellesley College, Massachusetts; Mary Eleanor Prentiss, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

Neighbors, by Helen R. Houtz, University of Denver; Blanche Y. McNeal, Instructor.

Clem and the Cornstalk, by Marie A. Ibsch, Grinnell College, Iowa; Grace Hunter, Instructor.

Tropical Disturbance, by Phyllis M. Wendt, Iowa State College; Pearl Hogrefe, Instructor.

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Letter to Paul and Anna Aschenback, by Robert Beloof, Friends University, Wichita, Kansas; Juliet Reeve, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

Shadowing Walls, by Lemma Kerr, Ohio State University; Geneva Stephenson, Instructor.

Winter Run, by Joan Simpson, University of Connecticut; James A. S. McPeck, Instructor.

Windy Afternoon, by Geraldine C. Thorpe, Mundelein College, Chicago; Sister M. Anne Leone, B.V.M., Instructor.

Answer for a Logical Friend, by Iris Litt, Ohio State University; Geneva Stephenson, Instructor.

Filareae, by Marjorie M. Jenkins, University of Alberta, Canada; F. M. Saller, Instructor.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, Bread Loaf, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1946 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one scholarship to Robert Beloof, Friends University, Wichita, Kansas (for his poem, Letter to Paul and Anna Aschenback), and one scholarship to Juliet Reeve, Instructor of Robert Beloof.



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HOUSES FOR VETERANS—NO CASH DOWN

by BRENDON SHEA

FIFTY or sixty hours a week on the assembly line, with extra pay for overtime, enabled the war worker to amass savings far in excess of anything he had been able to salt away before the war. Under the constant pressure of the payroll-deduction plan and the eight drives, even if he had no other savings, he had his war bonds. When peace came and he decided to buy a house, he was in a position to make a 20 or 30 per cent down payment. He could then get a mortgage for the balance.

But GI Joe's pay did not compare with that of the war worker. His wife and children had all they could do to get along on his allotment. He had no chance to tuck away a tidy sum with which to take his family into a home of their own on his demobilization. Consequently, the loan guarantees in the GI Bill of Rights were provided, to enable the veteran to go into the real-estate market on an equal footing with the war worker.

With the urgent demand for houses, prices have skyrocketed. For example, in an old section of an Eastern city, a two-family house, poorly built in the late twenties, which sold in the middle thirties for \$4000, sold recently for \$7600. In some of the newer

sections, where houses built during the thirties sold for \$6500 and \$7500, prices have now jumped to \$10,000 and \$12,000 and even higher.

In one residential section built up during 1939 and 1940, small singles of five and six rooms, which sold for \$4500 to \$5200 and were considered no bargains at the time, today are priced by one operator at \$9300 to \$9800.

A new four-room house in which a family of three would be overcrowded costs \$6900. In spite of the fact that it is practically thrown together, and that linoleum is used to cover the softwood floors, because of the scarcity of oak flooring, such a house is sold before it is completed. Before the war a similar house could be bought, with hardwood floors, for under \$4000.

A five-room house costs anywhere from \$8000 to \$9500 in the Northeast—the same type of house that would have been idle for many months during the late thirties priced at \$4500 to \$5000.

Some of the six- or seven-room houses are in the luxury class today. In one new development in a large Eastern city, prices of by no means spacious six-room houses, with tile bath, tile kitchen, extra lavatory and garage, begin at \$15,500. The prices of houses with one additional room the size of a large closet, and an additional bath with stall shower,—seven-room houses,—begin at \$18,000. A few years ago the same type of house sold for \$7500 to \$8500.

The intent of the loan guarantees for veterans is certainly laudable. It would hardly be right if a young man who had spent four or five years in the armed forces had to wait another four or five years before he could purchase a home.

When the loan-guarantee section of the GI Bill was

The country wants to see its veterans housed. Faced as we are with the grievous shortage of housing in every metropolitan area, it is no wonder that the Veterans' Administration and the loaning institutions are stretching every point to find houses for the veteran and his family.

The Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill would set up a long-range program of government-controlled housing, and the Patman bill requires that veterans be given preference in renting or purchasing homes. But meantime the veteran who can't wait may be the victim of an inflation racket described by BRENDON SHEA, graduate of Boston College and Treasurer of the Mt. Washington Coöperative Bank of South Boston.

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passed, it was hailed as a great boon to the veteran. Where it was possible for the war worker to buy a house for \$10,000 with a down payment of from \$2000 to \$4000, a veteran could now buy the house for \$10,000 with nothing down. To the veteran, the loaning institution lends \$2000 to \$4000 more than it ordinarily would. The money does not come from the Veterans' Administration or the government, but from the institution which is making the loan. The Veterans' Administration becomes a guarantor on the note up to the amount of \$4000 — in the case of a \$10,000 loan, 40 per cent, a proportion which remains constant over the life of the loan.

The loaning institution is safe whether the home-buyer is a war worker or a veteran. If the war worker pays down \$2000 on a \$10,000 house, the loan amounts to \$8000; if the veteran buys a \$10,000 house, the additional \$2000 which is advanced over the recognized margin of safety is guaranteed by an agency of the United States government.

The bill further stipulated that on no loan guaranteed by the Veterans' Administration should the rate of interest exceed 4 per cent; if it did exceed that rate, the guarantee would become null and void. As a safeguard to the veteran, the bill also stipulated that the Veterans' Administration should choose a real-estate expert from its list of approved appraisers to certify to the value of the property under consideration. If the appraiser decided that the price was excessive, the Veterans' Administration would refuse to guarantee the loan. If, however, the appraiser certified that the price was fair, the loan and guarantee would be approved.

The only outright gift to the veteran was the first year's interest on the guaranteed portion of the loan — in the case of a \$4000 guarantee, \$160. Furthermore, the guarantee was limited to 50 per cent of the loan or \$4000, whichever was smaller. In the case of a \$2000 loan, the guarantee would be \$1000.

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IN the original bill the maximum guarantee was \$2000. Amendments have increased it to \$4000. The maximum term of twenty years in which to repay the loan has been increased to twenty-five. Instructions to the appraiser have been amended so that he is to certify to the "reasonable value" of the property rather than to the "reasonable normal value." Such a distinction may seem technical and academic, and perhaps it is. Yet these three changes tend to make the GI Bill of Rights not only a definite step toward inflation, but a good boost to inflation. While making it easy for the veteran to buy a home at the moment, the provisions also make it easy for him to assume a financial burden beyond his ability to carry.

There is a further unfortunate economic factor in this picture. The various savings banks, commercial banks, savings and loan associations, insurance com-

panies, and other loaning institutions have during the past few years acquired more cash and government bonds than they ever held before. In such portfolios there are some short-term certificates and longer-term marketable issues which can be readily turned into cash as the mortgage market opens. The liquidity of these institutions surpasses anything heretofore known. As a result, cutthroat competition has developed in the small-home mortgage field. In one of the Eastern states, conditions prompted the proposal of a Fair Practices Law, in an attempt to curb the unethical methods by which otherwise reputable banks were stealing mortgages from one another.

So the veteran finds many of the loaning institutions in his community willing to make him the loan he wants, even if it is excessive. Let us analyze the specific case of a veteran purchasing a \$10,000 house. This figure may seem high, but in some parts of the country a good, single, five- to seven-room house, ten to fifteen years old, in a desirable section, will cost at least \$10,000.

The veteran picks his house, goes to the bank, and applies for a loan of \$10,000 to cover the full amount of the purchase price, offering as additional security the \$4000 guarantee which is given him under the GI Bill of Rights. When the investment committee of the loaning institution visit the property, they will see a house on which, eight or ten years ago, when \$7000 might have been the sale price, they would have hesitated to loan \$6000.

Under the original terms of the GI Bill, which provided only a \$2000 guarantee, they would have felt that a \$10,000 loan on such property was too liberal. But with the government guaranteeing up to \$4000, leaving a "net" mortgage of only \$6000, the loaning institution is all too likely to acquiesce. It is just as safe for the institution to make a loan of \$12,000 today with a \$4000 guarantee as it was to make a loan on the same house of \$10,000 with a \$2000 guarantee as originally provided in the GI Bill. And that is the crux of the inflationary nature of this \$4000 "benefit." It allows the veteran to pay \$2000 more for the same house, and the institution can lend \$2000 more at no greater risk.

The device which was originally designed to protect the veteran from paying too much for his house was certification of the value of the property by an approved appraiser. For the first few months, the Veterans' Administration specified the name of the appraiser on the Certificate of Eligibility when it was returned to the intended mortgagee. Later, because of complaints that this system materially slowed up the process, loaning institutions were allowed to choose their own appraisers from a certified list issued by the Veterans' Administration.

Under the provisions of the original bill, the appraiser was to specify the "reasonable normal value" of the property. That was not intended to mean the market value as of the current period, but rather the reasonable value of the property under normal

conditions. The appraiser's value of the property would be set above the low price level of the middle thirties and yet not so high as the inflated price levels of today. Now, with the word "normal" removed from the regulations and merely the "reasonable value" required, it is apparently assumed that the appraiser will float upward with the balloon of inflation. If the appraiser does not certify that the property is worth the loan that the institution has approved, he will probably lose a client, since the institution can choose its own appraiser.

Evidence of collusion between loaning institutions and appraisers is already obvious. Some of the more conservative appraisers, who had appraised properties below the sale price, have reported that they are getting fewer and fewer calls.

Another consideration often overlooked is the veteran's ability to carry the monthly payments. Although he can buy a house without a down payment, the veteran is still at a disadvantage. He is assuming more substantial monthly payments just because he has a larger mortgage. The war worker who purchases a \$10,000 house, and who carries an \$8000 mortgage, at the rate of 4 per cent pays \$48.48 per month, principal and interest, on a twenty-year term. The veteran's monthly payments on the same house with a \$10,000 loan would be \$60.60. If, because of the rising real-estate market and the \$4000 guarantee, the veteran pays \$12,000 for the same house and obtains a loan for the full amount, his monthly payments are \$72.72, or 50 per cent more than the \$48.48 payment on an \$8000 loan. To all the above amounts must be added a monthly allowance for taxes, insurance, water, and repairs.

Originally limited to a twenty-year loan, the veteran now has the option, with the consent of the loaning institution, of a twenty-five-year mortgage. This would reduce his monthly payments on a \$10,000 loan from \$60.60 to \$52.79 — less than \$8.00 a month for a difference of five years. He may well consider the amortization schedules of these longer periods.

On a twenty-five-year mortgage, at 4 per cent interest on \$10,000, payments of principal and interest total \$52.79 per month. On the amortizing, direct-reduction mortgage the interest is figured each month on the unpaid balance, and the difference between the interest charge and the above figure is credited to the loan. In this particular instance, \$33.33 would be credited to interest the first month and the balance of \$19.46 credited to principal. These monthly payments, credited on the loan over the entire life of the mortgage, eventually amortize the loan. On a twenty-five-year term, three hundred such monthly payments will finally pay off the mortgage. In other words, the homeowner by his monthly payment is purchasing just a little more equity in his home each month, while at the same time he is paying the interest on the amount that he still owes.

The danger, however, of the long-term loan is the

very slow amortization schedule. For example, at the end of one year, on a twenty-five-year loan only 2.4 per cent of the mortgage has been paid off. The twenty-year loan is almost as bad, with only 3.3 per cent of the principal paid off at the end of one year. At the end of three years, 7.4 per cent has been paid off on the twenty-five-year term, and 10.4 per cent on the twenty-year term.

The following table shows balances due on \$1000 at 4 per cent after a given period:—

	12-year term	15-year term	20-year term	25-year term
1 year.....	\$933	\$950	\$966	\$976
3 years.....	792	844	895	925
5 years.....	640	730	819	870
10 years.....	200	401	598	713
15 years.....	—	—	329	520
20 years.....	—	—	—	286
25 years.....	—	—	—	—

It is often argued by the proponents of this type of mortgage that as long as the homeowner keeps up his monthly payments, the mortgage will eventually be amortized, and after twenty or twenty-five years the couple who bought a house at twenty-five or thirty have at fifty or fifty-five a home which is free and clear. But such reasoning ignores changes in the economic cycle, and the contingencies which may arise in a ten- or fifteen-year period, let alone a twenty- or twenty-five-year term.

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How much higher the prices of houses will rise, no one can say. Once the building program is rolling, however, houses will be built until the saturation point is reached and the supply surpasses the demand. Let us say that in five to eight years there is a slowdown in the building program, accompanied by a slowdown in industry as well. At that time, with houses available as they were during the middle thirties, when new dwellings stood idle a year or two, prices certainly will not remain at peak levels.

Now let us look at the financial status of a homeowner who bought a house, with no payment down, for \$10,000 on a twenty-five-year mortgage. Taking into consideration the fact that the value of his house may have increased an additional 10 per cent, so that the value is \$11,000 when we hit the peak, there is, let us say, a 40 per cent drop in prices. Where does that homeowner stand? He has a house that is worth \$6600 on the current market. If it is eight years from the day he bought it, his twenty-five-year mortgage has a balance of \$7800 — \$7800 due on a house worth \$6600! If he has a twenty-year mortgage, the balance will be \$6920 on a house which has a market value of \$6600.

The veteran who buys his house, let us say, six years from now, and two years before the hypothetical slump, will find that his \$10,000 house which he

bought at the peak, if it drops in value only one third, is worth \$6700. If his twenty-five year mortgage has run for two years, he will owe \$9515, and if it is a twenty-year term, \$9320 — \$9320 due on a \$6700 house!

If he is one of the more fortunate and continues his job without a reduction in wages, he will not enjoy the necessity of continuing payments on a mortgage which will be in excess of the current value of his property; and if he should run into difficult times because of a temporary, or possibly permanent, lay-off in his job, how much heart will he have to keep the house when he knows that the encumbrance on it is far more than the house is worth? It will certainly seem to him like pouring money into a bottomless pit.

If he is unable to continue his payments and the loaning institution, with the consent of the Veterans' Administration, forecloses, there is little, if any, loss to the loaning institution, because the guarantee continues at the same percentage during the life of the loan. But what of the losses sustained by the Veterans' Administration, which in the long run have to be paid by the United States — made up of the veteran, the loaning institution, the landlord, the tenant, and you and me? Of course, once the Veterans' Administration pays a loss under a guarantee, it acquires a claim against the veteran which it can press at any time the veteran is in a position to pay; and if the claim is not collected during the veteran's lifetime, it becomes a claim against his estate.

There is one other aspect of the amortization of long-term mortgages that needs consideration: the percentage of mortgages paid off prior to maturity averages over 80 per cent. The loan may be paid off because the property is sold and the purchaser requires a different loan or pays cash. Sometimes the homeowner finds it convenient to refinance the mortgage. He may want to send his children to college. He may have to pay for an expensive illness. Or he may wish to finance repairs or renovations: add a room or two, reshingle the roof, paint the outside, make interior repairs, renew the heating system or the plumbing, or do some of the numerous things a house needs every few years to maintain its value. Such repairs come under the general classification of "up-keep." Institutions which finance home mortgages find that it is the rule rather than the exception for

the homeowner to refinance the mortgage whenever he wants to make substantial repairs.

And where is the veteran going to be when, five years after the purchase of his home, he tries to borrow \$500 to make repairs? He will have paid off \$1290 on a \$10,000 loan on a twenty-five-year term, or \$1800 on a twenty-year term. His more astute neighbor who has a twelve-year loan will have paid off \$3600, and the man who has a ten-year loan, \$4500. Assuming a stationary market value over the period, the homeowner with the short-term mortgage and large equity is much better off than the owner with the long-term loan and little equity. And when a slump comes, the man who has tangible equity can draw on it to make necessary repairs or to meet other contingencies.

This discussion is not intended to disparage the benefits allowed under the GI Bill of Rights. The premises on which those benefits were based were sound. The danger lies in overburdening millions of veterans whose lack of experience makes them easy prey to what seem attractive offers. Excessive loans, lengthened terms, and overselling at high prices can only lead to a disaster greater than the depression which began in 1929.

The loaning institutions, the appraisers, and the Veterans' Administration should move cautiously, and should not make indiscriminate loans. A boy of twenty-two who got his first job two months ago is in all probability not prepared to buy a home. He may never have worked before, never have had any financial responsibility, never known what home ownership entails. And yet, hearing of the benefits and privileges due the veteran, he may blithely attempt to buy a home with a 100 per cent mortgage.

Above all, the veteran himself should tread carefully. While taking every advantage of the assistance to which he is entitled, he should make sure, first, that he understands the transaction he is undertaking, in all its aspects; and second, that it is the best thing for him to do. It may be that he is not yet prepared for home ownership and its responsibilities, and therefore would be better off to wait for a few years. At times the tenant is in an enviable position; and the too hasty purchase of a home can turn out to be financially disadvantageous or even disastrous to the owner and his family.



BELOW THE TIDE OF WAR

by JOHN BUXTON

An Englishman, now thirty-three, JOHN BUXTON was reading for his Ph.D. at Oxford at the outbreak of the war. He volunteered for the ill-fated expedition to Norway and was there captured by the Germans in the spring of 1940. For the ensuing five years he lived behind barbed wire, where hunger, the loss of freedom, a passionate longing for England and his wife, and the ceaseless struggle for a sane balance between hope and despair intensified his gift of lyric poetry. After his liberation, and in answer to my urging, he wrote for the *Atlantic* this moving essay, which we shall publish in two parts. — THE EDITOR

1

HAD it been my good fortune to fight through the Desert, in Italy, or France, or Burma, instead of being captured at the edge of an Arctic fjord in the first British campaign of the war, my poetry might very well have been different. But it would not have been less or inferior. Conditions would not have been ideal for the writing of poetry, but at least I should not have been weakened for months on end by hunger; nor should I have remained throughout the battle for France and the Battle of Britain without a word from England. More important than either, I should still have felt myself to be a part of my own country, and should not have had the exasperation of waiting, waiting, far from any sound of battle, for the outcome of a war in which I had intended to have some part.

For I never agreed, and never will agree, with those who suggest that the artist and the poet ought to be privileged to watch the war from a safe retreat. No poet but would disdain so limiting a privilege, since poetry comes from the full life of a man, not from the sensitivities of mollycoddled skrimshankers. The poets who turned up their noses at the "fetid atmosphere of Europe" would have little to say to those who went through the filth and the stench. We knew it stank — oh! certainly we did! — but we had a more robust faith (or was it merely inquisitiveness?) and we held our fastidious noses and went in.

It is true enough that imprisonment did affect my ability to write. There were times when hunger so dominated our minds, through the weakness it imposed on our bodies, that, waking or sleeping, we could think of little else. There were times when it was too cold to hold a pen. There were times when disturbance was too frequent, or expectation too vivid to permit concentration; and because of the countless interruptions necessitated by our mode of life, there was never any time when concentration could be achieved for long.

I was fortunate (as I have often been reminded) in that, being a poet, I could continue my work in prison. But the tranquillity of prison life was illusory, not comparable at all to that chance of serene contemplation of the active world from a chosen intellectual vantage point which Wordsworth intended in a famous phrase. Rather it was the denial of all participation in that active world to one who had volunteered to fight, and who — however great his distaste for fighting — scorned to stand aside. Ironically, though I was in action before all but a very few, I saw less of the war than many Englishmen who never put on uniform. That was a piece of ill luck which at least counterbalances my good luck in having five years in which to contemplate the war in the "tranquillity" assured to me by the barbed wire and machine guns of German prison camps.

Poetry has value only in so far as it is the record of experience not exclusive to the poet. We read love poetry not because of our interest in the poet's biography, but in our own. The poet concerns himself with those things which men share in common, and it is no accident that the most frequent themes of the greatest poetry ever have been, and ever will be, the commonplaces of human life: love, and death, the beauty of the sensual world in which we move, and the splendor of the intellectual world to which we may attain.

The poet chooses no abstruse topics; is less interested in the quirks and vagaries of the eccentric than in the humdrum ways of the normal; is, at his best, a man like other men, sharing the joys and griefs, the hopes and doubts and certainties of their lives, and different from them only in the gift of words. So, in the end, there is no higher compliment and no surer proof of achievement than "That is just what I have felt, but could not find words to say." Then the poet may know that he has made clear to some other human being their common experience and so has intensified it

for the other that it will remain for him of lasting import.

And my poems, I must insist, are to be judged — with no bias of sympathy or pity — in and for themselves, simply as the work of a quite ordinary person, beset by the same doubts, troubled by the same fears, supported by the same hopes as other men; of one who is a partner in all the stock-in-trade of human life except indifference. They are the poems of an Englishman who, crossing the sea to fight for his country, took part in a futile skirmish, and by some chance was taken prisoner, instead of being killed or getting away, which were the other alternatives for the members of his tiny, feebly armed force. And the account I give here of those five years of imprisonment must be regarded only as the history of a strange experience known to few, and therefore matter for prose; while the poems, being about love and parting, about war and hatred, about flowers, and birds, and stars, and the distant sea, are about nothing strange or unknown.

I have already sufficiently explained why I joined up and was not a pacifist — to me the only alternative. I was fortunate in that, having some previous knowledge of Norway, I was able to volunteer for service there, and indeed for the particular task on which I was sent. I had free choice not only whether I should fight or not, but where, and in what capacity. If in the event my choice was a poor one, at least it was mine, and I have no regret that I made it. For, knowing Norway as I did, and having so deep an affection both for the country and the people, I should always afterwards have felt (if I had not gone) that I had missed some occasion of serving them. I knew that many of my friends must be engaged in the fighting, and would be in danger; therefore I wished to go. It was not until I returned home, after Norway had been set free, that I learned how they had fared; and for one of them I wrote some memorial verses.

2

TO MOST Englishmen fighting on the ground traditional for our wars, across the Channel, there is a feeling that they are part of a continuous process of history; and in the Low Countries, as also in Greece and Crete, in Sicily and Italy, they have a sense of comradeship with all, whether Englishmen or not, who through many centuries have fought and died there. These men dominate the country where their battles are fought, because not only the flat plains of Flanders but even the valleys and mountains of the Mediterranean lands have so long been the stage of man's history.

In Norway, so sparsely inhabited, a country without ruins or many monuments, there is no such feeling. There, even as we entered the fjord

where we were to make our landing, the mountains and the snow and the great icecap of Svar-tisen were sternly aloof, not inimical to us, but utterly indifferent and uncomprehending. Here no battles had been fought; no dead gathered in from the field; no memorial statues or tablets raised. Here came we, the first of whom history will keep a record, to fight, to kill, and to die in this place; and since this was so there was at once a realization of the petty futility of our battle, and of the splendor and permanence of our battlefield.

To me this brought solace and assurance, for it was my belief that nothing so revealed the character of a man as the struggle to fit himself to live in wild, hard country. The men and women who had seemed most complete to me had been those who were always aware of their environment, farmers and fishermen and sailors — men who must constantly be alert to cope with wind and tide, storm and heat, drought, flood, mist, or snow. The townsman, who has eliminated all these things, and even darkness, from his environment, has not such deep roots in life as the countryman; and if the society of many men sharpens his wits (as some suppose) he is not much the gainer.

To many the physical world, with its inhabitants other than ourselves, is no more than a back cloth, to be noticed perhaps in moments of boredom with the human actors, but for the rest nothing more than a device for revealing their actions. To me the supreme value of human life was only apparent if I regarded the other living things of the world, and the world itself, and if I took note of them all so far as I could. How else might one justify the immeasurable expense caused by human life, but by considering all these things?

"Landfall" I wrote as we approached the coast of Norway, just below the Arctic Circle.

LANDFALL

SEE, this long land has sails of snow,
And at her craggy stem
The silver sheeny water parts in slow
White waves, that curl and go
To blue again. We come
Not to admire, to know
The joy of her white solitude, to ride
With her adrift upon the breathing tide.
No, we are trespassers upon this world,
We men in khaki, with our weapons held
Ready to kill. What right had any man
Ever to break this peace?
Here's no fit place
For our fierce rowdy farce to be performed.
Could men not leave *this* land unharmed?
O you indifferent mountains, ice, and snow,
Forgive us where we go,
Pardon our sinfulness in bearing arms
Across this land. Then let us come again
When peace shall end this pain
Here to atone for all our sacrilege.

I ran down to my cabin and wrote it at once, an exclamation of grief that we must come to so serenely beautiful a place in order to show, by what we must do there, a disregard of it that was altogether wrong and false. Through many other poems that I was to write in the coming years ran this thought, but accompanied later by the consoling knowledge that whatever we did in those years of war scarcely affected the world about us. This solace I found in listening to a chiffchaff singing near the camp to which I was brought a few days after being taken prisoner, and the poem I wrote then is complementary to the poem of our landfall. This was the first poem I wrote as a prisoner.

THE PRISONER TO THE SINGING BIRD

SING on, sing on beyond the walls
That I within may know
Spring is in the woods again
Where you may go.

Sing on, sing on; then in my cage
I shall delight to hear
That you are glad and free out there —
So near, so near!

May 16, 1940

3

ON the night on which I was taken prisoner, along with a few of our troops and about half a dozen Norwegians I was put into a woodshed at a farm. First we had stood against the wall of the house while our captors debated whether to shoot us: they had some reason to be embarrassed by our presence, for we had sunk their ship, there were no roads, and counterattack must soon be expected. The other British did not understand German, and (so far as I remember) only one of the Norwegians did. He had fought in Finland, in the winter war; had returned after being wounded in the head, fought in the south of Norway, and now again in the north. He had some ham, which he shared with us. In the woodshed I found a fleece, also a piece of raw, salted cod. I had food and shelter, and, being tired, slept. During the night the Germans dropped some mortar shells near us — a mistake for which the noncommissioned officer in charge of us apologized later — and a few other prisoners were brought in.

Next day the problem of our transport was solved by loading us onto the seaplanes which had cut us off the day before by landing behind us. (We had no anti-aircraft defense of any kind.) In our plane a German, wounded in the stomach, lay on the floor groaning and cursing the government which had taken him from home. We landed at Trondheim, where we were separated from the Norwegians and interrogated. We remained three or four days in the town, and then

were taken by car to the aerodrome at Vaernes. Here were eighty British soldiers and forty British merchant seamen, the crew of the *Thistlebrae*, captured in Trondheim, where she had put in for repairs after being bombed on the Narvik voyage. Here I was the only officer and had the task of making continual complaints about our treatment, and was the recipient of frequent threats.

My complaints were two: first, that our men were forced to work on repairing the aerodrome and on loading and unloading military stores at Trondheim; second, that we were constantly open to the danger of bombing by RAF and Royal Naval aircraft. The commandant said we should take the same risks as the Germans. I pointed out that we did not in fact do this, since we were locked in our huts while they could take cover in the open and in the cellar under one of the huts in our compound. The commandant lost interest. After this I used to take my walks in the compound to which I was confined, in such a way that my tracks made the pattern of the Union Jack on the ground, which I hoped might show up if the aircraft ever took photographs. It seems possible that they did recognize us by some means, as one Sunday, during a ground-strafting raid, one of them did a roll in sight of our compound. We proclaimed this to be a recognition signal.

Meanwhile the men worked on the timber runways of the aerodrome, and assisted in fueling and bombing up. This gave them opportunities of sabotage by watering the petrol, and by tampering with the bombs in a simple way shown them (I believe) by a Norwegian working on the aerodrome. These Norwegians collected cigarettes and chocolate for us, and helped so far as they could. One day a few arrested as spies, including a woman, were brought into our compound.

This was surrounded by a high wooden palisade, beyond which it was possible to see the tops of a few birch trees near at hand, and in the distance, to the north, the white-topped mountains. The sky was my main view, and there I watched the birds flying over, whimbrel and red-shank, geese, merganser and other duck, swallows and martins. I also watched the German aircraft go out, and counted them; and when they came back I counted them again. The results were often very encouraging to us. Sometimes the aircraft crashed near the aerodrome or overturned on landing: then, as after each raid by our own machines, we would watch the Germans making crosses of birch, and these too we would count.

When I had been there a few days, German airmen began to come to see me, out of curiosity, and not, usually, in any bullying spirit. What did I think of the *Führerprinzip*? Hopelessly out of date I said, and laughed at the puzzled eyes. I quoted parallels from the history of the Dark Ages, and the airmen called up some others to listen to this astounding heresy. I cast aside any

respect for historical accuracy, thinking it irrelevant and perhaps even detrimental to my argument. Did I think Hitler was like Napoleon? This was too naïve, and the answer was obvious even if in those May days of 1940 the British were not being conspicuously victorious in the neighborhood of Waterloo.

I had other occupation. There was a copy of Shakespeare in the camp, brought (I think) off the captured *Thistlebrae*, and I read a play and some of the sonnets on most days. I also wrote several poems, among them "Elegy," and at least one sonnet, though which it was I now forget.

ELEGY

(For —, killed at Hemnesberget, May 10, 1940)

REST now, rest: here's an end
To all your pain.
Rest, while we others spend
Our lives in vain.

Here in this spruce's shade
Where snow lies yet,
Alone now but unafraid
Rest, and forget.

About you the forest grows
Careless of you.
There's nothing here that knows
The ill men do.

Above, the white mountains rise
Past the dark hills:
There no man lives nor dies,
There no man kills.

Rest in this solitude,
Rest, you who can.
No more do you intrude
As that fool, man.

We were also permitted to write letters, but only one of mine ever reached home. Probably they were scanned for information and then destroyed. But while in Trondheim I had with Norwegian help sent letters through uncensored to Sweden, and a message to a friend in Oslo which was somehow or other forwarded to my wife, who was thus only a few weeks in uncertainty.

On May 22 two British aircraft dropped leaflets warning Norwegians living in farms and villages near the aerodrome to leave in the next forty-eight hours. We were moved back into Trondheim, on May 27. We believed that the Norwegians working on the aerodrome, and living in the neighborhood, had made protests about our being left exposed to attack by our own aircraft. A day or two later the aerodrome received the promised raid.

In Trondheim I met several of my unit who had been taken prisoner, and heard some news of what happened to the rest. (Most got back to England.) These days in Trondheim were uneventful

and without danger or other interest. A blustering German sergeant asked me, impertinently, why I had come to Norway.

"To kick such as you out."

He had my bed removed, and amused himself with occasionally visiting me and drawing the death's-head sign of the SS on the wall, above where I slept. Since he used chalk this was easily rubbed out; and I borrowed the chalk to begin to teach some of my fellows Norwegian. We were in a school and so had a map-hunt, but with little success. The British vice-consul, Hr. Kjeldsberg, got us some chocolate and a few bits of clothing. Therefore when I reached Germany I was the envy of all because I had two pairs of socks, two pairs of pants, and two shirts.

On May 31 we were moved out to a stable near the fort of Trondheim. Here we slept on straw in a loft; and from the compound, since there was only barbed wire and no palisade, we had a fine view to the east, to the mountains, so short a walk away, that beckoned us to Sweden. Here we met some of the few survivors of H.M.S. *Glowworm*, the destroyer that, after her torpedo tubes had been shot away, turned and tried to ram the *Hipper*. She had steam enough to butt the *Hipper* before she sank, but could do no damage. It was good to meet the Navy, and all we needed now to complete the party was some airmen, but these were as yet rather scarce — we never saw a British plane until we had been taken prisoners — and we had to wait some months longer.

We had been only a few hours in this camp when a Norwegian lad rode by on a bicycle and cried out, "Long live England!" The German NCO in charge ran to the wire fumbling for his revolver while we yelled some response. The Norwegian was well away before the German fired, and he laughed and shouted back, "Long live England!"

On June 2 four of us were sent down by train to Oslo. Our two guards were inoffensive, and allowed us to buy ham sandwiches, coffee, and chocolate at the station in Trondheim. When we were as far south as the Dovrefjeld I was in familiar country, and as we crawled across the sub-arctic bog of Fokstumyra (of which I knew every yard) I made some excuse, and got to the door of our coach. It was locked, and before I had time to shut myself in the lavatory to try my luck with the window, one of the guards came along. The railway had been repaired everywhere except for the great bridge at Hamar. Here we had to walk to join another train.

When we arrived at the station in Oslo we waited for some time, which gave me the opportunity of talking to a few Norwegian civilians there, asking about the behavior of the Germans, about the news from the West, and telling them what I could of conditions in the North. A girl there threw me a bunch of marigolds, and these I carried with me to the room where I was housed.

4

WITH the end of the evacuation of the BEF from Dunkirk taking place, it was impossible not to wonder if England too might be invaded and overrun for a time. I think I am honest if I say that throughout the succeeding months I never once believed that this would happen. Somehow, against all reason, certainly against the more experienced opinion of the senior among us, the younger men refused to imagine an England in German occupation. Whatever respect we had for their military power, whatever knowledge we had of our own defenselessness, we had, through our own experience as their prisoners, too profound a contempt for Germans as men to consider them capable of being even the temporary masters of England. And if a few, more logical perhaps than most of us, believed England would be occupied, none that I ever spoke to, or heard of, at any time, in any condition of mind or body, considered final defeat to be possible. And it may be that it was our refusal to admit that England could be defeated, although we, her soldiers, had been defeated, that was the best contribution we could still make in the war.

It was not until years later that we read even passages from Churchill's speeches, or knew of what was done in those months in England. The Germans had all the arguments on their side: no British troops still fighting in Europe; London in flames; the Mediterranean route impassable; Britain left without allies or any probable accession of allies in time to help her. They had, besides, power of life and death over us, of which they were at times not unwilling to give us practical reminders. But it was more than enough to have surrendered our arms: that had been beyond our control. To surrender our minds or spirits to these people was not so much rejected by us as not even thought of.

On June 8 twenty-nine of us left Oslo by ship. We docked at Aalborg and traveled on at once to Hamburg. That day was memorable in the life of a prisoner because we had seven meals, provided at various stations by the German Red Cross, and demanded vociferously by us whenever we changed from the custody of one set of guards to that of another. In Hamburg we were bundled into an air-raid shelter beneath a fine new barracks.

We had three men guarding us there, and when they found that we came from Norway one spoke to me and asked if I could speak Danish. I answered in Norwegian, which was near enough, for both of us were unwilling to converse in the abhorred German. There was a small cell at the side of the room in which we were, and this guard took me in there. He was Danish, he said. I pointed to his uniform and asked why he wore

that. He said he had been an engineering student in Frankfort and when the Germans occupied Denmark they impressed him into the army — here he seized me by my blouse and gave an imitation of the German recruiting sergeant. He dared not desert, for the sake of his family, though he might himself have got away to Sweden.

"But England and France and America will win the war," I said. France didn't seem in a very good position, America was not even in the war, but I was confident England would not be defeated.

He grew very excited: "England must win."

I said she'd win all right but it might take time.

Then he gripped me again, drew his bayonet, pointed it at me, and said "Du — Tyskland; jeg — England" and made as if to stab Germany (impersonated by me) to the heart. He gave me his address, which I concealed very carefully, and we parted firm friends — an excitable Danish student forced into German uniform and set to guard me, a British prisoner, and both of us with the same overmastering hope: the eventual defeat of Germany, which alone could set us free. But perhaps in the five years that followed, he was killed fighting somewhere for a country he detested, in a cause which he condemned. At least we prisoners were spared that.

Next day we went through Berlin — I remembered the underground railway between stations which I had several times used, more willingly, in peacetime — and eventually we arrived at Thorn in Poland. We were put into a fort on the former Russo-Polish frontier. It was crowded with British troops from the West, many exhausted and dying after their march across Europe into captivity, sick with dysentery or pneumonia, brown and thin and worn. There were Poles there too, running the kitchen and other arrangements of the camp; and French Moroccans, silent and bewildered. The camp was filthy and stank, and even if you lay in the sun on the ramparts you would almost certainly rise up with lice in clothes and hair. Fleas we soon came to disregard as merely a nuisance; lice we were more afraid of.

Before leaving Thorn I found an anthology of English verse containing, among other things, Spenser's "Epithalamion." This I copied, together with several poems by Lovelace and perhaps some others, long admired and much loved by me. One day in the autumn I read the "Epithalamion" to a number of my fellow prisoners, in a garage at the camp.

At Laufen we were housed in a vast building once the residence of the Archbishop of Salzburg, which was about fifteen miles away up the Salzach. On arriving we had our heads shaved, an unnecessary indignity since we were not then lousy, and one which was, obviously, intended to depress us. I think it only made us angry. On June 27 I noted in my diary that I had agreed to give

some lectures on English poetry and that, as a slight aid to doing so, I had discovered that "a gunner subaltern in Room 80 had the *Albatross Book of Living Verse*." This was progress, though as Room 80 held close on one hundred people the owner, whose name I did not yet know, might not be very easy to find. My own room had about ninety inmates, sleeping on beds in groups of twelve, three tiers high. We fed — so far as we could be said to feed — in these rooms.

Under June 28, I have a note of the foundation of an English Club, of which I was elected president "for the duration of one war," and which used to meet each Sunday to read papers written by the members, or extracts selected by them from any books they might find. It had its first meeting on June 30 and flourished for fifteen months, but when we moved camp the members were dispersed. We even had "dinners," to which each member brought his slice of bread and piece of potato, which it became conventional to decorate in some manner, perhaps by shaping the potato, when mashed, into the form of an animal, or by inserting in its bleak surface some ornament made of bread or cheese. At these dinners each member had to read some topical, and usually scurrilous or seditious, verse of his own composition.

We soon became so feeble through the lack of food that if we walked upstairs to our rooms we had a "black-out" and had to lie down for a few minutes; yet we made good friends and had lively talks about countless things, and those "sudden dumps and dreary sad disdain" of which Spenser writes did not much afflict us in this first autumn and winter. Or if they did we kept them, as I think we almost always did until the last winter of the war, strictly to ourselves.

5

I SUPPOSE I may claim to be a fairly representative member of that strange society of prisoners, taking part in most of its activities, sharing in most of its thoughts and feelings. The poet differs from his fellows not in the kind of his experience, but in its intensity, in the vividness of his impressions; and perhaps I should add (for it is certainly true of me) in his ability to live in the present, without much regret for the past, though not without a very lively interest in the future.

In such circumstances as these the man stood out, by his personality, by his character, neither enhanced by opportunity nor graced by position, but simple and unadorned. Perhaps we tended to judge one another by too limited a test, but consciously or not, each one of us gauged his fellows' worth by their desirability as companions in battle. We had been ashamed at first, all of us, to have suffered the indignity of surrender; and our first task was the recovery of self-respect and pride. To this we came in our different ways, unaided for the

most part unless by the absurd arrogance of our German masters. That these should be the lords of Europe — the thing was laughable, and in our laughter we found our pride that we were Englishmen. These Germans, if they conquered the world, would never know what to do with it — conquerors, for a time, they might be; rulers, never. These were the heirs of the barbarians, and their achievement, however astonishing to the military mind, would be as futile and as brief.

Throughout that summer and early autumn we were without news from home and had reason to suppose our letters were not being sent, few and short as they were. We had no news but that in the German papers, and their version of the Battle of Britain was not reassuring. Our ribs and joints stuck out more and more, and our bellies swelled with the diet of stinking potatoes and cabbage soup. There were few books, only those we had carried into prison, and these might be borrowed on short loan if one could find the owner and get on a waiting list.

We started a library (on whose staff I remained to the end). We lectured, and listened to lectures, on poetry, and beekeeping, on heraldry and pig farming, on paleography, ornithology, travel, and sport. Such knowledge as we had we pooled in this way, and where our knowledge failed we guessed or invented unscrupulously. We were not deluded into valuing our lectures too high: if they made men forget that they had eaten the slice of bread meant for supper, or that they ought to have asked Bill if they could have his potato peelings, or that they must go to gather some cherry leaves to smoke, then these lectures had done all that was needed. Hours were spent learning languages — most began with German, but soon gave this up for Chinese, or Welsh, or Serbo-Croat.

Chiefly, perhaps, we talked of food, and of pubs and restaurants at home; and many lists of pubs and many idealized menus were made out, to be thrown away later when they had come to seem too remote. Houses were planned for after the war — the phrase haunted us perpetually; and visits and travel were considered over and over again. But from the beginning some of us, and in the end most of us, rejected such daydreaming, thinking it misfortune enough to be haunted in our dreams by confectioners' shops, and pubs, and girls, and clean clothes and houses, and comfortable beds, and all the multitudinous things beyond our reach. We wished to plan more largely, from fundamental things, supposing that if we could build a world nearer to the heart's desire these other things, too, in time would have their place; but unless we could rebuild the world they would be of no account.

We were idealists; but we knew something of the difficulties before us, with the world we had lived in collapsing all around. Some clutched at a hope that the old order would be restored, but most were determined that it should not. We thought that

perhaps a special charge was laid upon us, removed as we were from the battle, to think as clearly and constructively as we might, not for ourselves alone but for our fellows engaged in the war, and for those who had died and would yet die before we were returned to life.

And we were determined that when the war came to an end we would not stay content with the speculations we had made, but would somehow or other play our part in the renewal of human society and in the prevention of further war. We would not, when it was over, and in relief at our freedom, resume a wholly private life, however great the temptation, but would refuse to say, "Well, that's over; now I can get on with my job" — and let the rest go hang. That had happened after the last war, with individuals as with nations.

Other poems I wrote in those first lean, anxious months, "Harebell," "Lime-tree," "Swifts," took up the theme of the first poems written after capture.

LIME-TREE

You are too proud, my lime-tree,
Standing in silence there,
A pillar of green, curling smoke
In motionless air.

We who walk round and round you
Like brown leaves blowing by
Remind you that in windy autumn
Your leaves will fly.

Yet why should you care, my lime-tree,
Though all your twigs are bare,
And rustling leaves blow by your feet,
Why should you care?

SWIFTS

SEE there, the brown, mad swifts
Scything the wide swaths of air,
Blades which are bright aglint
With the sunlight's use and wear.

Listen! how they screech and scream
As they whirl round the prison walls,
Till speed flings them suddenly beyond
Like wine-drops spun from bowls.

Oh! these brown, mad swifts spinning
round
In play or after tiny prey!
O my spirit, where are your wings?
Spread them, bear me away!

Also I wrote several sonnets more directly concerned with the war, and with that conflict between pacifism and participation in war which can never be resolved by reflection alone. I had been six months without any news at all from home, and perhaps I may be forgiven for such nostalgic, "escapist" poetry. After all, to us "escape" was not a word connoting cowardice, or a refusal to meet the challenge of life, as it seems to be for some literary critics.

SONNETS

I

I WAS a captive too while yet uncaught:
I held that men but by mistake did ill —
And helped to punish them, though guiltless still.
I had no freedom, yet for freedom fought.
I left my joyful love, and hatred sought,
And wishing men to live, I tried to kill;
And so, unwilling to obey my will,
Forsook my duty to do what I ought.
No, there's no answer, though I think and think.
War's Chaos; and no man can Cosmos frame
Unless he fling his soul in the ruin there.
Then must he stand and watch, and watch it sink
Amid the whirl of anger, fear, and shame;
And like a patient madman he must stare.

II

HEMNES

I SAW men's homes burst into sudden flower
Of crimson petals round each golden shell.
I listened to the whining bombs that fell
And felt the hard earth shudder at their power.
I saw bewildered eyes that hour by hour
Had peered through rifle sights. I heard men tell
How many rounds they fired. I learned, the smell
Of cattle burning in the byres is sour.
So much war taught me. And, when I return,
Because I did not cower nor shirk the fight,
But took a little part in this mad play,
Because I too have helped to kill, wreck, burn —
"You did your duty, helped defend the right,
You too were brave," some poor, blind fool will say.

III

Now if I lay a match along the scale
And measure miles out on the map, how far
These six or seven inches say you are,
How many days by water, road, and rail!
The shaded hills are dark, the valley pale, —
A green land that black spots of cities mar,
That criss-cross railways, roads, and rivers bar —
The lattice in the window of a gaol!
Close up the map, for not by miles, nor days,
Nor anything that maps or clocks can tell,
Can love be measured, or set far, or near.
Close up the map: I see your brown eyes gaze
Deep into mine, your tousled hair I smell,
And all my spirit knows of you is here.

6

ESCAPE was a constant preoccupation of our minds and a frequent topic of our dreams. To some it was an almost unceasing physical task, not so much because of any hope of getting home (the chances were so very slight) but as the only means by which a man could easily delude himself into thinking that he was still taking part in the war. It was one of the commandments of our code; our duty was to

escape, and to make the Germans waste the largest possible number of men in guarding us.

In one camp, in the eleven months between October, 1941, and September, 1942, we dug more than one hundred tunnels; and countless other attempts to escape were made. How many got out of camp I cannot say; three only got back to England. For that result how many hours were spent in scraping earth away with a fragment of iron bound to a stick? How many hours on disposing of that earth? In drawing, copying, duplicating maps? In dyeing cloth and faking German uniforms or civilian clothes? In making fans to pump out the foul air from the tunnels? How much ingenuity, and nervous strain, and self-denial in the saving of a store of food (as often as not found and confiscated by the Germans)? Was it worth all this? Every time.

Yet all these things are more properly to be described by one of the few who succeeded in getting home. In five years only three got back from any camp in which I was held, but from some other camps there were more successes. The furthest I ever got was to have perhaps my head and shoulders beyond the wire, sixteen feet under ground. There was not much satisfaction in that.

That first autumn at Laufen only one escape was made, by a tunnel from the garden (as it was called) — a patch of land on the left bank of the Salzach, where were a couple of cherry trees and some flowers. (After the escape the cherry trees were cut down.) From this patch of ground we could watch the local populace on the bridge, as from some of our rooms we could watch them in the streets of Laufen; women in dirndls, small children, civilians. It seemed odd to see civilians — to look out on another world that we had once known, where there were creatures of another sex, of more innocent years, and men (strangest of all) not in uniform, not concerned in this trade of killing to which we were dedicated. It was like looking at a picture of the people of another age, beautiful but utterly remote. We felt no envy when we saw, at week-ends, canoes coming down the river, or heard the cries and laughter of bathers. They were nothing to do with us, but were inhabitants of another world in which we had no share.

I have often been asked how long we thought, in those days, that we should be in prison. We had a misguided hope that we might be exchanged, or sent to a neutral country, in two or three years, in accordance with the provisions of the Geneva Convention. None of us expected the war to last five

years, and though only a few defeatists supposed it could end soon, "Home by Christmas" was for years a slogan to keep up our spirits. I forget if that phrase was invented in 1940: I suppose so. But more sober calculations led us to forecast the entry of the United States in about eighteen months (a surprisingly accurate guess), and the end of the war about a year thereafter. We left out of account the entry of Russia, and we expected that the U. S. A. would forestall Japan by a previous declaration against Germany, which (we thought) might warn off the Japanese. Being wrong in both of these guesses, our forecast was too optimistic, and we were far too sanguine about the likelihood of an early invasion of the Continent.

Had we known that we must face five years in Germany I think many would have broken down far sooner than they did. Our ignorance was then most merciful; and few would maintain that if we had known how long it would be we could have planned work accordingly. I doubt it very much. We should have been too oppressed by the prospect of five years to set about any real work; besides, we knew we could not have survived five years on the diet we had during the first eight months. As it was, we always hoped something would turn up, in characteristically British fashion, and incessant disappointment never broke down our underlying optimism.

In 1941 parcels began to come to relieve some of our wants. We received pajamas and another rug (and we no longer shivered all night); socks and underclothes and shirts (and we no longer had to stand about half-naked while we washed and dried these); books and other things that we had asked for. Food parcels at last began to come, and we lost our potato bellies, and the occasional quarrels, and even fights, over a slice of bread or a scrap of cheese ended. Our cropped hair had grown now. We had found our places in the community and made friends with whom we talked and walked and drank thin beer in the canteen. The numbers in the camp were reduced, and we had at last room to sit when we fed, though the crowding remained throughout far worse than in the worst slum.

In the autumn some Americans had made their routine visit to the camp, and at the door of my room had stopped and stared; and then, "You poor bastards," said one. We liked that, not for the sympathy expressed, but because it made us laugh, and because someone had come in from the outer world and had realized something of our life.

(To be continued)

THE SALMON RISE

by JACK RUSSELL

1

I was born of Canadian parents on a cattle ranch in Utah. As soon as I was old enough to know what a fish was, my father, who was an ardent angler, took me in hand. During my school days we went to Catalina Island, off the southern coast of California, and there I became a fisherman. I caught a 225-pound sea bass; and as I had used a fairly light rod, with 16 Cuttyhunk line, we were met at the dock in Avalon by photographers, newsmen, and a crowd of interested vacationers.

From that day on, I have had a rising interest in angling, whether for trout or salmon in Canada or for barramundi on the coral reefs of the South Seas; whether in Norway and Scotland or, later, in the western part of North America with Colonel Earle Boothe and the late Charles E. Van Loan. When I was asked to find out if the Atlantic salmon of the Miramichi could be killed on a dry fly, I dropped everything in the way of business that might interfere, and off I went.

I arrived at Porter Cove pool on the Miramichi, at Ludlow, New Brunswick, one fine September morning. It was my first sight of the river, and I remember that a chill went up my spine when I rose my first salmon, hooked him fairly, and killed him with extremely light tackle.

Several other salmon fell to my rod that day, and a good string of trout ranging in size up to two pounds. The river was open for dry-fly fishing! It has been said that my salmon was the first fish ever taken in the Miramichi on a dry fly.

Something inside me called out to acquire fishing water like that. I went back to my temporary place of residence, dragged my wife Jill at top speed back to the Miramichi, and we bought a location, right on a high bank of the river, adjoining the picturesque covered bridge at Porter Cove. We were just getting ready to build when Douglas Black, the head of the New Brunswick Bureau of

Information, called on me. Full of enthusiasm, I told him our plans, but he said, "That's all wrong. You should open a place where the public can come."

Who was I to try to escape destiny? After days of listening to Black, I found myself planning to do just what he wanted me to do.

We decided to build accommodations that would be a bit different from the usual woods outfit. I had been used to roughing it in the woods of Maine and Canada, sleeping in bunks, usually with bough beds or cotton mattresses. We provided good beds, showers, electric lights, and individual camps that would house up to four people in one party, and we have never regretted our decision, even though I had been told that we were destroying the illusion of "camping out."

We find that the old idea of roughing it is a thing of the past, but for the strenuous we do arrange canoe trips into the wilderness, where one has to tent out, sleep on boughs, and cook in the open.

Salmon angling had always been thought of as a millionaire's pastime, but the establishment of my place and others on various rivers in New Brunswick provided accommodations suited to any purse. Interest in salmon fishing gradually developed among an entirely new group of sportsmen, principally in the United States—men who had been ardent trout fishermen and who had enjoyed salmon fishing only vicariously, from books and articles in the sporting magazines.

Secrets of the Salmon, by my good friend Edward Ringwood Hewitt, was published in the early 1920's and opened up an entirely new vista in fishing. It is my opinion that his book created more salmon enthusiasts than anything that has ever been written before or since.

Ray Bergman came to stay with us, and in his delightful volume *Trout* recounted his experiences on the Miramichi, where he also had his first trip after salmon. He helped to publicize the fact that salmon angling is within the reach of the average man. The cartoonist H. T. Webster, famed for his Mr. Milquetoast, started his salmon fishing with us, and enlarged many of his own experiences in cartoons in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

"Webbie" started his inimitable Milquetoast on

A Canadian, JACK RUSSELL has fished many of the famous waters of the world. In the early twenties he went up to the Miramichi, in New Brunswick, to see if he could tempt an Atlantic salmon with a dry fly. That challenge has anchored him for life. With the help of his wife and guides he built a series of famous fishing lodges, and brought salmon fishing within reach of the average purse.

RIGHT OF COPY
DURING GAME
PUBLIC

his fishing career, for salmon, at my Miramichi camp. Curiously enough, we seldom have bridge players here, but bridge was part of the ritual of Webbie and his friends, and it was easy for us to detect in his "Bridge" cartoons situations created in camp. His crowd used to take a small table on the river with them, and during lunch hour they would play as many hands as possible, while their guides were preparing the riverside meal, and after lunch there were sure to be a few more rubbers. He was as enthusiastic over his fishing as he was over bridge, however, and he took his fishing seriously. To me, one of the most extraordinary things about Webbie was that he did not like to eat salmon. Every day we would send a big salmon chowder in a gallon Thermos jug for their noonday meal on the river, and that was the only way he liked his fish.

I once sent him a big salmon, and shortly after, there appeared a cartoon of a man receiving a twenty-two-pound salmon from a friend in Canada; the man, of course, did not like fish, but his wife had it cooked in every sort of way: boiled, fried, baked, cold, and finally as salmon salad, for a week. I took the tip and never sent him another fish.

With all this publicity, and with the salmon what he is, a fighting, leaping bolt of lightning, the result was inevitable: we were constantly enlarging our accommodations and adding to our holdings.

The catering end of the business I placed in the capable hands of my wife, and the thousands of guests who have been to the camps since our first eventful year can attest to her ability to feed hungry men and women on plain food, of the best and well prepared.

We started with an experienced cook who had been out to the States, but she was taken ill after about a year, and we then engaged a girl who was born right here in the woods. That was fifteen years ago, but our Isabelle is still with us and looks forward to the rush season with just the same zest as she did when she began.

The main buildings were all erected under my own supervision. Since our first guest camp was put up, we have built no fewer than nine other buildings at the base and some ten or twelve camps in different parts of the Province. In each instance the camps were built of logs, and always with my guides for help. We do all our own plumbing, and our first and only bad mistake was not to arrange for proper drainage of the pipes when the cold weather set in. We know now what can happen at 40 below zero.

Food for the winter is always a problem, but gradually we have built up our resources until we are practically self-supporting. During the summer we can vegetables of all kinds and berries, and store the ever needed potato. After the cold weather comes meat is frozen and hung up for the winter. This includes pork, beef, and usually venison from

deer which we kill ourselves, together with grouse, which is sent to cold storage in October, by permission of the government, and later brought to camp. During the Christmas holidays it is not a bad meal that we can sit down to. Grouse are just as good eating after being frozen as if they were freshly killed; and washed down with Canadian ale, they do more than keep one from starving.

During the long winters, we are busy piling up wood and ice. We burn about fifty cords of wood during the fishing season, what with seventeen fires to build every morning during the cold days of the spring fishing, and a good many fires during the summer, when our nights are often cool.

We have to store several hundred cakes of ice, and our snowhouse has to be filled. We use snow for packing salmon when shipping them to the States during the fishing season. Usually our stored snow lasts well into July. Cutting ice by hand is no easy piece of work.

2

CAN you furnish guides and outfit for myself and a 140-pound dog on a river trip through the wilderness?" That was a wire I received some years ago from an American sportsman, and after questioning my guides as to who wanted to guide a dog on a long canoe trip, I wired back, "Come on. We can handle you."

The gentleman and his Great Dane arrived, and we made ready. I had intended taking the same trip myself, so I decided to join the party. On the trip downstream the dog distinguished himself by being a very good passenger, until we got to the first "white water." The guide decided to let the dog out while he ran the canoe down the rapids. The owner was admonished not to let the dog go far afield, as we were many miles from civilization and he might get lost. We were assured that he would not wander, but the dog promptly disappeared into the woods.

After some delay the owner produced a tiny whistle and started blowing on it. No answer from the Great Dane. After a long wait, with the whistle going incessantly, the entire party started a hunt for the dog, and finally one of the party, Kenyon Brooks, son of Van Wyck Brooks, shouted, "Here he is!" The poor brute was lying in a small thicket not far from where he had taken to the woods; he had made the fatal mistake of attacking a full-grown porcupine. His face looked like a well-filled pincushion — mouth, nose, lips, and tongue filled with quills.

Fortunately I had in my first-aid kit a pair of tweezers, and with four guides each holding down a leg, and with the owner sitting on the dog's neck, I started to pull quills. It was a difficult job, attended by some danger, for the animal was nearly frantic, but after about an hour's work I had him fairly free of quills, with the exception of some in

his mouth. He was a crestfallen dog for the rest of the trip, and we went on down to the base camp without further incident. I asked the owner why he wanted a dog on a trip like that, and he replied that a dog was better company than most men, for he would always go where the owner wanted him to go, without argument!

On another occasion, I had a lot of correspondence with a chap from the East Coast who wanted to make that same trip with his wife. It was his first attempt at angling for Atlantic salmon, and he was very careful in his preparation, as to both equipment and clothing. It is safe to say that I wrote a dozen letters answering all sorts of questions regarding rods, reels, flies, and lines, and especially clothing. I was finally floored when he asked if it would be a good idea for his wife to bring her evening clothes, as they might want to run in to Fredericton to the theater one night!

The river trip allows for plenty of variety. We were faced with a difficult assignment one fine spring morning when the phone rang and we were told that it was a call from a high official in Ottawa. Could we arrange fishing for three young scions of nobility who were here from England and who wanted to see a real backwoods Canadian camp, and incidentally to kill a few salmon?

Assured that we could handle them, the official started to give me directions as to what I should and should not do while the young men were in my care. Almost every day for a week we had either telegrams or phone instructions as to our responsibility. By the time they arrived I was ready to meet the King himself. I planned to go to the train to greet the party and got dressed for the occasion, even to putting on a necktie. I was agreeably relieved to meet three charming and democratic young men in their early twenties, who were as excited as any young Englishman ever allows himself to be.

When they arrived at the base camp they were interested in everything they saw. One of them, the head of the party, asked me to look over his tackle. After a glance at it, I saw that they were equipped with the exceedingly heavy rods used in British waters, where most of the casting is done from the banks or in the river itself. All their equipment was far too heavy for our waters and our style of fishing from canoes.

I asked if they had any lighter rods and one of them said, "Indeed, I have a one-handed rod made for my father in England, after he lost an arm in the late war." "Fine," said I. "Let's have it." He produced a rod that weighed in the neighborhood of twenty ounces, and if the young man's father could cast it with one hand, he must have been stronger than the fabled Roderick Dhu.

After their first few hours on the river I asked if he was enjoying the singlehanded rod. He replied, "I find it delightfully light."

I often wonder if they had as good a time as

we did while they were with us. They asked if it would be in order if they came to dinner in their tweeds. I realized at once that they had been to the formal and luxurious fishing establishments usual on salmon waters in Great Britain, and no doubt had dined in dinner clothes. Assured that they might come in tweeds, or in shirt sleeves if they really wanted to be comfortable, they were again on the verge of showing that they were really excited. I then told them that I was so impressed by my preliminary instructions as to their stay that I was a bit dressed up myself. From that time on, we were a real backwoods outfit.

They too made the river trip. There is a long piece of white water as one approaches a location known as "Push and Be Damned," a favorite spot of Russell Sage when he fished this river many years ago. At the foot of the rapids the head of the party asked his guide to stop and pole back up the rapids a short distance, so as to allow the young man to run the canoe down. The guide, whom I had cautioned a dozen times to be careful with his charge, assured his man that it was strictly against his orders to allow anyone else to run the canoe down white water. But eventually the guide was persuaded to let him try. The inevitable happened: the canoe tipped over, out went the nobleman, and the guide jumped in after him.

Instructions were given the guides and cook to get out the tents and prepare to put up there for the night. A fire was built to dry out our hero, but again he insisted on trying to bring the canoe down those rapids. When the guide again remonstrated, he was informed, "Well, I have often punted on the Thames, and I can handle this canoe."

Let it be said to his credit that, after being overturned two or three times, the young man finally made the trip upright and was satisfied with himself. When they came back to the base camp, he rushed up to me and explained the whole thing, assuming full responsibility, but that did not prevent me from giving his guide a severe talking to for not carrying out my orders. After cooling off, I asked the guide what he thought of his charge. He said, "He went up a lord and came back a man."

3

THE life and habits of the Atlantic salmon are very interesting to study. We know a lot about the fish in fresh water, but practically nothing about them after they clear the estuaries and go back to sea.

The urge for procreation brings them into fresh water, some of them coming in to the rivers in early June or even in late May; and although it is commonly believed that the adult fish does not eat anything in fresh water, I have not only killed fish with food in their stomachs, but I have watched them rising to a hatch of flies and feeding from the surface like a trout.

I well recall my head guide, Boyd Hovey, calling my attention to a lot of rising fish in my home pool, one September day. Thinking that they were trout we went out after them. I put on a small dry fly, as much like the hatch as I could find, and we were amazed to have an adult salmon smash the fly savagely. Then we realized that there were salmon all over the pool instead of trout. We killed five fish, and in each instance they were not only rising to the flies, but they were actually eating them. I related the experience to Dr. D. L. Belding, who has made exhaustive research, on behalf of the Restigouche Riparian Association, into the many problems of propagation and preservation of the salmon. He suggested that it was quite likely that the fish were getting some vitamin provided by nature, just before they went on the spawning beds. I wrote an article retelling the incident, only to have it challenged by several sportsmen who vowed that a salmon does not feed in fresh water.

I agree that it is unusual ever to find any sign of food in a salmon's stomach, but every September about the same date, we have the same species of hatch in our home waters, and the fish are easily killed on a dry fly when they are rising and feeding.

The early arrivals in the spring come from the sea and are a beautiful silvery color. The first fish seem to be in a big rush to get as far upriver as possible; and it is not unusual for an angler to kill salmon a long way from the mouth of our rivers, and well before the lower reaches produce satisfactory angling. This is a common experience on the Kedgwick River, which is tributary to the Restigouche and is several miles above the Restigouche Salmon Club's main clubhouse at Mata-pédia. These early fish are free risers, and seldom will refuse a wet fly in June, provided water conditions are right.

After being in the river for some time the fish turn dark, and during the hot weather of August they gather in pools and lie at the mouths of cold brooks, fanning themselves to keep in one position for days at a time. I have seen a net-marked fish stay in one pool for about ten days without ever seeming to change his position except for a quick dart all over the pool, and then take the same position, almost to the inch, where he was before.

We built a lookout tower over one of those holding pools, right at the mouth of a very cold brook, and had a chance to study both adult salmon and grilse. No matter what kind of fly was offered, I have seen it refused for days on end, and then all of a sudden several fish would rise to any kind of fly. The more one studies the salmon, the less one can claim as habit, especially in the study of what makes him rise to a fly, when we know that the fish does not feed during the early part of the season.

When the fish goes on the spawning beds, the female lays her ova on the graveled part of the bars, the male spills milt over the eggs, and the next spring the little alevin is born. There are far too many names for the fish as he grows. From the alevin stage he becomes a parr, feeding in the shallows of the river, ever watchful for natural enemies, such as kingfishers, mergansers, and trout. After two or three summers in the river he leaves for the sea, and he is then known as a smelt. He takes on a silvery appearance and loses the spots which he carried during the parr stage.

After the smelt period the salmon return to fresh water as grilse, having gained weight very quickly on reaching the sea. Nearly all the grilse killed in the Canadian waters are male fish. They usually return to spawn the first or second year after going to sea as smelt. The grilse is a very active fish, and will fight harder by far, for his weight, than an adult salmon, not only when hooked by an angler, but on the spawning bed, where he will fight for his right to cover ova with milt, and will keep at bay a much larger adult male.

After the grilse comes the final stage, the adult salmon. The only thing he can do now is to grow, and in the end he graces the table of some angler, lands in the cold-storage house of a commercial fishery, or lives to an uncertain age.

The Canadian government has a well-established Department of Fisheries, which, in conjunction with the Biological Department, has done much to establish the facts in the study of the salmon. The tagging of fish is under the direction of the Dominion government, and some very interesting data have been obtained through its efforts to learn where the fish go in the migration from river to sea and back again.

It has been claimed that a fish always comes back to the river in which he was spawned, but here are some interesting findings. After spawning, a salmon weighing seventeen pounds was liberated on the Kedgwick River, November 25, 1921. It was retaken on the following June 28 at Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, weighing twenty-eight pounds. Salmon tagged on the Miramichi have been retaken in Newfoundland, one such fish having traveled eight hundred miles.

One spring on the Miramichi we hooked two kelt fish — salmon that have spawned — which had been tagged the autumn before on the northwest branch of that river, and the fish had to go to salt water to get up the river where they were hooked. It has always been the general impression that the only reason the fish ascend fresh water is for spawning. Both those fish went to salt water after spawning, and went up another branch of the river, and were captured as kelt fish the following spring. They did not run true to tradition, or theory.

(To be continued)



AN ATLANTIC STORY

“SO LONG MR. ROBERTS”

by THOMAS HEGGEN

ENSIGN PULVER spent a lot of time in his bunk, asleep and awake. On an average day he probably spent eighteen hours in bed. He was an engineering officer. Although few of the officers on the Navy cargo ship *Reluctant* had anything, really, to do, Pulver had less than most. It would be neither unfair nor very inaccurate to say that, professionally, he didn't do a thing. So he had a lot of time on his hands — and this, with his native ingenuity, he converted to time on his back. His bunk became to him a sort of shrine, and but for meals and other undeniable functions, he was seldom out of it.

It was an unusually well-equipped bunk. At the foot Pulver had rigged a small fan that wafted cool breezes over him on the hottest nights. At the side were attached a coffee-can ash tray, a container for cigarettes, and another for a lighter. Pulver liked to smoke in bed while he was reading. Books were stowed in the space between the springs and the bulkhead. Beer was kept there too, and it was possible to open a bottle on the reading light on the bulkhead.

He read a great deal: he was embarked upon an ambitious program of self-improvement. By education Pulver was a metallurgical engineer, and now he read books that had widely and willingly eluded him during his college days. He read these books because they were the books that Lieutenant Roberts read; for, consciously or not, Ensign Pulver had

set out to make himself over in Roberts's image. With regard to most objects, people, ideas, Pulver was languidly cynical; with a few he was languidly approving; and with almost none was he overtly enthusiastic. His admiration for Roberts was utterly unabashed. He thought that Roberts was the greatest guy he had ever known.

Without ever inviting or desiring one, Roberts had acquired, in a quite literal sense, a disciple. Pulver prodded him with questions on every conceivable subject, memorized the answers, and went back to his bunk and assiduously absorbed them into his own conversation. He watched the careless, easy dignity with which Roberts met the crew, and he studied the way that Roberts got the crew to work for him; and then he tried to apply this dignity and this control to his own small authority. He was honest with himself, and he couldn't notice any increased devotion in the eyes of his men; or indeed, anything more than the usual tolerance.

It is not very likely that Ensign Pulver would ever have read Santayana, or the English philosophers, or *Jean Christophe*, or *The Magic Mountain*, if he had not seen Roberts reading them. Before this self-imposed apprenticeship, he had been content to stay within the philosophical implications of *God's Little Acre*. He had read *God's Little Acre* twelve times, and there were certain passages he could recite flawlessly.

His reading program didn't leave much time for anything else, but what leisure he could manage he devoted to planning characteristically ingenious actions against the Captain. He didn't really have cause for hard feeling against the Captain, because, being an engineer, he was quite remote from him. In truth, the Captain hardly knew Pulver was aboard. But because Roberts hated the Captain, Pulver felt duty-bound to do the same; and scarcely

THOMAS HEGGEN, now in his twenty-seventh year, graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1941. He emerged from four years' service in the Navy with the rank of Lieutenant. While aboard an assault transport, he participated in the Guam, Peleliu, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa campaigns. His terminal leave he spent revising his first book, *Mister Roberts*, from which the *Atlantic* is publishing three episodes. This is the third. The book will appear this summer under the imprint of Houghton Mifflin Company.

a day went by that he didn't present to Roberts the completed planning for a new offensive. To be sure, these offensives seldom went beyond the planning stage, because commonly their structure was so satisfying to Ensign Pulver that he felt fulfilled just in regarding it.

Once he figured out a way to plug, far down in the sanitary system, the line of the Captain's head, so that the Captain would one day be deluged by a considerable backwash. He never did anything about it. He figured out a Rube Goldberg device that would punch the Captain in the face with a gloved fist when he entered his cabin. He never did anything about this either.

About the only plan he ever executed was one involving no personal risk. He did, one day while the Captain was ashore, actually insert shavings from an electric razor into his bed, on the theory that they would serve as satisfactorily as any good itch powder. If they did, the evidences were disappointing, for although Pulver watched closely, the Captain never appeared better rested, and indeed better-natured, than in the succeeding days.

2

IT WAS about ten in the morning when Thompson, the radioman, went around and awakened Mr. Margrave, the communication officer. There was a message to the U.S.S. *Reluctant* for Mr. Margrave to break. Margrave mumbled and groaned and finally got up. This was an occupational hazard: about once a month the ship would receive a message and he would have to get out of bed to break it. He always did get up though, because he always got excited at the possibility that the message might be his orders.

He was excited now, and when he went up to the radio shack and saw that the message was from the Bureau he got more excited. That meant definitely it was some officer's orders. Feverishly he started breaking the message and got as far as "Lieut." Then he stopped to catch his breath. If the next group was "jg" it might be *his* orders. He went on. The next word was "Douglas," and the orders were for Roberts. Back to the States for reassignment.

After his first disappointment had passed, Margrave decided he was very glad for Roberts. If any officer deserved orders, it was Roberts. Margrave typed up the message and ran down to show it to him. He found Roberts at number two hatch, watching while some dunnage was removed from the bottom. "Your orders!" Margrave shouted, and showed him the message. Roberts read it and then looked up and studied Margrave. "Are you kidding?" he said flatly.

"No, I ain't kidding," Margrave said. "This is on the level, Doug!" Roberts studied him for a moment longer, then he read the orders again, and

then all of a sudden he grinned. He just stood and grinned the widest and most foolish grin Margrave had ever seen. Then, still grinning, he grabbed Margrave's overseas cap and flung it over the side. He pounded Margrave on the back and started pushing him toward the house. "Come on!" he said. "I'll buy you a cup of coffee!"

You had to give the Captain credit, he was unpredictable. As Roberts explained to Margrave, he fully expected Stupid to hold him a month or two, just out of spite, before detaching him. Although the orders read that he was to be immediately detached, Roberts had cause to know that the old man was not impressed by Bureau directives. The orders of the last officer to get off, Ensign Soucek, had read the same way, and the Captain had kept him for a full month. Roberts expected at least equal treatment.

But the Captain fooled him. Fooled him wonderfully. When Margrave finally took him the message, he read it and sniffed and grunted. He delivered to Margrave a brief, ordinary harangue on the subject of Roberts. Then he said with sudden decisiveness, "All right, that's fine! We'll get rid of that guy fast. You tell the executive officer to write up his orders and get him off of here tomorrow. Yessir, by God, we'll get rid of that guy in a hurry!" Then the Captain smiled. He didn't know it, but he could scarcely have done anything nicer for Roberts if he had wanted to — which certainly he didn't.

It was a wonderful day for Roberts. Everything followed with miraculous precision. Margrave had been over on the beach the day before, and coming back he had given a ride to an armed guard officer from a merchant tanker. The officer had mentioned that his ship was sailing straight to San Francisco day after tomorrow. Margrave, remarkably, even remembered the name of the ship; and with Roberts's enthusiastic consent, and without consulting the Captain, he had this message signaled over: "Can you take one officer passenger back to the States?"

In a very few minutes the answer came back: "Affirmative. Have him aboard by noon tomorrow." Straight to the States on a fast merchant ship, the most comfortable transportation possible! It was a wonderful day for Roberts. Before the Captain could change his mind, he signed the orders, and Mr. LeSueur, the executive officer, promised Roberts a boat any time he wanted it.

He spent the afternoon packing. He had a fine time throwing the accumulated nonessentials and undesirables of two and one-half years' living into a mounting pile in the corner. He was aided by, or at rate he had for company, Ensign Pulver. Pulver was considerably depressed by the news, and he lay in Roberts's bunk, propped on one elbow, and made lugubrious conversation. Finally the combination of a soft bunk and a horizontal position was too much and he fell asleep.

Dinner that evening was an exciting meal for all

the officers. It was a genuine event when any officer got orders, but when that officer was Roberts it was really so. It was a noisy dinner. Every officer in the wardroom shouted bawdy admonitions at Roberts. If he was asked once, he was asked twenty times: "What's going to be the second thing you do when you hit Frisco?" Then Jake Bailey, the steward, brought out a huge chocolate cake. He had laboriously lettered in white frosting, "So long Mr. Roberts." He was grinning sadly as he brought it over for Roberts to cut.

After dinner the Doc came over and said offhandedly to Roberts, "Drop around after a while." It was the Doc's way of announcing that alcohol would be available in his room that night.

3

WHEN he got around to the Doc's room, Roberts found Ensign Pulver and Lt. (jg) Pauley already there. Pulver was lying in the Doc's bunk with a drink balanced on his stomach. The Doc poured a half inch of grain alcohol in a water glass, filled it halfway from a can of orange juice, and handed the drink to Roberts. "Sit down," he said.

This was not the first time that the four had gathered thus, and it was not the thirty-first. In a period of one year this group had consumed an impressive portion of the Doctor's supply of medicinal grain alcohol. These sessions in the Doc's room were always pleasant. The Doc always presided and he did most of the talking, but that was all right because the Doc was a wonderful talker and he had wonderful stories to tell. The roles of Roberts and Pauley were those of appreciative listeners and contributing philosophers. Ensign Pulver performed adequately as the foil.

These social nights passed easily in thoughtful talk. Sex was perhaps the favorite and certainly the inevitable subject. Ship's gossip and personalities, notably the Captain, were others. The great parent organization, the Navy, was frequently examined. These were the staples, but derivative or even extraneous subjects were permitted. Pauley was a fine, droll storyteller. When the conversation had not to do with sex, Ensign Pulver didn't contribute much.

The evening started out according to plan, and if Dowdy, the boatswain's mate, had not appeared, it would perhaps have gone on like that, deep in its routine, and ended in comparative tranquillity. If Dowdy had not appeared, perhaps the Doctor would have remained merely pensively philosophical. Perhaps — for these things are by no means certain. It could be persuasively argued that the imminent departure of Lieutenant Roberts was too shocking a mutation for the ship to absorb without a brief, compensatory period of chaos. Or it could be more baldly argued that certain factions of the ship's company were simply ripe for a good bender. At

any rate, Dowdy did appear, and the Doctor did, to a certain extent, go berserk.

As a drunk the Doc was of the unpredictable sort. Up to a certain point he was disciplined if loquacious. Beyond that point the Doc got pretty primitive. There was the time at an officers' club at one of the islands when he tried to do battle with a four-striper. "Silly-looking, potbellied oaf" he had called the four-striper, who was not only twice his rank but twice his size as well. If he had not been also twice as drunk, the Doctor would undoubtedly have been a candidate for Portsmouth Naval Prison. That was one time, and there had been several others.

It was after ten o'clock when Dowdy knocked on the door. He stood sober and purposeful in the doorway. "Hear you're leaving us?" he addressed Roberts. When this was confirmed he went on: "Well, a few of us are having a little party in the armory and they said for me to ask you down to have a drink with us. That's all of you, naturally."

Roberts questioned the Doc with a look. "Sure thing," said the Doc expansively. "Hell, yes, we'll have a drink. But first you have one with us."

Dowdy did that, and he did better than that: he had two. Then the Doc said, "We might as well take this with us." He picked up the quart of alcohol, now reduced to less than a pint, stuck it under his shirt, and then in a single file, the Doc leading, Pulver trailing, the group repaired to the armory.

They met a noisy reception. The new party was already in an advanced state. The armory was not a large room and now it was crowded. There was Olson, the first-class gunner's mate, and there was Stefanowski, the machinist's mate. Kalinka, the ship-fitter, and Vanessi, the storekeeper, were sitting on the workbench. The two gunner's mates Wiley and Schaffer were leaning on the rifle rack. Denowsky, a hulking, amiable seaman, was wandering up and down. A ten-gallon crock sat on the deck in the geometrical center of the room.

Right away the Doc made a perfect gesture. He pulled out the bottle of alcohol, flourished it, and emptied its contents into the crock. The cheers were almost deafening. Dowdy was equal to his duties as host and he poured drinks of the amalgamated alcohol and jungle juice for the newcomers.

"This here is a brand-new batch," he explained to them. "It turned out pretty good. The last batch we made, there was something the matter with it. I guess we let it set too long — it had kind of a green crust on top. Anyhow, I give that last batch away to the engineers. It didn't look good to me, and you can't hurt an engineer."

Then the toasts began. Stefanowski made the first; and considering the occasion, it was just about perfect. Although he stood a little unsteadily, his words were firm and brave: "Now by God this drink is for the best damn officer I know and that's Mister Roberts. And that ain't saying nothing against the rest of you officers because I think we got a

good bunch of officers on this ship —” Stefanowski paused and qualified, “— except for that bastard of a Captain and I think we got the best of the lot here tonight. But by God I say and I bet you other officers agree with me that Mister Roberts is absolutely the tops and I’m sure sorry to see him go, and by God I think we ought to drink to him!” It is hard to see how it could have been more nicely put, and Stefanowski’s toast was promptly and noisily executed.

There were many others. The toast idea caught the fancy of the party, and the level of the improved jungle juice went down markedly in the crock. The party grew in size and in volume. It was reduced by one when Vanessi passed out quietly and was removed to the passageway, but then it soon acquired Dolan, the quartermaster, and Evans, the signalman, and Ringgold and two other first-division men.

It was no longer possible to move from one end of the armory to the other. The party divided into several autonomous groups. One, with Wiley and Schaffer, sat on the deck in a corner and sang a new set of lyrics to “On, Wisconsin.” Kalinka was the center of a little group in the opposite corner. Kalinka had been demonstrating the process of placing one’s leg behind one’s head; now his leg was locked behind his head and he couldn’t get it down. It didn’t seem to bother him though; and in truth he didn’t seem aware of it. He just sat on the deck and talked with a drink in his hand. A third group gathered around the Doctor and tried to convince him that they were deserving cases for medical discharge.

4

IT WAS about two o’clock when it came to Ensign Pulver that he could walk on water. He announced his discovery to the party, and some believed him and some didn’t. It was decided that he should demonstrate. The whole party surged up to the quarter-deck. They stood at the rail while Pulver walked down to the foot of the gangway and stepped off as casually as from a curb. There was a strong current running, and although Pulver threshed energetically he was slipping rapidly astern. Denowsky decided that Pulver was drowning, and he climbed over the rail and jumped twenty feet into the water to save him.

Both of them would probably have been swept out to sea if Stevens, the gangway watch, had not also been a qualified boat coxswain and an alert boy. Stevens scurried down the Jacob’s-ladder into the LCVP tied alongside, started it up, and went after the two. He had quite a time rounding them up. Although Pulver lay sprawled across the stern sheets, Denowsky for a long time insisted that Pulver had drowned, and wouldn’t get out of the water.

When the two swimmers were finally laid out on the quarter-deck, Lieutenant Roberts left the party.

He left it in heated discussion as to whether artificial respiration should be applied to Pulver and Denowsky, who lay on their backs and participated in the debate. Roberts slipped up the ladder and made it safely to his room. Although he was far from sober, he did two very wise and practical things: he locked the door and he set his alarm clock for six-thirty.

The wisdom of the first item was demonstrated a few minutes later when there came loud voices and vigorous pounding at his door. Roberts kept quiet and eventually the visitors went away.

He had set the alarm early because, although he was not at his most acute, it was clear to him that there would be unpleasant repercussions from the party. Roberts thought it entirely possible that the Captain might seek to identify him with the night’s doings, and might detain him for a few days or a few months. Roberts was going to get away before the Captain got up.

The wisdom of this decision was emphasized not very much later. Roberts had just fallen asleep when he was awakened by a crashing noise. At the time, he thought it the report of a five-inch gun, although he supposed it could be a bomb. He was not disposed to be curious, and he went back to sleep, very grateful that he was in bed with the door locked.

At six-thirty the clatter of the alarm was horrible. Roberts heard it and awoke and it seemed to him inconceivable that he could ever move again. His head was one great pounding agony and his stomach was so raw he thought it exposed. But as he lay in bed he recalled what was at stake; and finally, slowly and with an awful dragging care, he got up. Slowly he dressed and slowly he walked down to the wardroom. There he drank a glass of orange juice and asked Jackson, the steward’s mate, to bring down his gear. It was seven-fifteen when he went out to the officer of the deck to request a boat.

Ensign Moulton had the deck and he clarified the matter of the explosion. It seemed that the party, at the Doc’s suggestion, had decided to hold loading drill on the five-inch gun. There were dummy shells back there, and the drill had gone along uneventfully until some loader with a passion for realism introduced a live shell from the ready box. Some other realist pulled the lanyard on the firing pin. The shell had grazed the top of the mast of a ship half a mile astern and had dropped, it was hoped, safely out to sea. Moulton added that there would probably be all kinds of hell raised by the Captain and by the island commander.

Roberts thought so too and he was glad when the boat came around. He shook hands with Moulton, asked him to say good-bye to everyone, and got aboard. It was a fifteen-minute boat ride over to the tanker, and all the way Roberts sat in the stern sheets with his head in his hands and tried desperately not to be sick. It occurred to him that he should feel some emotion at leaving the *Reluctant*,

but beyond his own physical misery there wasn't a thing. He didn't even look back. When he got to the tanker and stood at the head of the gangway, he did turn around to look for the ship which had been his existence and his despair for two and one-half years. But in the forest of distant masts he couldn't even be certain which one it was.

5

IN a very real sense, Lieutenant Roberts had held the ship together. Awakening to the prospect of each toneless and reiterated day, every man on the ship had taken some degree of sustenance from the simple awareness that Roberts was aboard. He was friendly, but not aggressively so, and he worked hard and was often tired, and when he was tired he could be very sharp and sarcastic. The crew members imposed on him outrageously with their demands for his talk, his time, his counsel. He held the ship together as a magnet holds filings, and when he left, the filings fell into clustered and undirected confusion.

Everything seemed to go wrong. Lieutenant Carney took over the job of First Lieutenant, and everything went wrong out on deck. Under his direction the loading or unloading took hours and sometimes days longer than it should. The ship got some bad water at one of the islands, and there was an epidemic of diarrhea. Martin, a second-division man, fell from the 'tween-deck level to the bottom of number three hatch, fracturing his pelvis and breaking both legs.

Everyone was in an ugly humor. The Captain ordered that any man caught in his bunk after reveille should go on report. Moreover, he saw to it that Mr. LeSueur, the executive officer, enforced the order. The first morning nine tenths of the crew were on report. Mr. LeSueur himself became nasty and treacherous. There were any number of quarrels and fights.

But the biggest change of all was in Ensign Pulver. From a remarkably genial young man he became overnight a remarkably disagreeable one. He had been slow and almost unknown to wrath. Now, he was in his best mood merely surly; and in his worst, which predominated, he was insufferable. He picked quarrels with the other officers over trifles. He shouted at and abused the steward's mates. One night at dinner he almost came to blows with Pauley over the issue of a napkin. After that he wasn't on speaking terms with Pauley. The Doc was about the only one who would have anything to do with him these days. He was very lost.

He heard twice from Roberts after he left the ship. After the farewell party, Pulver wrote ahead to Roberts's home in Chicago. Roberts wrote back about three weeks later. He was at home then on a twenty-five-day leave. He said he'd write again when he got his new orders.

Pulver received the second letter from Roberts on the same day that he got the news of his death. That was on August 1, a few days before the first atomic bomb was dropped. The *Reluctant* had been under way for a week, and when she finally anchored in Ennui Bay, Steuben, the yeoman and mail clerk, was sent over to pick up the mail.

Ensign Pulver got four letters. He took them to his room, lay down in his bunk, and opened them in the order in which they lay. The first was from his mother, who advised him to stay away from Japan. The second was from a girl in San Francisco with whom he was trying to maintain friendly relations against his possible return to the States. The tone of her letter assured him that prospects were still good. The third letter was from Lieutenant Roberts. The date mark was three weeks old. It said that he was now on a destroyer, and that he'd been flown out all the way from the States to catch it. He was replacement for the First Lieutenant, who had gone off his nut and had been transferred to a hospital ship.

Roberts sounded very pleased with the duty, and mentioned that there was on board a fellow named Fornell who had gone through the University of Alabama with Pulver. Roberts wrote: "Fornell says that you and he used to load up your car with liquor in Birmingham and then sell it at indecent profit to the fraternity boys at Alabama. How about that?" Pulver smiled happily when he read the news. So Roberts and Fornell were on the same ship!

The last letter was from Fornell. It said that the can was now on its way to Pearl after taking a Kamikaze while running up and down off Kyushu. It said that the plane had got in just after they had secured from a four-hour general quarters, in the course of which six planes had come around and two had been shot down. This suicide must have been waiting very high, Fornell said, and it dropped straight down and hit on the port side of the bridge structure. It had killed everyone in a twin-forty battery, and it had gone on through and killed Roberts and another officer drinking coffee in the wardroom. All told, four officers and seven men had been killed. Fornell added that Roberts hadn't been aboard three weeks, but that he seemed like one hell of a nice guy.

Pulver read the letter through to the end and then he folded it carefully into the envelope and placed it and the other letters in the space behind his mattress where he kept all his mail. He had now the knowledge that Roberts was dead, but, as often happens, there was a lag between the fact and the implication, the wound and the pain. Pulver didn't feel much of anything. In his life he had never had anything very unpleasant or extraordinary happen to him, and now he didn't know quite what to do. He smoked a cigarette and decided that it was his responsibility to tell somebody.

He couldn't think right away whom to tell. It shouldn't be just anybody. It should be one of the

people whom Roberts had liked best. The Doctor, he must surely tell the Doctor; and Dowdy, Dowdy must know too. These two came immediately to Pulver's mind, and right now there weren't any others. He went to find the Doc.

But the Doc wasn't in his room and Pulver set out to find Dowdy. He went out on the quarter-deck and he found him right away. Lights had been rigged on the mast-table, and he could see Dowdy out on deck supervising removal of the hatch beams from number three. Pulver called to him. Dowdy nodded, and when the winch operator laid the beam safely on deck he came over.

Dowdy stood before him, passive and incurious. He had been working with wire cable, and he kept his leather gloves on.

Pulver said, "Mr. Roberts is dead. I just got the word in a letter."

Dowdy didn't say anything. He looked up quickly at Pulver and then he looked at him steadily. Pulver felt that every muscle in his face, every nerve, every pore, was under that gaze.

Pulver went on: "He got orders to a can and the can got hit by a suicide plane off Kyushu. There were eleven of them killed altogether." He didn't know anything else to say.

Dowdy held his gaze for a moment longer. Then, abruptly, he broke it off. "Thanks," he said. He turned then and walked away. Pulver saw that while he stood there Dowdy had removed his gloves.

He was beginning now to feel the pain. It was dull and desolate and smothering. He went back into the house and found the Doc. The Doc was undressing for a shower.

"Hi, Doc," Pulver said. He leaned back wearily against the opened door.

"Hi," said the Doc. He looked curiously at Pulver.

"Roberts is dead," Pulver said in a flat voice. "He was on a can and the can took a suicide plane off Kyushu."

The Doc let out a soft whistle and sat down slowly on the edge of his desk. He studied Pulver with the same fixity as Dowdy.

"How did you find out?" he said finally.

"I got a letter from a guy I know who was on the same ship. A guy I used to know in college."

The Doctor nodded slowly. He twisted his mustache and looked down at the deck.

Pulver spoke with sudden anguish: "Isn't that rough, Doc? You know how he batted his head to get off of here? You know how he wanted to get in the war? And then as soon as he gets out there he gets killed." His voice was almost pleading.

The Doc nodded and chewed his lip. "That's funny," he said thoughtfully.

"Funny?"

The Doc looked up. "I don't mean funny, Frank," he said softly. He paused for a moment. "I mean that I think that's what he wanted."

Ensign Pulver was startled. What did the Doc

mean? He was about to ask, but now the pain was getting bad, and suddenly he didn't want to talk any longer. He stood away from the door. "Well," he said vaguely, "I just thought I'd tell you."

The Doc didn't seem to hear right away. He was staring at the deck again. Then he said quietly, "I'm glad you did." And as Pulver started haltingly out the door he called after him, "I'm awfully sorry, Frank."

Pulver turned around and nodded acknowledgment; then he went on down the passageway. He came to the wardroom and he thought of telling the people in there. But the moment he looked in he saw it was impossible. Carney and Margrave were playing acey-deucey. Kieth was sitting at one table writing letters, and Pauley was drinking coffee. Moulton was over at the turntable playing records. It was all just the same. It was just as every night, days without end. Nothing had happened; and now Pulver saw that, in plain truth, nothing ever could happen to these men. The higher centers where action was absorbed, where thought impinged and desires spoke, had been determinedly shut off and allowed to atrophy, and all that remained was an irritable surface with an insatiable hunger for triviality.

Ensign Pulver had lived this life for over a year without objection and often with enjoyment. Now it seemed to him horrible. He winced that he had thought to tell these officers of Roberts's death, and let them make of it a moment's diversion.

Abruptly he withdrew and plunged down the passageway. He went outside and walked along the rail of the house. On the starboard side, in the dark of the house, he found a place at the rail with no one about. He stood there a long time, staring at the dark plane of water, pierced here and there by shafts of yellow light. He studied the high, coldly remote red light atop the radio tower on the island. Roberts was dead. He felt a need to cry, and he looked around him furtively and then, furtively, he tried it. Self-consciously, he whimpered aloud, but the sound was so strange to him that he stopped. Crying wouldn't help. Nothing would help, but there was still something to do.

He went up the starboard ladder to the wing of the boat deck. He went over to the Captain's palm trees, standing in their five-gallon Foamite cans, and one by one he picked them up and threw them over the side. When he finished he was panting more than could be accounted for by the exertion. He brushed his hands together carefully and went inside on the boat deck.

The Captain was sitting, reading, in the large chair of his cabin. In the cone of harsh light from the floor lamp he looked old, and not evil, but merely foolish. He glanced up when Pulver knocked on the opened door. "Yeah," he said gruffly, "what is it?"

Ensign Pulver leaned a casual hand on the door jamb. "Captain," he said easily, "I just threw your damn palm trees over the side."

YOU CAN'T EAT DEMOCRACY

by DAVID L. COHN

1

THE drift of the world is such, it seems to me, that unless it is arrested, nearly a billion people in the Orient and the Middle East may fall under effective Russian domination within foreseeable time. Russia need use neither threats nor force to affect the course of the drift; but if half of the world's population and a huge fraction of its resources (including the greatest oil reserves on earth) should come within her orbit, the West will be faced with making one of two choices. The first is to accept the new order of things and eventually become part of it. The second is to fight. As between these alternatives, I believe the West would fight.

It is irrelevant to discuss whether or not Russia plans to rule the world, or entertains what Russophobes call "sinister designs" upon others. Only in time can her design unfold. In the absence of convincing evidence to the contrary, we must believe she does not seek world domination. Certainly it is absurd to suppose that Russia wants war any more than we want it. But although neither Russia nor the West wants war, and even if neither should do anything to provoke it, logic points toward the distinct possibility of eventual conflict.

The terrifying aspect of all this does not lie in Russia's intentions. The danger lies in the nature of the case itself, which is that the facts of life in Eastern lands propel their peoples toward Russia; the balance of power, therefore, might swing to her and bring on conflict with the West even if she were not at fault. There is yet time to prevent the tragedy, but we must move swiftly. The remedy lies in our hands. It is not anti-Russian or anti-anybody. It leads away from, rather than toward, war, and its application must inevitably benefit all humanity — including Russia.

I am not here concerned with applauding or deploring Russia; with the relative vices and virtues

of democracy and totalitarianism. Such questions are endlessly debatable. I am concerned only with the hard facts of the case, and with suppositions that stem from them. Of these facts the chief is that the greater part of the world is, so to speak, conditioned for totalitarianism. If that should become its state, its alignment would be with the one great totalitarian state left on earth.

This, I believe, is the sense of President Truman's allusions to the Near East and the Middle East in his extremely important Army Day address. "Turning to the Near East and the Middle East," he said, "we find an area which presents grave problems. This area contains vast natural resources. It lies across the most convenient routes of land, air, and water communications. It is consequently an area of great economic and strategic importance, the nations of which are not strong enough . . . to withstand powerful aggression. It is easy to see, therefore, how the Near East and the Middle East might become an area of intense rivalry between outside powers, and how such rivalry might suddenly erupt into conflict."

How does the man from the Middle West propose to prevent conflict in the Middle East? First, there must be no interference, by force or *penetration*, with the sovereignties of that region. Second, the countries must be aided to develop their resources and raise their standard of living.

The problem and the President's policy may be put into perspective by stating certain theorems applicable to the peoples of Eastern lands. Men are guided by their minds; they are moved by their bellies. You can't eat democracy. Hunger is revolutionary. Bread is counter-revolutionary. A square meal is a rarity in the lives of hundreds of millions of people. If the brotherhood of man has not been a conspicuous success at the soul level, we might try it for a while at the stomach level.

The people to whom these theorems apply are close neighbors, or neighbors not far removed, of Russia. Enormous hordes of them pass their short lives in a twilight zone between sleep and hunger. Hungry, naked, diseased, illiterate, housed as miserably as beasts of the field, they darkly breed and darkly die. We offer them democracy. The Rus-

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sians, implicitly or explicitly, offer them bread, or at least the hope of it. The Russians have long been at some pains to let the peoples of the world know that they are interested in their social and economic betterment. As between democracy without bread, or bread without democracy, it is not hard to guess which a hungry man will choose.

2

WE approve of the efforts of peoples in Eastern lands to rid themselves of foreign domination. It is not for us to say whether their plight will be better or worse under their own rulers. But it is clear that their domestic governments in this vast area are, and nearly always have been, unimaginably corrupt, cruel, degenerate, and inefficient. Nowhere among these governments or their ruling classes is there the slightest concept of the public welfare. This is how the Bagdad newspaper *Saut-el-Ahali* (Voice of the People) described life in Iraq in 1944: —

. . . 90 per cent of the entire population of Iraq live on a subhuman level. They are condemned to a life of starvation and exposed to the ravages of epidemics without benefit of any medical assistance. And these intolerable, primitive conditions exist in the twentieth century among our own Iraqi people, who sweat and toil to make the soil yield riches which are then entirely consumed by others. . . . The government has done nothing either to mitigate the distress or combat its causes.

During the past twenty years, however, foreign oil companies have paid into the Iraq treasury, in the form of royalties and non-interest-bearing loans, nearly \$100,000,000. This sum, small in the scale of American affairs, is large in terms of Iraq's economy. Honestly employed, it might have done much to relieve the country's distress. But evidently little of these monies, not to mention other sources of revenue, reached the people.

Similar conditions prevail in Egypt. There the narrow green ribbon of arable land along the Nile is held as follows: —

3,000,000 owners have	1,750,000 acres
146,000 owners have	1,760,000 acres
12,000 owners have	2,300,000 acres

Thus the well-to-do, few in numbers, own most of the land in a country overwhelmingly agricultural; a country, moreover, where — owing to the region's dependence upon the Nile — little more land can be made arable. Many of these men are absentee landlords totally uninterested in the welfare of their tenants. But the Egyptian people, four fifths of them peasants, are desperately poor. According to Maître M. S. Ghannam, Egyptian Minister of Commerce and Industry, "Statistics estimating the national income per head of the population show that the majority (the peasants, who are reckoned as the backbone of agricultural

wealth, and as the source of the country's welfare) have an average income of between £E 3 and £E 5 per annum." That is, between \$12 and \$20 a year. Maître Ghannam scarcely overstates the case when he adds: "This is hardly, if at all, sufficient for his livelihood, and is to be regarded as an astonishing figure when compared with the individual income in other civilized countries." Yet Egypt is the most progressive and westernized country east of Suez, and it aspires to leadership of the Pan-Arab League.

In oil-rich Iran less than 2 per cent of the people is represented in the ruling class from which the government is drawn. National revenues are largely expended upon "administration" — the upkeep of the governors. Government employees have to be grafters because they are so poorly paid. Here, as elsewhere in this part of the world, corruption in public office is the rule rather than the exception. Judicial decisions are bought and sold. Tax collectors are bribed. He must be poor and obscure who pays legitimate taxes at all. Hundreds of thousands of the people are opium addicts. Four out of five children die in infancy. Three out of four who survive never learn to read or write.

More than half of India's four hundred millions revel in an average income of two cents a day; the remainder rejoice in an average income of five cents a day. The life expectancy of the average Indian is twenty-five years. The poverty, disease, and degradation existing among these great masses of people is unspeakable. Conditions among China's millions are similar.

We will not, we say, permit other countries to be overrun by anybody. For "anybody," read Russia. This puts us in an anomalous position. In the East it commits us to support debauched Oriental governments while doing nothing to raise the standard of living of the people. They shall have full sovereignty but empty stomachs.

Russia, on the other hand, by the very existence of its massive system of the so-called classless society glorifying the worker and peasant, does offer hope to Eastern lands. Does anyone doubt, moreover, that the landless, poverty-stricken peasantry of these regions are not hearing how the Russians divided the great estates of Eastern Europe among the landless peasants of Germany, Poland, Rumania, and Hungary? Can anyone doubt the explosive potentialities, among the landless, of such a proceeding? May it not be that Eastern Europe will soon stand as a permanent exhibit of what Russia does, and can do, for the dispossessed?

In the Russo-democratic struggle for the Eastern lands, Russia has certain other advantages. The peoples of these countries find democracy an almost incomprehensible idea. They have had no preparation for it, because they have had some form of despotism or dictatorship for thousands of years. Far more than the nineteenth-century work-

ers of Europe, they fall within the pronouncement of the Communist Manifesto: "Workers of the world, unite." They have nothing to lose but their chains. What indeed, from his point of view, can the average Egyptian, Indian, Iraqi, Saudi Arabian, lose by exchanging his present masters for Russian masters?

Russia is a neighbor to these peoples. Her mighty shadow falls upon them. Her prestige has been enormously enhanced by her magnificent struggle during the war. She is more Asiatic and Oriental than European and Western, and as such is more natively understanding of Orientals than we are. She has their capacity for infinite patience, their talent for circumlocution, their endurance and stoicism. Millions of her citizens are Moslems who have an affinity with the huge groups of their coreligionists outside Russia. Recently Mr. Jinnah, head of the Moslem League, was quoted as saying that he is a Moslem first and an Indian second. This feeling, as Sir Frederick Puckle has recently pointed out in *Foreign Affairs*, is of the essence of the separate Moslem state, Pakistan. It is not surprising, then, that Russia is sending to the Middle East, as diplomats and emissaries, Arabic-speaking Moslems of Russian citizenship.

Russia is not only spiritually closer to the Eastern peoples than we, but she enjoys the enormous advantage of being physically near them. She is on the borders of, or close to, China, India, Tibet, Burma, Afghanistan, Turkey, Iran, Iraq. We are in almost every way remote from the populations of these countries. In each of them, moreover, while there is no one to state our case, there is at work a tireless, devoted, intelligent, ruthless Communist group. Their heart is in the Kremlin. They have ready to hand a weapon of the greatest power: the facts of life in the lands where they operate.

There are, however, favorable factors on our side. We enjoy a great good will in the Eastern lands. Its increase or decrease depends upon what we shall do in the future. We are not feared by them. They do not regard our missionaries and businessmen as inevitable forerunners of soldiers. We have demonstrated on many occasions our abandonment of the old policy that the flag follows trade.

American schools, especially in the Near East, have turned out numbers of students, many of whom are men of influence in widely scattered communities. They admire us and would undoubtedly be partisans of our cause among their countrymen. Throughout the Eastern lands we have great prestige because of our technological achievements. The war was, from this point of view, a world-wide demonstration of American machines and methods.

Uncle Sam appeared before millions of people as a lean, tall, gum-chewing djinn performing feats as remarkable as those related by village storytellers about the wizards of old. They look upon us as makers of miracles, creators of the world's highest standard of living, electrically energetic and magically ingenious. They may deplore in us what

strikes them as our excessive devotion to the material, and our childlike ways, but their needs are so great and their means so inadequate to the task, that they would welcome our aid.

3

SUCH a design poses the problem of our future relations with Russia. It is not likely that we shall come into conflict with her over ideology alone. It is possible that we may come into conflict with her in the matter of influence over others amounting to dominance. We are profoundly concerned with the balance of power, however much we may shrink from using that ominous phrase. No nation, no group of nations, must be permitted to become so powerful as to threaten our security. That, essentially, is why we have twice gone to war within a generation. And we shall continue to be concerned with the balance of power until the dream of world government becomes a reality. If, then, the greater part of the world's people should, through puppet governments or openly, align themselves with Russia, war between her and the West would become probable if not inevitable.

In the kind of struggle for equilibrium that is now going on in the world, armies and navies are of little use. Nothing can prevent, or ought to prevent, the dispossessed from trying to come into their fair share of the earth's goods and services. It does not matter whether men march toward this goal or crawl toward it; their destination is the same. Fortunately for us and for humanity, the remedy for preserving the equilibrium is one which our native genius has shaped us to apply.

It is that, as President Truman has stated, the United States shall do its part in helping the peoples of the Eastern lands to raise their standard of living. Since, however, this is a project designed to save the peace and to be beneficial to all men, while the size of the task is a challenge to all, it is understood that the Administration will ask the United Nations to sponsor it. This is as it should be, for as a joint enterprise the burdens and benefits would be equally shared and no nation would get unfair advantages for itself. Russia may, if she will, join in the plan. If she does, the experience should remove her morbid suspicions of the West. She would occupy, in the great work to be done, the position to which her place in the world entitles her. If she refuses to join, we shall know the better where we stand in relation to her. But her non-participation, although it would immensely complicate the case, ought not to deter us.

There was a time when the democracies shivered as they waited to see what Hitler was going to do. Now they show a tendency to wait and see what Stalin is going to do. I suggest that we say what we propose to do, and proceed to do it. Let us in good will ask the Russians to join us in the Eastern task.

But if they refuse, let us proceed without them. We are not belligerent or imperialist. Our motives are not evil. We want nothing for ourselves alone. But neither are we weaklings. We have a mighty strength. We shall move in this case not to harm but to help all men; it does not matter that our actions spring from enlightened selfishness. The world will move with us; and if Russia should stand aside, let her stand aside. All living is dangerous, but few things, as we ought to know by now, are so surely productive of disaster as weakness and irresolution.

The essence of the plan suggested is that it is not charity. It is not a temporary palliative. It is a plan to help others to help themselves and to pay their own way, so far as possible, while it is being put into operation.

There are endless tasks to be done in the East, but three must take precedence over all others. These concern transportation, agriculture, and light industry.

Throughout the Eastern lands there are few roads, railroads, or airplane services, and the available waterways are poorly developed. Without adequate transportation, trade languishes and nations stagnate. Without it there may be a surplus of food in one place and famine in another; a hunger for goods on the one hand and surplus on the other. Moreover, costs of transportation by coolie's back, cart, or camel are inordinately high, no matter how low the coolie's wages or the camel's upkeep. It is unnecessary to stress the point that we must develop transportation services in the East as a primary condition to the prosperity of the region.

Simultaneously, we must increase the farm output of these countries in order to banish the specter of starvation that always hangs over them. One of the direst needs is water. It is at hand, but it must be impounded by dams during the rains and released during the dry season through irrigation works. The plan must, therefore, envisage the building of dams and at the same time the use of the impounded waters to develop electrical power. Fertilizer plants are needed; reforestation; livestock programs; soil analysis; the use of good seed instead of inferior bazaar seed; and the employment of modern techniques to raise the low productivity of the soil.

Light industry must be built. This would include plants for making cotton cloth, shoes, sugar, cement, soap, household wares, wood products, simple pharmaceuticals, preserved foods, and hundreds of other items. Raw materials for making these things are to be found in the region, and workers could be easily trained; the industries would flow naturally out of the soil.

The money cost of such a program may be large. It need not be prohibitive. We are at present

contributing 1 per cent of our national income, as are other members of the United Nations, to UNRRA. This amounts, in our case, to a contribution of about \$1,500,000,000. When UNRRA is able to curtail its activities, we could correspondingly reduce the monies we supply it. These sums could then be used in the East with no increase of our national budget.

It must be remembered, moreover, that the Eastern peoples themselves could make substantial contributions to such a program. They could supply all the labor and much of the raw materials needed, if we provide the plans and direction. They could pay for some part of the imports with exports, the fraction varying from country to country and the balance of the indebtedness being expressed by national loans.

While such a program is in no sense an act of charity, it must be considered not as a straight business deal but in the light of the desperate realities of our world. It will serve our national security. The brunt of the burden, because of our resources and skills and the fact that the war left us relatively untouched, must fall on us. But we are admirably equipped for the task. We could export not only goods but, more important, technicians in every field, who would teach others how to do for themselves. We could undertake, for the first time, a thorough survey of vast areas never explored, where perhaps lie untold riches.

The money costs of such a program must be calculated not in country-store terms but in terms of the broadest statesmanship. Yet they must be coldly calculated to produce the greatest good for the greatest number, including the American taxpayer. Any aspect of charity or almsgiving about it, any hint of sentimentality, would, in my opinion, be ruinous to the project. Let us render unto others what we are able, and let them in turn render unto us what they are able.

A plan of this kind is obviously not designed to save the British Empire, to provoke or harm Russia, or to benefit any particular nation. And although we have no selfish purpose to serve, nobody would be better served than we ourselves if the standard of living of one billion people should be raised. That accomplishment might go far toward preventing war. It would certainly be of incalculable benefit in preventing in the United States an economic depression whose effects upon this reeling earth would be catastrophic. Some British economists are already predicting that a severe depression will be upon us within five years. The Russians, as is well known, count upon the cyclical depression to bring about our democratic downfall. Here, perhaps, is the way of escape for us and for all men whose beliefs and faith are like our own.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

KING OF DARING

by GUY NUNN

IT WAS during a flat period in the depression, when for months things moved neither up nor down, became neither better nor worse, that some of the children of the gulley-side community fell into the custom of making the long, adventurous trip up the river bed to where the water was deep. There were times, of course, when the river was deep from its beginnings, far up in the distant mountains, all the way down through the city. But this happened only once or twice a year, when the rain slid off the smooth hide of the mountains, converged in long ravines, and then funneled into the unsuspecting bed of the Los Angeles. Then the water was high and rushed in muddy anger through the city, cutting fresh banks here, washing out a wooden shack there, finally to spew fresh mud from the Sierra Madres into the astonished sea. It was a brief phenomenon, but violent. It was terrifying, while it lasted, but quickly forgotten.

Now the wide bed of the river was bleached with months of rainless exposure to the sun. Only a thin and meandering line down its center betrayed it as a still active river. Vagrants clambered down its rocky banks at night to sleep beneath bushes in the sand at its edges. In the early morning they could be seen cooking unconcernedly over small fires among the rocks of the river bottom, or rinsing shirts in the slow trickle of water which continued despite the hottest summer suns.

Clem White's boy Sam had discovered the deep place three miles up the river. Sam was twelve, or thought he was. (His father reckoned he was ten, but was not too sure, having left such things to the

boy's mother, who was long dead.) Sam usually had little else to do than to adventure. The father and his son were the only Negroes left now in the gulley. The other family had gone away one Sunday, leaving no word as to their destination and possibly not knowing themselves.

Because Clem was so much in the city, working or looking for work or talking with cronies about why there was so little work to be looked for, Sam had reached his ten or twelve years as a very independent boy. He was a little older than Pepe or Miguel, but seemed to them at least ten years advanced in sophistication and knowledge of the world. When he dropped in on the Alfierro family one morning to announce his discovery of the deep place in the river, the two Mexican boys imagined that he had penetrated far into some strange land. "How far you got to go to get there?" asked Pepe.

"Ain' far 'tall," said Sam. "Reckon I git up theah an' back in two, thee howahs. Cose, I ain' shoht in the laigs like you-all. But you-all'd be scaired to go."

"No we wouldn't! You show us the way?" Pepe would have preferred not to include Miguel, but feared that if he cut him out, the younger brother would protest the whole scheme to their mother.

"Reckon I could, but you-all gotta keep up with me. Cain' be waitin' all day fo' no shoht-laigged fohks." An invitation to take them to the deep place was precisely what Sam had been waiting for, but it wouldn't do to seem too willing to hand out favors to kids who weren't even ten years old.

It took less than two hours to reach the spot. They followed the bed of the river, under the bridge, up along the base of the steep mountain which became Elysian Park at its top, and which was the farthest point to which the younger boys had ever ventured, under another bridge, which Pepe and

Still in his twenties, GUY NUNN, late a Captain in the OSS, was parachuted into the Balkans, and after capture by the Germans spent two years as a prisoner of war. He was decorated with the Silver Star. Now, on his demobilization, he has begun to write with a very real sense of liberation.

Miguel had never seen. They did not dawdle, as they usually did when walking the river bed, looking behind every large rock for lizards or snakes. They walked rapidly — Sam anxious to demonstrate the superiority of his long legs, the two Mexican boys anxious not to be left behind.

They came finally upon a place where the trough of the river deepened and widened. Up on the hillside to the northwest they could see many large houses, their tiled roofs bright and beautiful in the morning sun. Straight ahead, Sam pointed, was the place where the water was deep. There the banks were artificially dug out in places. The marks of the teeth of steam shovels still streaked the dark adobe slopes. Some kind of excavation had been made here. Around the place rose a few concrete pilings of different heights. Two pilings, one low and one high, were set on opposite sides of a small pool.

Around the edges of the pool were abandoned concrete walls, some with the form planks removed, some still in wooden jackets. The construction had been abandoned abruptly. From the pilings and the walls protruded long pieces of metal, twisted and pointing out desolately at diverse angles. The water in the pool was a deep black, even with the sun upon it. Over much of the surface rested a frothy scum of algae. Through the center of the pool there was a scarcely visible current, spilling over a thick wall stained many shades of yellow and green, and moving on in the worm-like river channel.

For a moment the three boys gazed at the surface of the pool thoughtfully. Pepe and Miguel were impressed.

"Looks deep," said Pepe.

"Man," said Sam, "*nobody don' know how deep that water is. That's a well, that is. That's deeper'n any water I ever swum in.*"

"Can you swim?" Miguel had never known anyone who could swim.

"Kin I swim! I wuz bohn swimmin'. My daddy thowed me in the river whin I wuzn' no bigger'n 'at stone over yonder. He said, 'Boy, git to swimmin' or I gonna whale the whey outta you.' So I swum. Reckon they ain' prackly nobody kin swim good as me."

"Could you swim across this water?" There was wonderment in Pepe's voice, as if he were inquiring into the possibility of a miracle. Pepe had never known anyone who could swim, either.

"Easy as nothin'." It was for this that Sam had maneuvered the expedition. He stripped off his tattered shirt and trousers and plunged into the black water with a flat splash. Sam could swim, all right. With a few flailing strokes he reached the wall opposite and grasped a thin bar of metal which stuck out from the wall a foot above the water's surface. His wet black hair glistened in the sun and his face broke into a proud grin.

"I kin dog-paddle, too. Watch." He pushed off with his feet, slid to the center of the pool, and there

remained stationary, his hands and feet moving in slow rotations beneath the surface.

"I kin stay up 'thout han's, too. Watch." He held both hands above his head, only the motion of his legs sustaining him. Pepe and Miguel watched in round-eyed envy.

"C'mon in," Sam yelled. "I'll save you iff'n you gonna drown."

2

At the mere suggestion, Miguel backed away from the edge of the pool. Pepe was no less afraid, but he was even more in fear of being lorded over by Sam later. He pulled off his shirt and trousers. Naked, he stooped to feel the forbidding water with his hand. He stood up again, hesitated, then noticed a protruding bar just beneath the surface of the pool. Grasping the bar with both hands, he lowered himself grudgingly into the water. The goose-pimples of fear rose over the brown skin of his entire body. For a few seconds he panted heavily, as though the water around his chest were a great vise, about to crush him. The fear and the tenseness left him. The lightness of his body was reassuring.

Sam shouldered his way through the water to his side. "Now, jes' leggo that bar and move yo' ahms an' laigs slow, like this." Pepe dropped one arm and copied the motion. He would not drop the other until Sam came behind him, grasped him under the arms, and jerked him forcibly downward. Pepe's head went under. He came up thrashing desperately, wild with fear, grasping blindly for the bar. It was several seconds before he found it, and by the time he did, his furious flailing had driven the fear from him. He could even smile a little at Sam's encouragement. "Theah, man, you-all was doin' it! You-all was swimmin', man! Jes' like I done whin my daddy thowed me in 'at river. Man, you was really swimmin'!"

Miguel would not come in the water that day or the next. But on the third trip, watching Pepe's progress and emboldened by it, he dropped himself shiveringly into the pool from the protruding bar. He was longer in learning to swim than Pepe. Miguel suffered no shame in being afraid, felt no humiliation in acknowledging that both his brother and Sam were bolder than he was. He took his time about risking the center of the pool. It was several days, in fact, before he would take both hands from the bar at the same time, dog-tread for a few seconds, then grasp the bar again. If either of the other boys approached him to pull him free of it, he would kick at them with frenzied screams and scramble up on the concrete wall. As the unquestioned youngest of the three, Miguel could afford the luxury of being uninhibitedly afraid.

After the first few visits to the pool, Sam had exacted a promise from the two brothers that they would not tell the other boys in the gulley com-

munity about their spot. "Jes' spoil evvythin' iff'n evvybody knows 'bout it. We jes' say nothin' an' keep it fo' us." Pepe had agreed readily enough to keeping the location secret, but as his confidence grew and he could float as easily as Sam and swim nearly as well, he suffered from a great temptation to tell others, that he might amaze them as Sam had him. John Arzemanian, for example. He would like to watch John Arzemanian's face while he, Pepe Alfierro, only nine years old, tread water with both hands above his head, as easy as anything. John might be going on fourteen and know lots of songs in foreign languages and tell lots of stories about Turks with long knives, but he, Pepe Alfierro, only nine years old, could tread water with both hands above his head. Well, he wouldn't invite John to the pool just now, but pretty soon he'd take it up with Sam. Sam shouldn't hold him too hard to a promise made before he could even tread water *without* both hands above his head.

With each trip, Sam felt his supremacy a whisper more threatened by Pepe, who was beginning to talk almost as an equal. "Bet we can swim better'n any them kids on the road, can't we, Sam? Bet we could even swim the ocean, if we could get there, couldn't we, Sam?"

"Yeah, reckon we could, all right," Sam would say, but the luster of unchallenged excellence was slightly tarnished. He didn't exactly *resent* Pepe's implied assumption of equality. That was a tribute, in a way, to his tutelage; but still, he was Sam White, the lonely adventurer, the pathfinder, the king of the gulley-side in daring. He was Sam White, and twelve years old, even if his daddy did say he was only ten. He was not ready for a partnership in prowess with anybody only nine years old.

Sitting in black nakedness on the edge of the pool, Sam watched Pepe turn a somersault in the water. "Lookee here," Pepe yelled as he surfaced. "I can go round twice without takin' a breath. Watch." He did two rolls and came up gasping.

Sam jumped to his feet. It was not for him to imitate a mere pupil. He would put this nine-year-old in his proper place. He would do a deed before which even a grown man would quail, even Jack Johnson, maybe, the bravest man that ever was. "I gonna show you sump'n that really sump'n, man. You jes' git outta that water an' watch. I gonna really show you-all sump'n."

He went to the taller of the two pilings and pulled his way to its top on the extending bars. Pepe and Miguel watched in amazement. It had never occurred to either of them to climb to the top of the piling. It just looked impossible. The thing stood three times the height of any of them above the water. But Sam did it. He went from one reinforcement bar to another as though he'd done it a hundred times, up and up. The last pull was a hard one, but he grasped the edge of the top and pulled his body right up until his waist was level with it, then got

one knee over the edge, and the next thing they knew he was standing there looking down on them from an incredible height.

"Man, I kin really *see* things fom up heah." He cupped his hands to his mouth as he yelled down at them, a cunning gesture to make the distance between him and them seem greater.

"What can you see?" Pepe yelled back.

"Mos' evvythin'. They's a cop over there and millions a cars. *Millions* a cars. They stretched out so long I cain' see the en' of 'em. I kin see some hohses, too, with people on 'em. Pity you cain' see them hohses. They real pretty. Cose, you-all got to be able to climb up heah 'fo' you kin see nothin'. I'll tell you-all later 'bout what I kin see up heah. Pity you-all cain' climb up like I done."

He was turning the screw deftly. This had been a real inspiration. There wouldn't be any more "we" talk from Pepe Alfierro from now on. He was a nice boy, Pepe, but just a shade presumptuous for a nine-year-old. Sam looked down into the two brown faces staring up at him in frank wonder and admiration. Now he would cap the climax. Now he would seal the fame of Sam White. This deed would echo down the gulley-side into the streets below. Even on Central Avenue, kids would know of what Sam White had done. Sam White, king of daring. Little kids would follow him in the street and whisper and point. "That's Sam White. He's the one who done it. He's the only one who ever —"

The dive was clean. His black body cut the black water almost noiselessly. As it disappeared, there was a hollow "thunk." The water closed in on the hole he left and there was a vertical spurt three feet above the surface where his feet went under. Around the point of entrance the water surged up and back, then quieted into a series of rapidly expanding circular ripples.

3

THE brothers watched the ripples die. The surface of the pool heaved slightly at the edges, up and down, up and down, then was still.

Miguel stopped holding his breath first. The sound of it broke in the thick silence like a roar in Pepe's ears. He stood up. His eyes played over the pool from one corner to another. The feather-light fingers of a strange fear were beginning to thrum somewhere in his chest. With an effort he thought the sensation away. He made himself say something, to make the thought more persuasive.

"Bet he's gonna pop up and try to scare us," he said. His voice came out so weak and wavery that it startled him. There was a dryness, a contraction, in his throat. Unconsciously he ran his hand over it as if to rub it away. He looked at Miguel, to find the smaller boy staring into his face, waiting for a cue on what attitude to take. He got it. The fear ran back and forth between them, growing stronger

with each passage, becoming a current. Pepe felt himself becoming hysterical. His legs were weak beneath him.

A cry broke from his throat, a shrill, sobbing cry: "Sam! Sam! Come up!" He threw himself, face down, on the ground at the edge of the pool and tried to force his eyes to see through the opaque skin of the water. "Sam!" The anguished echo of his voice made him ashamed. He was calling upon Sam to help *him* because *he* was afraid, but it was Sam who was beneath the black water. The shame drove some of the fear from him. He got to his feet and hurriedly slipped on his shirt and trousers.

"Miguel. You stay and watch. I will find someone to help."

Miguel followed him with his eyes as he raced up the steep bank. He did not want to stay behind with his own fear and the black water which had swallowed up Sam, but Pepe had told him to stay and he would stay.

By the time he reached the top of the bank, Pepe's lungs were hurting him. Each panting inhalation pulled air across the raw surface of something inside his chest, like sandpaper being drawn across tender flesh. Across an open field and beyond a wide boulevard he saw people. He ran toward them as fast as he could force his legs to move over the soft, weed-covered earth. The people seemed like tiny specks against a distant horizon. He would never reach them in time, his mind kept drumming; he would never reach them in time. A feeling of desperate helplessness clung to him as he ran. He wanted to throw himself headlong on the ground and weep out his impotence and terror, but something kept him running.

Opposite the point where he reached the boulevard was a large riding academy, approached from the sidewalk by a wide, curving gravel path. A woman in a riding habit had just reached the sidewalk from the path and turned west toward a line of parked cars when Pepe slid through a thick current of traffic and stopped on the sidewalk a few feet before her. The woman was walking rapidly, eyes down, searching in her purse for car keys. She did not notice him. To avoid being stepped on, Pepe began walking backward before her, panting so heavily he could not speak. His gasps finally caught her attention. She looked up from her purse, still walking. At last the boy could talk.

"Ma'm," he sobbed, "Sam White—he's in the water. He didn't come up. He's down there." Pepe pointed off to the right toward the river and would have burst into tears but could not.

The woman hesitated, distracted. A look of confusion and annoyance came over her face. With a brief, mechanical gesture she lifted her left wrist and glanced at her watch. Her mind did not note the time. The gesture came because she had been in a hurry. Time had been on her mind. She hesitated, looked more confused, stopped walking. Behind her, from the intersection, she heard a traffic

policeman's brief whistle. The sound composed her.

"Look, sonny, run and tell the policeman there. He'll help you." She watched him run past her in the direction of the intersection, looked at her watch again, shrugged inwardly as though to shake off an uncomfortable thought, and went on to her car. All the way home a sly sense of guilt crept over her. "Well," she thought, "what could I do? After all, it was probably nothing serious. I *could* have gone with him to the policeman, but that wouldn't have helped anything. Besides, it is *such* a long way out to Pasadena and I *couldn't* be late for Helen Trumbull's cocktail party. Cute little things, though, those Mexican kids. Pity their parents wouldn't put decent clothes on them."

"Mr. Cop!" Pepe almost yelled as he approached the policeman in the center of the intersection. A car swerved sharply to avoid hitting him, and the driver swore at him out of the window. "Mr. Cop! Sam White is down there. He didn't come up!"

The big policeman was tired. His relief was already fifteen minutes overdue. For hours the sun had been beating against his eyes. The sweat rolled secretly down his thighs and into his heavy shoes. His uniform was damp against him, and uncomfortable. And he didn't like being called "Mr. Cop" by a ragged little Mexican brat.

"Who's Sam White?" he asked gruffly, turning to change the direction of the traffic with a shriek of his whistle and a disgusted flick of his wrist.

"He's our friend. He's the black boy. He dove in and didn't come up." Pepe walked quickly around to be in front of the policeman. He looked up into the man's moist face with desperate pleading.

"Dove in where?" The policeman asked the question without looking down. His eyes were fixed in bored abstraction on a billboard against the hill.

"In the water, in the deep place, and he didn't come up." Pepe began to sob.

The policeman's slow mind was coming to grips with the situation. "He did, did he? Don't you monkeys know you ain't allowed to swim in the river? It's against the law. You shouldn't come on this side of town anyhow."

The whistle went to his mouth again. The policeman turned, hand upraised, and changed the flow of traffic. Behind him there was a frantic squeal of brakes and a sudden crash. A roadster had piled into the rear of a large sedan. Even before the policeman could turn, the two drivers had jumped from their cars and commenced a furious argument. Slowly the policeman sauntered toward them, twirling the chain of his whistle around his index finger.

4

PEPE took a hesitant step after him, then fell prone upon the hot surface of the boulevard and gave way

to his hopelessness, pounding his fists and forehead against the pavement in an agony of helpless frustration. He hoped that he would die, that this torture would kill him and then leave him.

A car stopped beside him. The driver stepped out and bent over him. "What's the matter, kid?" a voice asked. "Are you hurt?"

It was a moment before the boy could control his sobs to answer. "No, it's Sam White. He's dead under the water."

"You mean in the river?" The voice was kind. Pepe raised his head and looked around at the man. "Yes, down there." He pointed. The man reached down and lifted him to his feet.

"Let's get in the car," he said.

Rubbing his eyes, Pepe got in. The man drove across the intersection and turned off the boulevard into the field toward the river. Pepe looked up at him. He was a tall man with thick brown hair and a round, full face. He looked very strong, wrestling the wheel as the car swerved and slipped in the soft earth. Pepe felt better. The terrible burden was beginning to leave him.

The man stopped the car near the edge of the river-bank. Together they went to the edge. Pepe looked down. Miguel was not there. "My brother is gone," he said. "I told him to wait." The chill burden was coming back. He felt weak and worn-out.

"Was—is Sam your brother?" They were stumbling down the steep incline.

"No, Sam was my friend. Miguel is my brother. I told him to wait, but he is gone." They reached the edge of the pool.

"Are you *sure* Sam is under the water?" The voice was gentle.

"He dove in from up there and didn't come up."

"How long ago did he dive in?"

Pepe was confused. How long ago was it? It seemed an age ago, but was it?

In the still ravine, standing beside the black water, he tried to remember how long ago it had been, but could not. Perhaps it had been only a dream, a sudden hope suggested. Perhaps it had not happened at all. Miguel was not there to confirm it, and the terror which his mind had been through had left him uncertain of anything. Perhaps—

The man noted his hesitation and said, "Maybe he came up all right and went home with your brother."

Pepe grasped at the thought in ferocious joy. *That* was it! *That* was what had happened. Sam had come up all right and gone home with Miguel. His heart felt as though it were about to burst with the sudden welling of relief. A glad laugh bubbled out of his throat. Without a word he bounded off, down the curving bed of the river. He would catch up with them. He would catch up with them and throw sand down Sam's neck—and then think of some good way to punish Miguel for not waiting. Some day, maybe, he would dive off the piling himself.

Now and again, as he ran with delirious lightness

over the bleached sand of the river bed, his tough-soled feet crushed an imprint left by the feet of Miguel. If his eyes saw the single line of his brother's fresh footprints, his mind took no heed. His mind had leaped far ahead, to Sam—to Sam White, who had stayed under to scare him and then come up all right; to Sam White, the king of daring.

5

AFTER that the two Alfierro boys never went back to the place where the water was deep. But Clem White went. He knew the spot well when Pepe first described it. Clem had worked there once, two years before. Used to build a fire every morning beneath a steam shovel to get the circulation moving in the monster; used to tend it; used to do everything the operator told him to do; even reckoned, once, he could handle the big-jawed beast himself if he had half a chance. That was two years ago.

The afternoon Pepe told him what had happened to Sam, Clem went to the deep place alone. He stood beside the pool until dark, looking at the black water. Then he walked home.

For several days Clem didn't even try to look for work. Mornings he sat in his little house, doing nothing. Just sat there in a hard chair and let time spill over him like rain over a smooth rock. Then in the afternoon he walked up the river to the deep spot and stood looking into the pool until it was dark.

People on the gulley-side began to think Clem a little queer. Nobody had expected him to act like that. He never had paid much attention to Sam before—always let him do whatever he wanted. He seemed a little queer now even to Pepe and Miguel. Clem didn't *talk* any more. Before, he used to talk quite a lot, and sing. If he came home a little drunk, before, he'd stop in at the Alfierros and sing for maybe an hour. He could sing even better, Pepe thought, than John Arzemanian could tell stories. But the song was gone from him now.

Something else was gone, too. He all but stopped eating. Pepe's mother, Josefina, took things over to him, and once or twice John Arzemanian coaxed him into coming to his house for a bowl of the soup his father made. But what Josefina left for him went untouched as often as not, and what John could make him eat was pitifully little. Clem had just become queer, everybody guessed.

It must have been a week after it happened when Pablo, Pepe's father, pulled a newspaper from the trash can near the intersection at Sunset and Figueroa and read the notice about the discovery of a body in a pool of the river, the body of a Negro boy who had been approximately eleven years old. The body had been submerged for several days. There wasn't much doubt about it, Pablo decided. It was Sam. But he didn't say anything to Clem or to his sons. Clem couldn't read and the Alfierro boys

rarely read newspapers. Pablo worried about it quite a bit, but in the back of his mind was a fixed feeling of certainty that it was right not to say anything.

It was hard not to say *something*, watching Clem shamle off day after day to the deep place, and knowing that the body was gone, knowing that it was down in a place the paper called the "morgue"; yet Pablo could not bring himself to do it.

For Pepe and Miguel, the terror of the afternoon when Sam went under the water and did not come up was short-lived. It was a year or more before Pepe could see the winding white ribbon of the river bottom without thinking of Sam, but each reminder dulled the poignancy of the recollection of the terrible afternoon. The thing had been so abrupt and so complete, so clean, that there were few trailing remnants on which memory could feed. It was as though Sam had simply gone away suddenly. In their minds there was a picture only of his disappearance, not of his death. Any time now, he might reappear, might drop from a tree and challenge them to follow him to the topmost branch. Maybe, Pepe fancied often, maybe he'd found a secret channel beneath the deep place, a passage leading to strange and wonderful places. Sam, after all, had disappeared before for a day or two, to come back suddenly with stories of exciting adventures. This might be merely a longer absence, with a richer and more amazing return. Sam White, after all, was the king of daring.

It was not long before the boys looked on the queerness of Clem as something having no connection at all with Sam or the black pool. Clem was just queer. It was an accepted and interesting fact of life on the gulley-side, like the kindness of Lola Martinez, the flightiness of Carlos, the lonely and undemonstrative regularity of Mr. Arzemanian.

No one ever knew the first name of John Arzemanian's father, not even John. Clearly he was a kind man, for it was he who had brought the pastries for the wedding party of Lombardo and Mrs. Adams, but he wore a high celluloid collar, a shiny black coat, and such an impenetrable reserve that no one so much as thought of calling him anything but Mr. Arzemanian. John, of course, could have been persuaded to ask him his first name had it occurred to anyone to put him up to it, but no one did. John called him "Papa" and everyone else called him "Mr. Arzemanian." Years later, remembering the man, this seemed to Pepe an unusual

thing, the more unusual because it had never before occurred to him that Mr. Arzemanian *should* have a first name.

One evening Clem did not return from the deep place in the river. And in a few days the house where he lived was rented to another family. It was not long before Carlos Martinez had started a legend about Clem. Carlos was drunk when he started it, but when he heard his own invention while sober it appealed to him so deeply that he repeated it frequently as though it were an independent fact, reliably reported by competent witnesses. The legend was that Clem, the night he did not come back, had dropped noiselessly into the black water to join his son.

All but Pablo in the community grew to believe it. Pablo did not believe it because he had seen Clem, on more than one afternoon, plodding slowly up the river bed in the direction of the deep place. Off and on for more than two years he saw him, looking older and thinner each time, his graying hair a little whiter.

Then one summer a great relief project was put into operation in the river bed. Many men were set to work, lining with stone the raw banks gnawed out by the river, building concrete retaining walls at every curve. Pepe's burly uncle, Lombardo, worked a few days on a bridge which was put across the deep place. He said the appearance of the spot was changed completely when the bridge went up. The black pool was gone. The pilings were there still, but hidden unrecognizably in new masonry. Beneath the bridge the silver string of the river ran, no deeper than a man's ankles. If this was the river up which the Spaniards had once sailed galleons, a sad change indeed had come upon it, Lombardo said. One could not drown a cat in such a river, not even a kitten.

After the work on the bridge began, Pablo no longer saw Clem trudging toward the deep place. He never saw or heard of Clem after that. Gradually he accustomed himself to acceptance of the legend begun by Carlos Martinez. He had wanted to believe it, even before his eyes told him it was not true. It was a good legend, and as the years passed and he grew older, his mind became less discriminating about the veracity of facts long accomplished. His eyes, he told himself, could have deceived him. It could have been another black man with gray hair growing whiter, walking north on the river bed toward the spot where the water was deep.

PERRY OF EXETER

by LUCIEN PRICE

I

HE CAME from Williamstown to Exeter in August, 1914. A world war had just started and in those days world wars, being new, were even less well understood than they are now. In the hold of the Phillips Exeter Academy was a leak which had let in a debt of \$250,000. Perry started the pumps and the old boat was freed by 1919, — old boat, for she had been launched in 1781, the year Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

In the beginning was a small boy in a small town. His father was a distinguished professor, Arthur Latham Perry, in an excellent college, and he was reared in that seemly village among the Berkshire Hills, where everybody knew everybody else, not omitting Bill Pratt the sawbuck philosopher, whose oratory was none the less astounding for the fact that Bill was slightly daft. The students still lugged in their own firewood and water, lamps were kerosene, vehicles horse-drawn, and life in that country town was no gilt-edged edition.

There is a well-authenticated legend in the Perry family that little Lewis's hair used to be cut by his elder brother Bliss in the time-honored manner, shears in one hand while with the other holding a bowl over his yellow locks. Whether Bliss did or did not whack him for failing to hold his head still is a subject of domestic dialectic. Out of a wide experience in comparative literatures, first as an instructor at Williams, next as professor at Princeton, then as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and finally at Harvard, Professor Bliss Perry says this tale is commonly recited by little boys in all lands and ages alleging the brutality of their big brothers.

That tone of simplicity in their early lives neither of them ever discarded or outgrew. It is a main sinew of their strength. One saw it and recognized its origin when in 1931 the Harkness millions came to the Phillips Exeter Academy. Only so much of that money was spent for bricks and mortar as was

needful to build walls and roofs around an idea. That idea, as worded by Dr. Perry, is: "A school is its teaching."

The new buildings, thirty-two of them, admirably designed dormitories and recitation halls in red brick Georgian, have a reticent beauty as they glow amid the enfolding greenery of their academic groves; but nothing is *too* fine. Exeter has still the simplicity of a country town, quite an old one to be sure, for it was started in 1638 by a college mate of Oliver Cromwell at Cambridge; a town architecturally choice too, along whose elm-canopied streets are white-walled houses which General Washington saw there in 1789. Plenty of preparatory schools were competitors for that endowment of more than \$5,000,000. "Exeter got the money," said Dr. Perry, "because Mr. Harkness knew we wouldn't splurge with it."

Exeter got the money, but how? No one ever asked for it. Other funds had come in the usual ways, from graduates, from wealthy donors, not too plentifully, but enough to keep the school moving forward. Then in the 1920's, when showers of Olympian gold began raining into the laps of America's academic Danaë (do not press that allusion too far) and the Cochran millions came to Exeter's sister school, the Phillips Andover Academy, people began saying to Dr. Perry: —

"Why don't you ask your friend Ed Harkness?"

"Ask Ed Harkness for money? Never in the world!"

For the friendship was genuine. The pathos of a rich man is that he must so often ask himself whether he can be sure whether a friend is a real friend. Mr. Harkness *was* sure. As young men he and Lewis Perry had met at a wedding in St. Paul and come back by train together. Both were interested in the theatre and both in English literature, which Perry, having been graduated from Williams in 1898, was now teaching at Williams College. Even then, more than three decades ago, the repute of his winning personality had traveled far beyond Williamstown, and twenty years before I ever saw him in the flesh I kept hearing about him from young Princeton and Williams men who evidently swore by him.

Harkness and Perry used to go to plays together in

A graduate of Western Reserve Academy, Hudson, Ohio, and an essayist of distinction, LUCIEN PRICE wrote for the *Atlantic* one of his most memorable papers, "Hardscrabble Hellas." In it he stressed the simplicity and high purpose which were intrinsic in his old Academy — virtues he was to find again in a New England setting, the Exeter of Dr. Lewis Perry.

New York. "I knew he wasn't in the pauper class," said Dr. Perry years later, "but his income bracket didn't interest me. Finally someone said, 'I see you here at the Club quite frequently dining with Ed Harkness. You know, I suppose, that he is one of the richest men in America.' Well, no; I didn't. And the next time I went to New York I didn't call him up. He must have heard or surmised what had happened, for I had a letter from him, and this, among other things, is what it said: —

"*Dear Lewis: Don't be a damned fool.*"

The offer of the millions came from Mr. Harkness. Its form was a question: "What does American secondary school education most need?" The answer eventually was: "Smaller classes, more teachers, and closer individual instruction." But the answer was by no means so simple as this sounds, and it took more than two years to formulate. Even so, Exeter nearly lost the prize. The first plan submitted to Mr. Harkness was not satisfactory. They tried again and tried harder. In September, 1931, there was a succession of anxious days. Dr. Perry forbade himself either to expect or to hope. Finally the answer came. It was *yes*.

2

THIS, the spectacular part, is told first, because a good story should begin, like the *Iliad*, in *medias res*. But this, the spectacular part, is not the story at all, and never would have happened but for the unspectacular part, which is what took place day by day from 1914 to, let us say, 1928. When we begin to study the creative process in the individual, we find that it is the prosaic part which is the most startling.

What then is this process? William James can give us the start of a definition: —

Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently between all the details of his business, the power of judging in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away.

The Principal's power of judging grew slowly, like an oak. And not without stormy weather. During world wars Dr. Perry's idea of what a schoolmaster should do is stay home and teach school. He has done this through two world wars, and it is one of the best things he does. In 1917 the boys of the Phillips Andover Academy went into uniform in their classrooms. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt wrote Dr. Perry a letter pointing out that the Exeter boys were a little slow about getting into the war. Perry was a young fellow and new to his Principalship. The

letter was a smoke-out. But Perry did not smoke out worth a cent.

Now it so happened that Mr. Alfred Stearns, then Principal of Andover, — the admirable, the idolized Al, — was, as he still is, one of Dr. Perry's best friends. Dr. Stearns stood up for Dr. Perry. His method of doing so was his own, and highly effective. When it was complained in his hearing, as in 1917–1918 it not infrequently was, that the Principal of Exeter was wanting in military ardor, he would drawl, "Oh, Perry is a kind of *Wilson* man." As Woodrow Wilson was then President of the United States, and an old friend of the Perrys, this did not put the Principal of Exeter in a very treasonable light.

But there is a sequel in August, 1941. Speaking at Deerfield Academy on the occasion of its annual Deerfield Dinner, that community feast lineally descended from Charles Eliot Norton's famous Ashfield Dinners of half a century ago, Dr. Perry said bluntly, "I think we should fight." Like large bodies, his thinking may move deliberately; but it does not stand still. During the second world war Exeter went on teaching school, the boys were kept at their lessons as normally as possible till their induction into the armed forces at the age of eighteen, and an extra session was run through the summer months to fulfill their required studies so that they might be ready for college when or if they came home from the war. Dozens of them wrote him from the various fronts: "I hope you won't change Exeter." That school and their homes were for them two solid rocks in a world deluged with war.

Early in Act I, enter also two other loyal friends of Dr. Perry, each of whom was to become chairman of the academy's trustees: the late Jeremiah Smith, Jr., and Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, — more affectionately known to the Principal as Tom and Jerry. All three were young men and believed that something notable might be made of the school. They personally steadied its Principal while his powers of judging matured.

How was that power getting on? More and more the school was being run by its faculty. The government was democratic, in form rather like a constitutional monarchy headed by a Prime Minister, but actually conducted on the principle of a New England town meeting. No one is the hero. Faculty committees do most of the work; the list of committees is staggering, but the work gets done. It gets done at the cost of a lot of talk, which is the price of democracy. On occasion the Principal will be voted down on an issue he wants to carry. After one of these defeats his remark was: "I had that comfortable assurance of being right which ought to have warned me that I was wrong." His faith is in the ultimate rightness of the democratic decision, that the collective judgment evolves from the group a wisdom which is better than any individual dictum. This creates an atmosphere in which wisdom can grow.

"In groups where debate is earnest, and especially on high questions, the company become aware that the thought rises to an equal level in all bosoms, that all have a spiritual property in what was said, as well as the sayer. They all become wiser than they were."

Did Dr. Perry find this faith in Emerson's essay on *The Oversoul*? More probably the schoolmaster and the philosopher both derived it from the same source. Perry's profound respect for the individual personality has permeated the school, until boys feel it as well as teachers. He has made men better teachers than they are. His perceptions are acute to identify and to elicit the specific talent. He picks a man to do a certain work, then lets him do it. If criticism is offered, it is with a pat on the back.

Some of the talents thus elicited have been at once whimsically unsuspected and brilliantly successful. Schoolmasters are metamorphosed, this one into a business executive, that one into an amateur architect, another into manager of movie shows — the list grows almost bizarre, and all the while the pot boils best unwatched, the beans are not pulled up by their roots to see if they are growing. If a man is good enough to teach at Exeter, he is good enough to be let alone. The result is a *floruit* of versatility, the full spread of potential talents on their way to being utilized, and a community of scholars doing their best work and enjoying it.

In the thirty-two years of his Principalship, this democratic process of management by the Faculty has advanced so far as to have a comical back-kick: Dr. Perry is sometimes criticized on his own campus for not doing enough of the work himself. Samuel Butler somewhere describes Zeus as sitting on a cloud above Mount Olympus and observing to his daughter Pallas Athene as they survey the doings of mortals, "My dear, I can see there is no pleasing these people. . . ." But that is not quite fair, for I know of few places where more people are pleased more of the time or with better reason than at the Phillips Exeter Academy. The tone is immensely wholesome; no flummery, no fuss, no feathers; but plenty of hard work being done, and done superlatively well. Intellectual austerity. Very New Englandish, but thawing genially on the side of aesthetic cultivation and the fine arts.

Toward the end of these fourteen formative years (1914-1928), the Cochran money came to Andover. Frank Cushwa, the late and deeply lamented, but then what for so long he was, one of the abounding springs of constructive ideas among the Exeter Faculty, albeit an emotional fellow and at times a prey to temperament, said to Dr. Perry: "We're beaten. Exeter can never catch up."

"Don't be too sure," said Dr. Perry, in that calm, deliberate tone of his, bland and sanguine, which 'Young Men in a Hurry' find so exasperating, "Don't be too sure. Wait and see."

Then came the 150th anniversary of Andover

(1928) and Perry was invited to speak. What could he say? That is a dangerous question to ask when Dr. Perry is going to make a speech. What he said was utterly disarming because so generous and so gracious, and it was heart-warming because it came from the heart. It came as a sudden turn of thought near the end of his formal address. What he said was that Exeter was little sister Cinderella, and that she was pleased to be asked to Andover's grand party. (Well, what can you do with a man like that?) Besides, all unbeknownst to anybody, there was a catch in that speech. It was the Cinderella story itself. For little sister's own coach-and-four was waiting just around the corner of the next three years. Perhaps that is what comes of staying by one's hearth and tending the fire. William James thinks so.

3

RENAISSANCE, Reformation, or Revolution, which one of the three R's was it that struck Exeter half way between the two wars? It is part of a larger intellectual upheaval which has struck our colleges since 1900. In the nineteenth century, led by Eliot of Harvard, we had copied the German university. Then our American universities began turning into colossal rolling mills and assembly lines, and something had to be done. In this twentieth century, under the Presidency of Lowell, we switched toward the English university system. If, during the next hundred years, we can evolve a type of university that is suitable to the American social system (provided we survive at all) we shall have done fairly well.

Meanwhile the inhuman academic assembly line needed to be broken up into smaller and human units. Woodrow Wilson tried it at Princeton only to be blocked by Dean West; Alexander Meiklejohn as President of Amherst took up the idea but was stopped; Mr. Lowell, aided by Edward Harkness, carried it through in the Harvard house plan, and others followed. Tutorial system, guided discussion as a method of teaching, the vitalization of thought by give-and-take between boy and man,—this is the method. Its progenitor is Socrates in the agora of Athens.

Could this method be carried on down into the secondary schools? That question was soon in the wind. It was scoffed at. Grim old schoolmasters snorted at the suggestion like regular army officers. "Schoolboys are to study their lessons and recite them back. No nonsense!" Then one of the oldest and best schools in America decided to experiment: Exeter invested most of the Harkness money in teaching. Thirty schoolmasters, the best obtainable, were added, raising the number of the Faculty to eighty-two. The new men were as remarkable in their teaching ability as the ones already there. How were they found? "Well," said Dr. Perry, "you don't take the first one on the counter." Time and

again, he has identified a talent from ten to fifteen years ahead of anybody else.

The number of boys in each class could now be lowered to twelve or ten. Next came an innovation which sounds trifling but proved momentous. The magisterial dais was abolished, bringing the master down to the floor level with his boys, all of them seated around a table, making the discussion method of teaching the natural one. And of a sudden, Exeter became a big, little school; seven hundred boys, but all under intimate personal instruction.

At the World's Fair in Chicago — the one in 1893 — was a mechanical contraption called a moving sidewalk. Actually it was three. You stepped aboard at a slow-going gait, but by stepping across from section to section you reached the inside plane which went racing along at quite a clip. Exeter's classes are arranged as moving sidewalks of aptitude: one for slower students, another for lads of average ability, a third for the brighter, perhaps brilliant, boys. If able, a boy may step from one to the next, and of course there is nothing to prevent the pedestrian from walking ahead on a moving sidewalk even when it is going full speed.

"More schoolmasters giving closer attention to fewer pupils, with guided discussion as the method of teaching," — a dozen years of this, and today the Phillips Exeter Academy is a vat of mature thought and adolescent eagerness in noble ferment. Is the school conservative, or is it progressive? No sooner does one describe it by the one word than he feels compelled to describe it by the other. It is both. The tough, wholesome, chewy, old classical curriculum still flourishes there; Latin is required and Greek is taught.

Side by side with this is hospitality to new subjects and new methods. Doors are open for boys to learn through their hands the techniques of drawing, painting, modeling, and musical instruments. The whole school sings. Athletics of course are going full blast in every season with everybody in them. The boys stage and perform plays from the professional repertory; their debating society is serious business conducted in a miniature house of legislature; and through the school moves a procession of eminence from the outside world, — lecturers, preachers, artists, musicians, authors, and on occasion soldiers and statesmen. Exeter practices Whitehead's precept: "Moral education is impossible apart from the habitual vision of greatness."

It is now possible to put the secondary evidence in its proper place. When Dr. Perry took the school in 1914, it had 572 students, 32 teachers, and 29 buildings; it now has 725 students, 82 teachers, and 62 buildings. Its endowment has been increased ninefold. Yet these external achievements were meaningless without the inner ones. The heathen thought they should be heard for their much speaking. Shall an institution of learning be heard for its much brick and bullion? Verily, we shall not be heard for our gilt-edged equipment, but by every word that pro-

ceedeth from man to boy and back again out of active intellects and aspiring hearts.

Your adolescent boy, except in streaks or by spurts, is not a precociously religious creature. At Exeter religion is more seen than heard. It is deemed more useful to start him as a responsible member of society, fortify him with good habits, and reënforce his common sense with self-respect. On Sundays the boys must go to church; and at the Academy church, if that is where they elect to go, the preaching is that of guests who are almost a directory of clerical eminence; the whole school is required to turn up daily at morning chapel for brief devotions and a talk, by the Principal or a member of the Faculty, earnestly prepared and effectively delivered — as it had better be, for the acoustics of that assembly hall are a notorious pain in the neck. For the rest, religion is something to be done rather than to be talked about.

As for discipline, the saying at Exeter is that there are no rules till you break them, and that the system is one of liberty tempered by expulsion; but the supervision is much closer than appears. Good manners are of course taken for granted and everybody is expected to speak to everybody else whether introduced or not. Fraternities have been abolished. A rich-boys' school Exeter never tried to be, never was, is not, and is on its way to be still less in such a category. One fourth of its students are wholly or in part on scholarship funds, and a procedure for broadening and deepening the selection of promising boys for such aid is being vigorously devised.

The creative process in an individual has a way of spreading. Dr. Perry's power of judging has become a savings bank account to be drawn upon at will by the heads of other secondary schools and presidents of colleges. (You all did see — or perhaps you didn't — that on the Lupercal he was offered the kingly crown of a college presidency, which he did then refuse.) When they find themselves in a quandary, Head Masters are privileged to reach for their telephones and say, "Toll operator, Exeter, New Hampshire, Dr. Lewis Perry, person to person call . . ." and more than one of the best of them has told me privately, "Not the least of his value to us is that no matter how trivial our troubles may seem even to ourselves when we look back at them, Lewis never appears to think them so, and that makes us feel free to consult him the next time." These were the words, to be explicit, of Mr. Frank Boyden, the self-reliant, the uniquely resourceful Head Master of Deerfield Academy, and Mr. Boyden proudly makes no bones about saying that at an extreme ebb-tide of Deerfield's financial fortunes, Lewis Perry was the intermediary who saved Deerfield Academy.

4

ACADEMIC administrators are among the architects of America's structural fabric. At their best they

are the statesmen who govern statesmen. As our twentieth century gathered momentum a major sociological fact in American life was the trend from religion as a preponderating influence to education, from church to college, from parson to professor. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Religion had not saved us; perhaps education might. Money poured into the educational foundations, and the heads of them became administrators of more-than-million-dollar corporations. Your university president, your Head Master must, almost overnight, be no longer an innocuous superannuated clergyman but a man of affairs, and, if possible, also a man of thought. These two articles do not often come in the same package, but when they do they are in a key position of our social system.

By what process does a good school become a great school; a venerable New England academy, a type-founding national institution? It will have been the work of many men, and among these the man who has done most may be able to explain least. He will have mustered the totality of his forces over a long period of years, until what makes him the power he is is not this specific quality or that, but all of them. His power of judgment acts in the dark, subconsciously, as it were an instinct. His decisions come to him at odd moments, in queer places, and always several layers beneath conscious ratiocination.

These academic administrators, too, unlike some of their nineteenth-century industrial precursors, are expected to be gentlemen as well as scholars, dealing with highly civilized scholars and gentlemen. The position is charged with high explosive and the academic administrator protects himself, and others, in ways that vary according to personality. No more than does a doctor the patient in his consulting room does he deal with the whole man, for, like the doctor, did he feel every case as emotionally as the complainant, he would soon be dead. Instead he disengages just so much of himself as is necessary to meet the need, and no more. Some do this by austerity, some by the hard-boiled pose, some by a face of dead-pan, some by an air of patient boredom. Dr. Perry does it by a gentle friendliness, by unruffled good nature.

These educational administrators, central though they are to the development of our society, are also a half-way house on the road to something else. They conduct the orchestra; they do not play the instruments. And these educational institutions themselves, vital to our development — indeed to our very survival — though they are, are again a half-way house on the road to something else. They perform the piece: they do not compose the music. And, in the sense of genuine origination, it is not even certain that they train those who do. They do train the men and women who carry forward the major social services, the professions, some of the arts, and scientific techniques. They do transmit to the young the content of a civilization. But how directly have they to do with genuine power of origination?

It is notorious that evolution goes by jumps. The power of origination may appear most potently in persons quite outside the formal systems of schooling. Neither Abraham Lincoln nor Walt Whitman ever went through the academic mills at all. Education transmits thought, not the origination of thought. Therein the patient must minister to himself. When it comes to power of origination, the genes and hormones seem to have a way of managing that to suit themselves.

In the one art-form where our age has excelled all other ages, the art which during the past two, if not three, centuries has put forth the most amazing succession of men of genius, — the art of music, — virtually all of the most eminent among them, from before Bach until after Brahms, have been extra-curricular men, owing their instruction not to an institution, but to the best individual tuition they could find, plus study of the best that had been done before them, plus lifelong cultivation of their own powers. Not duly accredited graduates of an institution, they were chosen, as it were, by an apostolic laying on of hands. For such power passes only from great soul to great soul.

An educational system may be its loving nurse, and once in a great while, perhaps, by the grace of Pallas Athene, its midwife; but scarcely its progenitor. In any land or in any epoch your true originator may be hard to identify. He may slip into the world, labor a lifetime, and slip out again, his identity never discovered until long after he is gone; and yet a main function of any society is to develop power of origination. The transmission of a culture, the training of those who are to carry along its social services, these are imperative, but not by themselves sufficient. Like women, they keep the world going: but the spiritual power of origination is what keeps the world going ahead — if go ahead it does.

This caveat is entered lest we expect of these often superb institutions that which nature never equipped them to do. Much of Exeter's virtue, much of Dr. Perry's hidden power, is in just this, that they do not o'erstep the modesty of nature.

5

SIXTY-NINE years old, Dr. Perry has decided to call it a day. This June he retires from his Principalship. His years accompany him like a troop of friends. Burly of figure, fair, florid, and with a face which is strong without pugnacity, this urbane gentleman moves and speaks with deliberation, never seeming hurried, flurried, or worried. He likes people and loves to have them around him.

His expansiveness in this kind has been known to backfire. It was at a term's end in the 1920's, none of the boys had been ill (epidemics are a Head Master's nightmare), and Dr. Perry was driving to Boston feeling fine. At Newburyport he took in three forlorn waiters-on-the-curbstone for a belated

motorbus, two men and a woman. One asked, to make conversation, "What business are you in?" and he, to further conversation, invited them to guess.

The first man said, "Traveling salesman."

The second was invited to try. "That fellow at the filling station called you 'doctor,'" said he, "but there's no green cross on your car. You must be a veterinarian."

He told the men that they were poor guessers, but perhaps the lady could improve on their score. She eyed him shrewdly and said: "Your car is big and good; you're alone, and you seem to know a good many people along the road. I think you're a boot-legger."

Dr. Perry decided that the guessing game had gone far enough. Yet the range and variety of the people he knows, not casually, but knows well, is fabulous, and they are spread far beyond the complacent paddocks of academia, clubdom, or social status. For both by nature and by cultivation he is many-sided. He loves music and knows a good deal about it; he is an indefatigable reader, more of modern books than of ancient ones; his liking for athletics is not acquired but came spontaneously when as a little boy in Williamstown he watched the big boys play their college games, and the day came when he was something in that line himself, especially at tennis, in which he had a national rating, and he kept up his athletics well into his middle years.

His domestic life is in this same key of informality and putting people at their ease. The Principal's House is big, comfortable, smoothly run, full of good books and possessions unobtrusively choice. At seasons it presents the aspect of a decorous but highly animated hotel lobby. The world swashes into it and swashes out. Everybody has a good time, including the Perrys. The boys have a good time, their parents have a good time, the alumni have a good time, and their neighbors the Exeter townspeople have a good time.

All this of course takes doing, and it cannot be done by the captain of the ship single-handed; much of it must be done by his first mate. She was a Williams-

town girl, Margaret Hubbell, who grew up in that old family homestead painted Indian-red, "Brookside," under its centenarian Berkshire maple a mile and a half up the Green River road and across the little bridge. She did her share valiantly through the first half of Dr. Perry's Exeter voyage, then died, leaving a young son and a little daughter. In an alcove of the academy library she has a kind of shrine, but she has a better one in the hearts of everybody who knew her.

For a long time her place remained empty. But there were two Hubbell girls, and in 1935 her sister Juliette joined the ship as Mrs. Perry, and without her the last decade of the Principal's work would scarcely have been possible. Along with all the other gifts she brought to that position is one of the rarest, the great gift of kindly wit and infectious high spirits.

At Exeter the wicked world, for a moment, can seem very far away. That storied town beside the winding tidewater estuary of the Piscataqua lifts its walls of age-mellowed red brick and white clapboards under canopies of elm and maple.

*Spires and cupolas one sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.*

Spring comes there, a bride in verdure clad; summer is matronly abundance in a smiling countryside; autumn kindles its flame-hues for October's foliage festival in the golden sunshine of Indian Summer; and New England winter hews town, school, fields and woods in the statuesque white marble of snow sculpture. The procession of seasons is gracious and majestic. Once an hour the academy bell rocks in its iron cradle, and seven hundred boys troop this way and that, changing classes, a freshet of youth. At Exeter, for a moment, the world does not seem wicked at all. But never suppose that the Exeter Faculty do not know or are not exerting themselves to apply one of the most efficacious counter-agents to wickedness known to man. And at the heart of all this is a modest gentleman at whose heart in turn are two qualities which have been central to American life at its best during the whole of our three centuries on this continent. One is simplicity and the other is high purpose.



» The birth rate has been steadily falling in the Western world. It reached a low point in the U. S. in 1933 and will in all probability decline again in the coming decades. What do these changes portend at home and in world affairs?

THE FACTS OF LIFE

by FRANK W. NOTESTEIN

1

ANY thoughtful person trying to find a house, purchase clothes for the baby, or secure the services of a pediatrician is acutely aware that the war brought the nation new life as well as tragic losses. The boom in babies is visible; it needs no statistical proof. The long-run significance of the boom is another matter, and an important one both to our nation and to the entire world.

It has long been the view of most students of population that the United States and the nations of Northwestern and Central Europe are drawing toward the end of their epochs of population growth; and that, in the absence of rather profound social-economic change, many of these countries will experience a decline in population within a few decades. We have also held that, while Western nations are moving toward slowing growth or decline, other, newly developing areas are in stages of accelerating increase. Such shifts in the rates of population growth will considerably alter the balance of the world's population and profoundly affect the conditions of our everyday life during the coming decades.

The wartime experience has raised sharp questions concerning the validity of these predictions. Have the facts of our birth boom risen up to contradict predictions based on decades of declining birth rates? Are we on the verge of a new epoch of growth? These questions must be examined before we can go on to survey the prospects for change in the world's fund of human life.

The superficial case for a reversal of trend is impressive. Birth rates in the United States fell almost without interruption from the opening of the record in the early decades of the nineteenth century until 1933. At the opening of the record, the average woman living through the reproductive period bore about eight children. By 1933, the figure was just above two. In the depths of the depression the decline stopped. The rate rose substantially from 1937 to 1941 and then shot up with the war, until by 1943 it was higher than at any time since 1926. It

dropped again rather sharply in both 1944 and 1945, but even in the latter year it was higher than at any time between 1929 and 1941.

With minor fluctuations, the nation's annual baby crop increased until 1921 in spite of falling birth rates. This can happen in the same way that the returns on investments can grow in spite of falling interest rates if only the capital funds grow rapidly enough. Our capital fund of potential parents was increasing. In 1921, however, the maximum number of births was reached at a little less than 3 million. Thereafter, the number fell sharply to a low point of about 2.3 million in 1933. Then it turned again in response to both rising birth rates and increasing numbers in the childbearing ages. By 1942 the annual number of births had passed 3 million for the first time in the nation's history, and it remained above that level through 1944. It was a little below 3 million in 1945, but still above the previous maximum of 1921.

Twelve years have passed since the birth rate reached its low point, and the number of births in each of the past four years has exceeded the previous maximum of 1921. Do these bumper crops forecast a continued upward trend and the beginning of a new epoch of population growth? If so, the earlier trend toward decline has been more easily checked than most students of the subject had supposed possible, and our analysis of the world's position with respect to population growth will have to be reconsidered.

2. THE AMERICAN BIRTH RATE AND THE WAR

Before coming to such sweeping conclusions, we must examine the recent course of events more closely. In doing so, we shall draw on the work of Professor P. K. Whelpton of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. First of all, it is clear that as a result of the depression the birth rate remained lower than would otherwise have been the case. In part the low rate was the result of postponed marriages, and in part of postponed babies by people already married. As conditions improved, marriages increased, but apparently some backlog remained until 1940, when it was whisked away. Similarly, a release of the accumulated deficit in

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births contributed substantially to the rise of the birth rate in the years after 1938.¹ Whelpton concludes: "Much, if not all, of the slow rise in the birth rate from 1933 to 1940 was merely the result of economic recovery."

Following 1941, marriage rates jumped rapidly, and in turn the birth rate of first children mounted. There was also a substantial increase in second births. The rate for third births increased somewhat, but in 1942 it was little above the level of 1930. The rates for births beyond the fourth have continued to decline and they are now far below the levels of 1930. Thus, the wave of births during the years 1941 through 1944 was composed predominantly of first and second children.

With respect to future trends, it should be noted that epidemics of marriage, like those of measles, are inherently self-terminating. Both measles and marriage are highly immunizing events; and beyond a point, the epidemic dies out for lack of eligible subjects. Having made an extremely heavy drawing on the future's normal quota of eligibles, we are now coming to the end of the supply. Of course there will be a train of remarriages following a huge rise in divorces, for the war has resulted in a host of relatively light cases of matrimony. From the limited point of view of the number of births, however, this reshuffling of spouses is not very important. The avalanche of first births suggests that a large proportion of the war brides who will bear children have already had their first, and the rate of first births will inevitably drop. It is evident that only substantial increases in the higher orders of birth can prevent a sharp decline in the number of babies during the next few years.

Some rise in the rates for second and third children is probable. Hundreds of thousands of couples have started their families early, and many of them will want their second and third children rather soon. This again is a matter of having children sooner instead of later, and has slight long-run effects on the size of the population. In the next five years it is most unlikely that increases in births of the higher orders will cancel the effect of the inevitable drop in first births. The birth rate will almost certainly fall below its wartime level. Since, to a considerable extent, births during the war represent advance drawings on the future's normal quotas, the net addition to the population resulting from the war should be substantially less in 1955 than it is at present.

To say that the war and post-war gyrations of the birth rate are likely to have a relatively small net effect on the size of the population ten years from now is not at all the same thing as saying that such

swings are unimportant. As of 1945, we had introduced more than a million additional people into the population under age five. In the next ten years we may expect a trough to compensate for part of that crest. But the crest and trough will be with us for a century, moving steadily through the life span.

The crest of the wave is now being felt in the demand for goods for infants and young children; it will be felt in 1945-1950 in congested kindergartens and primary grades. By 1955-1960 it will be crowding the high schools. A few years later it will be crowding the labor markets with entering workers, filling the colleges, swelling the number of marriages, and stimulating the demand for homes. By 1970 a reflected secondary wave of births will be under way. By 1985 the number of workers over age 45 will mount sharply. Shortly after the turn of the century the wave will break on the retirement systems and pension funds of the country. Following this crest, we may expect the shallower but longer trough that reverses the problems of adaptation.

3. LONG-RANGE CONSIDERATIONS

Thus far we have assumed that the recent reversal of trend in the birth rate does not presage a new epoch of growth because there is no evidence of a real increase in the size of completed families. Actually, the case is much stronger than that. It is noteworthy that the truly experienced parents, those with four or more children, were not caught up in the tide of the birth boom. They were not caught up in spite of the fact that some of the usual economic deterrents to childbearing were absent. Jobs were begging for workers, money was plentiful, and many of the things that money could buy were far from plentiful. Some of these things, such as cars, radios, clothes, and vacations, are usually thought to compete rather effectively with additional children in family calculations. It is doubtful that the coming years will yield a similar relief from the economic pressures on parents, unless specific governmental action is taken.

Another reason for predicting a further long-run decline in the birth rate lies in the pattern of fertility of the various classes of the population. (The term *fertility* is used to refer to reproductive performance, not reproductive capacity, which is called *fecundity*.) The middle and upper economic groups of the urban population have long led the national trend toward smaller families. In recent decades the fertility of the white-collar classes has been far below the level required for the replacement of the parental stocks. Indeed, in the years 1935-1940 the fertility of the urban population of every major region of the country was at levels that would eventually bring population declines of more than 25 per cent per generation of about thirty years.

In the same period the rural non-farm (mainly village) population was only slightly above the replacement level. The country as a whole remained

¹ P. K. Whelpton. "Effect of Increased Birth Rate on Future Population," *American Journal of Public Health*, Vol. 35, No. 4, April, 1945; and "The Effect of World War II on Fertility in the United States," read before the American Sociological Society, March, 1946. See also the report prepared by Warren S. Thompson and P. K. Whelpton for the National Resources Planning Board, *Estimates of Future Population of the United States, 1940-2000*, Washington, U.S. Government Printing Office, August, 1943.

at about the replacement level only because the rural farm population reproduced at rates that would yield an increase of more than 60 per cent per generation. The significant fact about that high rate is that it was maintained only because of the very high rates of reproduction among the poorest, most isolated, and least educated segments of the farm population — the subsistence farmers.

The poorer strata of the farm population are heavily represented in the Deep South, the Appalachian and Ozark highlands, and the Northern cutover areas. Their economic production is negligible; their reproduction is enormous by modern urban standards. Their fertility, though high, has been falling in recent decades. The war has probably given a new long-run impetus to that decline. It has drained large numbers into the cities and the armed forces. The migrants will absorb new aspirations for themselves and their children — aspirations incompatible with the large families to which they have been accustomed. They will gain new incentives to limit their families, and undoubtedly will also gain new knowledge of contraception. Probably many of them will remain in the cities, subject to the strains that cities put on large families.

Others will return to their former homes, bringing back and spreading their new attitudes and knowledge. It seems unlikely that the nation will be able indefinitely to retain this substantial segment of the population outside the main stream of its economic and cultural development, to be used as a seedbed for its future population. It seems less likely that it would want to. If, as is probable, the small-family ideal spreads rapidly in the poorer rural populations, then birth rates will decline unless there is a compensating rise in the fertility of urban populations. Such a rise would require a rather radical change in long-established patterns of behavior. Of this change there is as yet no evidence.

Another factor will tend to check population growth almost mechanically. During the next generation the large birth classes of the past decades will be swelling the ranks of the aged, for whom the risks of death will remain high until the fountain of perpetual youth is discovered. If we have peace and no catastrophes, the risks of death in each age will probably decline. In spite of that fact, the increasing age of the population will almost certainly increase the general death rate. Probably both falling birth rates and rising death rates will narrow the margin of increase.

This line of reasoning has led most students of population to think that the experience of the war years has not altered the fundamentals of the growth position, and does not invalidate the essentials of their earlier analysis. Unless there is heavy immigration or an energetic program to increase the size of families, we still expect the population to undergo a period of slowing growth. Of course the date at which the maximum population will be reached cannot be foretold, nor is it very important. The

important point is that in the ordinary course of events we should expect slow growth, no growth, or some decline between the years 1970 and 2000.

4. THE FUNDAMENTALS OF POPULATION CHANGE

During the past three centuries, and especially during the past century, the human race has grown as never before. Some appreciation of the magnitude of this increase, and of the reasons for it, will help us to fit the demographic position of the United States into a world setting.

Until the middle of the seventeenth century there probably never had been more than one-half billion people living at the same time. The number had doubled by 1800, and since then has more than doubled again. There are now more than 2 billion people. In the same three centuries Europe's population increased about fivefold, and populations of European extraction increased perhaps sevenfold throughout the world. A simple illustration shows how unusual such rapid increase must have been in mankind's experience. If the actual rate of population growth in Europe during the past century had existed throughout the Christian Era, there would now be more than one person for every square yard of Europe's land area. The modern spurt of growth is unique. Why did it come?

In broadest outlines the reasons are clear enough, although much remains to be learned of the details. Before the modern era, death rates were inevitably high. Mankind had neither the economic nor the sanitary skills to achieve low death rates. We have no reason to suppose that, prior to the middle of the seventeenth century, the average newborn child had a fifty-fifty chance of reaching his thirtieth year. With substantial improvements in agriculture, with the commercial and industrial revolutions, and, finally, with the recent unparalleled advance in medical knowledge, the situation changed completely. By the late nineteen-thirties, the life tables of all technologically advanced nations were showing even chances of surviving more than sixty years. In the experience of New Zealand and the Netherlands there was an even chance of passing seventy years.

During the last three centuries, declines in the death rate have about doubled the size of the population that is maintained by a given stream of births. The rates declined gradually for a long time, then with gathering speed that became precipitous in the present century. On the whole, death rates have dropped rather freely in response to man's scientific and social discoveries.

The trend of fertility has differed from that of mortality, and for inherent reasons. Populations that were drained by the inevitably high death rates of the pre-modern era had to be replenished by high birth rates. Those that were not so replenished did not survive. Hence, all populations entered the modern era with high birth rates. What is more

important for the purposes of this analysis, populations entered the modern era with the social institutions that would elicit high birth rates. Marriage custom, family and community organization, and religious observance were all oriented toward providing the births required for group survival.

These institutions were deeply laid in age-long experience. They were slow to change, as were the attitudes, beliefs, and aspirations that they generated. Death rates dropped fairly rapidly in response to a changing external world, but birth rates failed to respond pending profound changes in the social institutions, beliefs, and aspirations governing the most intimate sections of man's experience.

Eventually fertility began to decline, but the downward trend was not general in Northwestern Europe until the latter half of the nineteenth century. It began much earlier in the United States, but here the rate was moving down from the extremely high levels characteristic of a frontier society that offered parents every inducement to have very large families. Our birth rate has declined long and fast, but it is still above the birth rates of nearly all the countries in Northwestern and Central Europe.

It was in the rising urban industrial society that the older values which supported high fertility began to give way to new ones favoring the small family. In an era of expanding intellectual and economic horizons, of innovation and experiment, old sanctions began to weaken, and new wants for physical and material welfare started to emerge. In the anonymity of a mobile urban society, man's place among his fellows began to depend less and less on the status of his parents and grandparents, and more and more on what he possessed and could do. People began to aspire to get ahead as never before, and to give their children "a better chance" than they had had.

Meanwhile the factory, the shop, and the school absorbed many former functions of the family and gave new emphasis to the importance and independence of the individual parent or child. Urban life put new economic penalties on the large family. It lifted the inherent cost of child care above that of the older agrarian society, in which children were a valuable part of the labor force. Moreover, urban life greatly expanded the range of needs that parents strove to fulfill for their children. In short, the new urban society weakened the social controls that had supported high fertility and gave rise to new sets of values centered around the welfare and opportunities of the individual child — values appropriate to the small family.

Birth rates began to decline as a result of these profound social changes, but the primary means by which the declines were brought about were the rising age at marriage and the spread of contraceptive practice. There is no evidence that a reduction of fecundity was involved, and there is good evidence that such a reduction, if it occurred, was not a factor of major consequence. At least in the early stages of

the decline, the chief methods of birth control used were not new inventions. They were generally known folk methods to which the new social and economic forces brought a widespread use. These same forces also have stimulated the development of new, more effective, and more acceptable methods of contraception.

We should be making a mistake if we viewed rising age at marriage and increasing birth control as causal factors in more than a superficial sense. They were the means. The true causes of the declining birth rate lie much deeper. They are to be found in the gradual shift from a society organized around the family and its perpetuation to one oriented toward the individual, his physical and material welfare, and opportunity for his advancement. This point is worth pondering equally by persons who believe that birth rates can be promptly lowered wherever they are very high merely by disseminating contraceptive knowledge, and by persons who suppose that birth rates would rebound promptly if only contraceptive knowledge and materials were withheld from the population.

Birth rates declined gradually at first, and then with increasing speed. Even so, for a considerable time the declines did not cut growth, for they were matched by declines of the death rate. However, as the small-family ideal spread from the upper economic classes down, and from the city to the country, the tempo of decline quickened and the margin of growth was narrowed. By the end of the inter-war period in Northwestern and Central Europe this margin was small indeed. In fact, fertility was below the level required for the permanent maintenance of a stationary population.

The epoch of growth was drawing to a close. It came as a by-product of the transition from the grossly inefficient replenishment of human life on the basis of high birth and death rates to its efficient replenishment on the basis of low birth and death rates. The transition brought growth because death rates responded sooner than birth rates to the changes in our way of life. Similar transitions in other parts of the world will not have the same results, for many of the conditions are different. As the analysis has suggested, however, some of the elements are inherent. We may therefore consider the world's prospects for future population change by discussing situations of three broad types: (1) incipient decline, (2) high growth potential, and (3) transitional growth.

5. INCIPIENT POPULATION DECLINE

Populations may be classified in the stage of incipient decline if the death rate is low and fertility is near or below the level required for the permanent maintenance of stationary numbers. All the countries of Northwestern and Central Europe, except the Netherlands and Ireland, clearly belong to this group, for by the thirties fertility had fallen well

below the replacement level. The United States, Australia, and New Zealand are near the border line, but are properly classified in the group, on the ground that although they were slightly above replacement, a continuation of interwar vital trends would soon carry them substantially below it.

Prior to the recent war, all these countries, except France, had more births than deaths, but for most of them there was a special and transitory reason. The maximum birth classes were still in the childbearing period. When these large groups move on to the ages of high mortality, they will be replaced in the reproductive ages by the survivors of the smaller birth classes of recent years. Then the situation implicit in the pre-war vital position will become obvious. Even if there is no change either in the risk of death or the rate of childbearing, birth rates will fall, death rates will rise, and growth will be replaced by decline. In the case of England, if the vital balance of the early thirties were to be maintained without immigration, the population would eventually decline by more than 20 per cent per generation. Sweden, and Germany and Austria before the Nazi regime were in similar positions.

The case of France is instructive. For some years before the war she had more deaths than births. Age for age, however, her fertility rates were higher than those in England. Because the French population was already old, thanks to the fact that fertility had been low for a long time, she had a natural decrease, while England retained a natural increase. France has reached the situation that England is approaching. The war and post-war experiences have lifted the death rate and reduced the birth rate in France, although the losses have been somewhat less drastic than alarmist reports have suggested. Nevertheless, it is difficult to see anything that will prevent a gradual shrinkage of population, except immigration.

By the depths of the depression, German fertility had fallen to levels that if continued would eventually bring declines of about 30 per cent per generation. The Nazi regime took strong measures. There were marriage loans canceled by births, many special favors to parents, efforts at mass persuasion, and vigorous attempts to suppress abortion. Perhaps more important, there were a sharp rise in employment and a war boom. Money was plentiful, goods were scarce, rationing systems favored babies, and motherhood was a valid excuse to refuse employment. Birth rates jumped.

It is worth noting, however, as testimony to the rigidity of the small-family pattern, that at its maximum in 1939, fertility had barely reached the level required for permanent replacement. More important still, it reached this level only because the backlog of marriages postponed in the depression was wiped out and the future's normal quotas were drawn upon. These are non-repeating items. It seems clear that even if the war had not taken place, German fertility would have again declined below

the replacement level in the absence of stronger measures than those previously taken.

Since the Russian campaign, German birth rates have dropped sharply, and they may be expected to drop still further in response to the economic paralysis of the country. Moreover, the war has killed about 3 million people, many in the midst of the reproductive period. Nor is the toll yet in. If a thorough deindustrialization of Germany were to be carried out, there would be about 1000 people dependent on agriculture for every square mile of agricultural land. This density is more than twice that in British India. It seems doubtful that such a situation will actually develop; but if it does, the population will either be kept alive by relief or new millions will be just as dead as if they were hit by bombs. In any case, at least from the point of view of population growth, Germany is through.

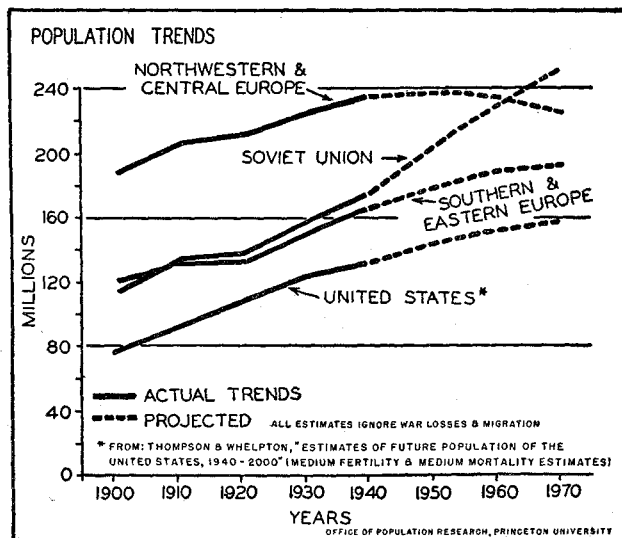


Fig. 1. Actual population trends, 1900-1940, and projected, 1940-1970, for European regions and the United States.

No one can say what the future will bring. Perhaps atomic warfare will wipe us all out. In that case, it will not matter if predictions are wrong. Nothing will matter. It is worth while speculating about events some decades from now only on the assumption of a reasonably ordered world. Under the assumption that future vital rates will represent orderly extensions of past trends, and without allowances for war losses or migration, Figure 1 shows a reasonable projection of the future population for selected areas. Even on these favorable assumptions, Northwestern and Central Europe as a whole face a declining population within a few years. Because of its war losses the region may already have passed its maximum.

In some respects, changes in the age composition of populations induced by chronically low fertility are more important than changes in size. How difficult the situation could become may be illustrated from the age distribution implicit in Sweden's vital balance of the depression years. If that vital balance

were to remain unchanged and there were no migration, Sweden would eventually have a population with more people 72 years of age than babies under one year. There would be more people between 50 and 60 years of age than in any other ten years of the life span. In a population thus constituted, it is difficult to retain a flexible and dynamic society. Fertility could not be permitted to remain at the low levels actually reached in the depression years, and since 1935, Sweden has put into effect a rather strong positive population policy.

There is no reason to bemoan either the slowing growth or the gradual aging of the population in areas of incipient decline. After all, modern Western civilization has overcome its chief demographic problems. It has for the first time in mankind's history shown the way by which life can be maintained without the vast human suffering and waste implicit in high birth and death rates. Even in this century the decline in the peacetime death rates has saved more lives than the ghastly losses of two world wars have cost.

Moreover, persons interested in maintaining these gains in health and longevity could not wish for an indefinite prolongation of the epoch of growth. European populations in particular are already dense. Growth must stop sometime, and my opinion is that it had best stop before the sheer weight of numbers enforces a return to poverty. Even a gradual aging of the population is not an unmitigated hardship. To a considerable extent it bears testimony to our growing ability to stay alive, a fact that most of us view with pleasant anticipation even in a less than perfect world.

It is true that few people will view with pleasure the prospect of such rapid declines in the numbers of their own kind as were implicit in the reproductive performance of Northwestern and Central Europe before the war. Having led the way to attaining an efficient replacement of human life, our urban industrial civilization has yet to create the conditions in which parents will want enough children to maintain the population.

The modern nations of the West face problems of adaptation to slowing growth or decline. They no longer represent the section of mankind that is expanding most rapidly in numbers. Nor will they longer have a virtual corner on the technical skills. Other sections of the world's population will be expanding more rapidly and, in their turn, will be seeing new vistas of material welfare, health, and power through the door of expanding technology. As never before, we shall live in a world with others. Our civilization no longer marches with unruffled feathers, the undisputed cock of the walk.

6. HIGH GROWTH POTENTIAL

At the other extreme of the scale of population change lie the areas with high growth potentials. They include most of Africa, much of Latin Amer-

ica, and nearly all of Asia, and contain well over a billion people, or more than half of the world's total. Neither growth nor decline characterizes these populations. Some are growing, some are not. Their common characteristic is that fertility is extremely high, is not declining, and is ample to yield rapid increase any time that death rates fall to moderate levels.

Some of the regions of this type, including much of Africa and South America, are rather sparsely settled, and will remain so until sanitary developments cut the toll of disease. Others, those with which we are primarily concerned, already are terrifically congested. More than 400 people are dependent on agriculture for every square mile of arable land in British India, Puerto Rico, the Philippine Islands, and Java. In the valleys of the Nile, Ganges, and Yellow rivers, there are more than 1000 people per square mile, most of whom are dependent on agriculture. Today, India alone has more people than all Europe west of the Soviet Union.

In both India and Egypt the average newborn child has less than an even chance of living twenty-five years. There is reason to believe that the situation is not substantially better in China, Siam, Burma, Indo-China, the Malay States, and the Netherlands Indies. Fertility is sufficient to replenish the population in spite of such appalling mortality. Indeed, many of the areas have growing populations. India's population increased 50 million just between 1931 and 1941. The amounts of growth were smaller in other areas, but the rates of growth were frequently higher.

Populations that have survived thousands of years of terrific depletion by disease, internecine warfare, and famine have developed the social institutions that lead to extremely high fertility. Fertility ample to permit survival under such conditions will support growth as soon as strong government, a little modern transportation, and relatively simple public health measures cut the toll of catastrophe. Even more rapid growth is permitted when, as has been the case in the more highly developed colonial areas, irrigation is extended, new agricultural techniques are introduced, and the region's specialized products obtain world markets. The main result of such changes is a huge increase in the number of human beings existing in a precarious state of poverty.

The current situation in India shows how precarious this state of poverty can be. Although the drought apparently will bring a reduction of less than 20 per cent in cereal production, probably at least 5 million people will starve to death this year. If huge relief is not forthcoming from the outside world, or if civil strife and epidemic should complicate the situation, the number of deaths may rise many times above that figure. In this way the balance of life is tragically tilted when the margins of subsistence are narrow. In human wreckage lies proof of the proposition that in the long run the

control of mortality without the control of fertility is impossible.

The population position of the world's most highly developed colonial areas affords almost a laboratory demonstration of the dangers inherent in an imposed, unbalanced "progress." The Western world has utilized the Far East and the Caribbean primarily as sources of agricultural raw materials and as markets for manufactured goods. Partly for business reasons, and partly from the highest humanitarian motives, it has imposed on these regions certain elements of its culture that control mortality. Meanwhile, it has withheld, or at least failed to foster, those aspects of its culture that, in its own experience, reduced birth rates. The social prerequisites for falling birth rates are still absent. The institutions are still those selected by their survival value to maintain high fertility. As a result the huge populations are poised for spectacular growth whenever it becomes possible to reduce mortality.

Unfortunately there are no panaceas for the situation. People who propose that public health measures and efforts to improve living conditions be held in abeyance, pending a decline in the birth rate, have misread the history of population change. Nowhere has the transition from high to low fertility been made in a welter of deepening misery. On the contrary, the transition has come in the context of improving health, rising levels of material well-being, growing literacy, and new freedom from old taboos.

People who think a solution can be found merely in the widespread dissemination of contraceptive knowledge are not much more realistic. The fact is that the population already has more knowledge of the means of controlling fertility than it uses. Inexpensive and more effective methods would gain some acceptance, but at present the mass of the rural peasants would remain uninterested. In my opinion, it is high time that efforts comparable to those in the field of public health be directed toward finding the most efficient means of grafting the small-family ideal on these rural cultures. Thus far, work in this direction is negligible, blocked in part by our own taboos.

Hope for the eventual reduction of birth rates, and for an ultimate end to mounting pressures of population, appears to lie in rapid and balanced modernization. Such modernization would need to include industrialization, agrarian reform, popular education, health programs, active efforts to foster birth control, and growing political freedom. Unquestionably, these developments would speed immediate population growth, not check it. Some areas might not be able to stand the increase. Those that are relatively small could achieve temporary relief by migration; but for huge populations, such as those of India and China, no realistic solution lies in that direction. The tragic fact is that our present information suggests no orderly solution to

the problem for regions that may find it impossible to absorb substantial growth during the transitional period. In such cases it now seems that catastrophes must intervene, without, however, wiping out all the gains of social and technical adaptation.

I do not suggest that such reasoning ought to lead us to oppose relief measures when catastrophe strikes, as at present in India. To do so would be to prefer present to anticipated catastrophe. No one is entitled to place that much confidence in his predictions where human life is at stake. For all we know, we may be at the beginning of a new age of discovery in both the scientific and social fields. Today's insoluble problems may prove less difficult than we think. My objection is not to ameliorative programs; it is to programs that are ameliorative only. I think it is time that cold head as well as warm heart be directed toward these problems.

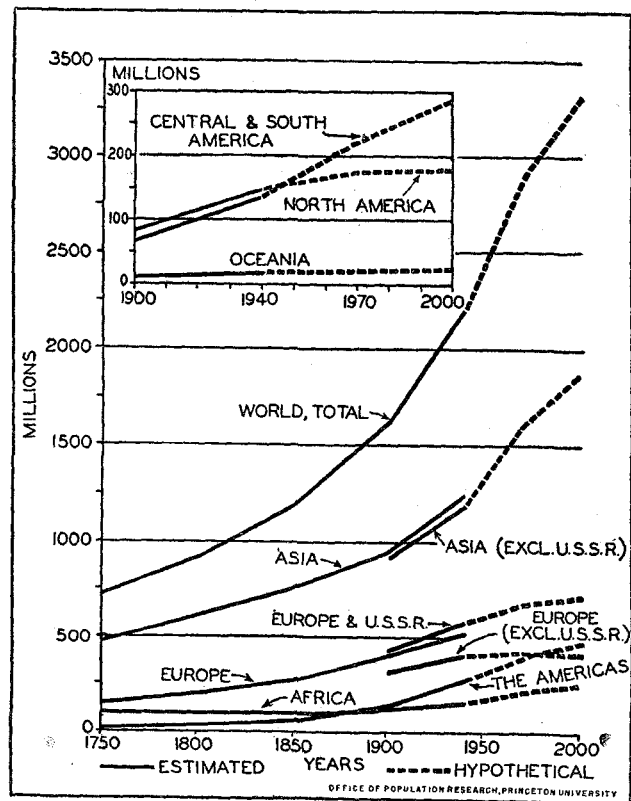


Fig. 2. Estimated and hypothetical populations of major sections of the world, 1750-2000 (values for 1750-1900 from Carr-Saunders, *World Population*, p. 42). [From Notestein, "Population—The Long View," p. 55, in *Food for the World*, edited by Theodore W. Schultz, University of Chicago Press, 1945.]

No one can foretell the actual course of population growth in Asia. It will be primarily dictated by the death rate. In sober fact, we must expect spurts of growth to be checked by periodic catastrophes. But the trend shown in Figure 2 may prove conservative. It would be unwise to count on Asia as having less population a century from now than the whole world has today.

Mounting population in the world's industrially

undeveloped areas of dense settlement is not likely to bring their peoples either prosperity or political power in the near future. It is more likely to bring them poverty and weakness. In a world of spreading and expanding technical knowledge, however, it is not reasonable to assume that the regions will never solve their problems of population pressure. The solution should be expected, but not in a matter of decades, and not without intense periods of stress probably accompanied by revolution. Asia in the next decades presents enormous human problems, and a temptation for strong powers to fish in troubled waters. In the near future it is not likely to become a new center of world power.

7. TRANSITIONAL GROWTH

The period of transitional growth is characterized by the fact that, although both the birth rate and the death rate are high, both are declining under the impact of relatively recent modernization. Since the death rate leads in the downward trend, there is a substantial margin of growth that may be expected to continue for some decades. Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, Turkey, Palestine, Argentina, Mexico, and Japan are in this stage. In the ordinary course of peaceful developments these populations may be expected to increase rapidly.

But sheer growth in numbers is perhaps not their most important characteristic. They are young, because normally each year's birth class is larger than its predecessor. Moreover, the same processes of modernization that are cutting the birth and death rates are bringing education, technical skills, and new freedom from debilitating diseases. They are populations in which progress should come rapidly, for the way has been charted by the experience of others. Their general positions may be briefly illustrated by the cases of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

By the end of the interwar period, Eastern Europe was well advanced in the stage of transitional growth. Its position was a little less than a generation behind that of Western Europe. Birth rates were dropping very rapidly. In the normal course of events something like a generation of slowing growth appeared to lie ahead — growth in which the people of working age would be the most rapidly expanding section of the population. Prior to World War II the major demographic problem was the mounting pressure of population on the land. It has been estimated that there were at least one-third too many people dependent on agriculture to give a per capita production that was reasonable by European standards. Industrial expansion was urgently needed to absorb the surplus rural population.

Events of the war probably have reduced to a considerable extent the amount of growth to be expected. Losses have been heavy in some sections, notably in Poland, and substantial population transfers have been under way. Since there have also

been losses in productive capacity, the need for new industry will remain great. Given peace, progressive government, and adequate capital, the region should be one of rising levels of living, improved health, and considerable population growth between now and 1970.

The Soviet Union is somewhat less than a generation behind Eastern Europe in population development. Both the birth rate and the death rate are very high, but both have been falling for some time. As nearly as we can estimate, on the basis of fragmentary statistical evidence, the balance of births and deaths in 1926 was one that would yield increases of over 60 per cent per generation. In the troubled years of the early thirties, the vital balance must have been sharply cut by the hasty collectivization of agriculture, rapid industrialization, and governmental provisions for abortion. There is reason to think that with the more prosperous conditions following 1936 and the reversal of the abortion policy the rate of reproduction rose again. Apparently by 1938–1939 both birth and death rates were lower than in 1926, but the vital balance had declined rather little. It still presaged rapid growth.

The actual course of future population growth in the Soviet Union will depend on many factors that cannot be foreseen. We may illustrate the basic growth capacity, however, by projecting the future population on specific, although false, assumptions. My colleagues and I have constructed such projections on assumptions that disregard war losses, migration, and boundary changes, and that imply rapid declines in both fertility and mortality rates. On these arbitrary assumptions, the population moves from about 174 million in 1940 to 251 million in 1970. But the war losses have been enormous. Probably no one, either inside or outside the Soviet Union, knows precisely how heavy they have been. We may take 20 million as a reasonably high hypothetical figure for military and excess civilian deaths and a substantial birth deficit for the war years. Even with such losses, by 1950 the population of the Soviet Union within the old boundaries should be larger than it was in 1940, and should rise to something like 222 million by 1970.

The Soviet Union has also extended its boundaries in Europe to include a total number of people that should roughly balance its war losses. Current news reports give 193 million as the present population within the new boundaries. Probably no one knows the number to the last few millions, but the figure quoted is consonant both with the present population and with the population as of 1939, the year of the last Russian census. Given a peaceful world, a 1970 population of from 240 to 250 million seems a reasonable guess for the Soviet Union within its present boundaries. This population should also be strong in the young productive and military ages. Indeed, by 1970 the Soviet Union may well have as many men between the ages of 15 and 35 as the seven next biggest countries of Europe together.

Startling as such figures may appear, I think that taken by themselves they are not of major importance. Russia has long had a huge population. It has not long had the skills to make that population effective in terms of health, wealth, or political power. The important fact is that the same forces of modernization that account for the wave of population growth are also bringing her people the necessary health and technical skill to exploit her huge resource base. It is the combination of large undeveloped resources, rising health and technical skill, and a young and growing population that is impressive. If the Soviet Union can resolve her political problems, a few decades of peace should bring recovery from her terrific material and human losses and permit her to move on to new levels of prosperity in a position of tremendous power.

Except for Japan, whose future depends primarily on economic and political dispositions still to be determined, similar though less spectacular progress should be the lot of the other areas of transitional growth during the next decades, provided always there is a peaceful world.

For us in America, and indeed for all people in the

areas of incipient decline, such changes in the balance of the world's population are obviously important. It must be emphasized, however, that just because the expanding wave of technological civilization is bringing other peoples growing numbers, health, wealth, and power, we need not view ourselves as slipping into the twilight of decline. Our strength has never rested primarily on numbers, and we, too, have ample resources and technical skills not soon to be rivaled. Given peace, we have the possibility of achieving levels of human welfare and prosperity thus far only dreamed of by the human race. But it is no longer within the limits of our power to impose an era of constructive peace on the world. Such an era can be built only in coöperation with the world's new rising peoples.

These are the facts of life as a demographer sees them in the long view. They yield rather few direct conclusions in matters of day-to-day political policy. Instead, they form an indispensable background against which day-to-day policy must be formulated — a background of which the world's leaders appear to have slender knowledge, and one that will be disregarded only to the peril of mankind.

SPRING IS THE PEACE

by JOHN HOLMES

SPRING coming is the real peace, but don't say peace. Say spring.
Winter was war, and war was the weather that the papers told:

The snow went off first from town cross-streets and country roads
Warmed down and worn down by feet and wheels back to the edges.
Ice went out later from old corners behind barns and mountains,
Though under dead leaves where they drift some ice lasts till April.
It is warmer now. Room-light comes earlier. By six in the morning
Any morning since Christmas a fury of shovels dug us back to sidewalk.
Boys did it. By noon in March any town was ours and pavements dry.
The leaves, look — the leaves on the maple tree are coming out again.

Don't hurry it. You can't hurry it. Peace is spring coming slow.

The last time ago was so long ago Bill Smith said his own father
Heard of it from someone's extra uncle who had seen the spring.
But spring is a hymn-book music sung a hundred times, For unto us
A son is born, and then we have the son, and really hear the words.
We guess the blossoms round the corner in the bush before we see.
Dead leaves and dead branches and dead grass we rake, pile, burn.

The next morning and the next and the next morning young leaves,
Hedges greening, children throwing their coats away, and the
Windows opened all night to the new time, the almost warm air
Coming in everywhere, everyone saying Spring, it's spring now.

Spring is what everyone always said it would be if it ever came,
So clean with trees, like this, so clear with skies, so much like spring,
Like love, like new music, the way it always was, like peace.



THE PEN

by JOHN HERSEY

THE transport docked at Balboa a few minutes after six. Half an hour later a boatswain passed the word over the public-address system that all first-class passengers could call for their landing permits at the troop commander's office and disembark; they were requested to be back to the ship not later than midnight. The passengers — three businessmen, seven medical missionaries and nurses, six Chinese government officials, and eighteen men and women going out to China for UNRRA — hurried, like greedy tourists, to get their passes and go ashore. Soon afterward most of the officers and two thirds of the crew also left the ship on liberty. Nearly all of those who stayed on the ship worked in the fueling detail or stood watch.

Just after nine a seaman second class stepped from the ladder at hatch number six into the portside companionway of "troop officers' country," where the male passengers had their cabins. He was a young sailor — short, with fair hair and huge blue eyes. His skin was smooth and ruddy. He was dressed in dungarees and held a frayed white cap in his left hand.

He walked quickly forward to the troop commander's office, which was at the forward end of the companionway. He put his head in and said to the man sitting at the middle one of the three desks, "Hi, Sarge."

The sergeant looked up from *Tono-Bungay* and said, "Hello, Sibly. What you know?"

The sailor said, "Not a thing, not a thing."

"Take it easy," the sergeant said, and went back to his reading.

Novelist and roving reporter, JOHN HERSEY is the author of two exceptional war books, *Into the Valley* and *A Bell for Adano*. This short story he wrote on his way to China, where he is now making notes of the human and political developments in that emerging state.

The sailor doubled back and walked slowly down the passageway. He looked into each doorway as he passed. The cabins had no doors, simply curtains, most of which were drawn to one side. The rooms all seemed to be empty. As the sailor walked by the door of the next-to-last room, he glanced over his shoulder. There was no one in the companionway.

He ducked into the last room. Its light was on and the porthole was open. He snapped out the light, hurried to the porthole, lifted the heavy circle of glass and the black-out flap enough to unhook them, eased them down, and looped one of the four dogs into place. He went back and turned on the light.

The sailor looked around the room. There were nine bunks, in tiers of three. Only two were made up with sheets and striped blue coverlets. A small one-legged table was bolted to the center of the floor. Against the after bulkhead ten gear lockers stood, five on five. The sailor went to them deliberately and opened the upper locker on the right, nearest one of the made-up bunks. On the three shelves he saw shirts, underwear, pajamas, socks, and handkerchiefs. He ran his hand in on each shelf under the clothing. He opened the larger of the two drawers at the bottom left-hand corner of the locker. Inside he saw toilet articles and medicines. He picked up some of the things and felt them carefully, almost caressingly, and put them down again — a tube of brushless shaving cream; a small bottle of bismuth and paregoric; a plastic safety razor set; a bottle of yellow pills marked "One after meals"; a can of borated talcum.

He shut the drawer and opened the shallower one underneath. Papers lay in this one. A passport was on top of the pile. The sailor picked it up and opened it. On the second page he read the printed script and typed capitals, "I the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all

whom it may concern to permit safely and freely to pass, and in case of need to give all lawful aid and protection to MATHER WILLARD CURTIS, a citizen of the United States." The sailor turned the page over and saw a picture of a gaunt face, long and thin, with white hair and dark, peaked eyebrows. He turned over another page and read the validation: "... for China, except Manchuria — U.N.R.R.A."

He dropped the passport and shut the drawer and locker without a sound. He went to the door and listened a moment behind the curtain. Hearing nothing, he pushed back the curtain and put his head out and looked along the companionway. It was still empty.

Hurriedly now he stepped back into the room and lifted from the bottom bunk of the outboard tier a black composition suitcase with the initials M.W.C. on it. He put the suitcase on the table, over some pocket books and papers lying there, and opened it. His hands darted through the contents; they probed corners and ruffled the middle. The left hand came up soon, holding a gleaming Monel metal fountain pen.

The sailor lifted the pen and looked at it. He hastily dropped the cover of the suitcase down without bothering to snap the catches and with both hands hoisted the bag horizontally to the bunk and flopped it there. He started for the door. Then he hesitated and turned. He moved a chair up to the table and sat down. He pulled the cap off the pen and reached for a piece of paper with some mimeographing on it.

Carefully, with regard for the turn and flow of the letters, he wrote on the margin of the paper his name, Charles W. Sibly. The moment he had finished he stood up. His face became flushed. He leaned over and scratched out the name with the pen, back and forth, back and forth, until it was nearly all covered. He had started to tremble and he looked confused. He went over to the lockers, opened the one he had gone through, and dropped the pen into the upper drawer where the toilet articles were. He closed the drawer and locker with a fumbling hand, carelessly and noisily. He fell on his knees by the bunk to the right of the lockers and lowered his forehead onto his folded hands.

After a few moments he rose to his feet and walked quickly from the room.

2

SOMETIME before eleven o'clock, Dr. Curtis boarded the ship and went to his cabin. He was a huge man, and his face was even more drawn and tired-looking than the retouched passport picture made it seem. During the evening it had rained, but because he had heard that the local taxi drivers were notoriously unscrupulous, he had walked from the bus stop in Panama City to the Cathedral, whose bright altar

he had wanted to see, and to his annoyance he had been soaked.

The doctor took off his gray coat and was tugging at his tie when he noticed that the porthole had been shut. He opened it. As he hung his shirt over the back of the chair, he distinctly remembered that he had pushed the chair over against the lockers to make it easier to shine his shoes before he went ashore. His roommate had disembarked before he had. Someone else must have been in the room.

The doctor looked at his suitcase and saw that it had been opened. In a moment he was bending over and going through the bag where it lay on the low bunk. He lifted out some of the clothing and a couple of books. Then he explored the case as the boy had done, only much more clumsily and feverishly. It did not take him long to realize that the pen, and only the pen, was missing.

In great agitation Dr. Curtis put on his shirt and almost ran to the troop commander's office. No one was there; the light was out. The doctor hesitated in the corridor, considering whether he should go at once to find an officer. He decided finally to wait until morning. He undressed nervously and crawled into his bunk. He could not get to sleep at first, but lay clearing his throat and turning from side to side, and when he did doze, he groaned and stirred in his sleep. His roommate — the owner, before the war, of a hair-net business in Shantung — came in drunk after two o'clock and woke the doctor with his stumbling and happy cursing. The doctor did not get back to sleep. He arose and dressed shortly after five and went out on deck.

The doctor was the first passenger to breakfast. He told others at the long table, when they came in, that his baggage had been "looted" while he was ashore, and warned them that they had all better check their possessions. He gulped down some coffee and hurried to the troop commander's office. The corporal on duty told him to report the theft to the ship's executive officer. The doctor hurried forward and found the proper office, but a yeoman there said that he would not be able to see Mr. Algwen, the executive officer, until after the eight o'clock reports.

Dr. Curtis went back to his cabin to wait. He sat down at the table and tried to read. In a few minutes his restless eyes were caught by the blue splotch on the margin of the mimeographed sheet. He picked up the paper excitedly and held it up to the washbasin light. He could make out, at one end, the shape of a capital C, and at the other the downward loop of a g or a y. He was unable to wait any longer, and he strode, haggard but triumphant, with the paper in his hand, to the executive officer's room. A few minutes later a young lieutenant commander came in whistling.

The doctor stood up and announced in a deep voice, "I am Dr. Mather Curtis, one of the first-class passengers."

"Pleased to meet you, sir," the officer said. "What can I do for you?"

"Young man, I'm afraid you have a criminal on board."

The officer sighed. "Somebody been in your compartment?"

"Someone has stolen my fountain pen. I had just purchased it. It was one of the new sort which you needn't refill for two years or more. I'm going to need that pen. I am being sent into the interior of China to work, where ink must be scarce. I expect you to search every corner of this ship, if necessary, and find it."

The young lieutenant commander burst out suddenly: "You passengers give us nothing but trouble. Why don't they give us troops? Doctor, at your age you ought to know enough to latch onto your gear."

The doctor put forward the mimeographed paper and said, "This may simplify your problem. The intruder was foolish enough to try out the pen before he left the room."

Algwen looked at the blotch. He called over his yeoman and asked if he could make anything of it. The yeoman held the paper up to the porthole. "It's my guess it's Sibly," he said.

"Not him again," the exec said. He picked up his phone, dialed a number, and asked the man who answered to come up right away. In a short time an elderly lieutenant junior grade came in, a man in his fifties with the unmistakable, bitter look of a man long in the Navy and just recently up from the ranks.

"Pat," Algwen said, "looks like Sibly's been in troop officers' quarters again. This gent had a pen snatched last night and whoever did it left this." He handed the j.g. the paper. "Will you look into it, please?"

The j.g. looked at the scribbled spot and said, "Sibly's been getting along pretty good lately." He turned to the doctor and said, "What's your name, sir?"

"Curtis, Dr. Curtis."

"O.K., Doctor, I'll let you know if I find out anything."

When the doctor had left, the j.g. got out Sibly's service record and looked at the allotment signature and then at the blotch on the mimeographed sheet. He took the paper and the record and went below to sick bay and sought out the chief pharmacist's mate, a man as old and wise and sour in the Navy as himself. Together they went through a pretense of examining the signature — looking at it through a magnifying glass, laying it on the X-ray reading lamp, even peering at it through the lowest power of a microscope — though it was obvious all along who had written his name on the paper.

"That's not Sibly," said the chief, realizing that the j.g. was distressed. "Hell, that's no y. That's a g right there on the end."

"It is Sibly, Brewster — you know it's Sibly. God damn that boy."

Finally, over the microscope, in which he could

see nothing but fragments of pen strokes, the chief said, "Yep, guess that's Sibly all right."

"I'll have to have a talk with him," the old j.g. said.

3

DR. CURTIS spent an uneasy day. While the ship moved through the ground swell and the rain off Panama, he sat on the superstructure deck telling people to look through their luggage. In midafternoon he jumped up when he heard an announcement over the public-address system. "Now hear this: Dr. Curtis, lay up to the wardroom. Dr. Curtis, lay up to the wardroom."

The j.g. was waiting for him. He said, "Come over here, sir, and let's sit down where this fan'll blow on us. Cup of coffee?"

"No, thank you," the doctor said, with a rising inflection of the "no" which made it clear that coffee was not one of his habits.

"Too bad to get all this rain," the j.g. said. "They tell me this is the rainy season down along this part."

"What about my pen?" the doctor asked abruptly.

The j.g. got up and went over to pour himself a cup of coffee. When he sat down again he said, "Doctor, I want to give you some background on this Sibly. I got to tell you he's had a little trouble in the past. Seems to an outsider like he's got light fingers or something like that. He's been in the officers' rooms before, and he's taken things out of those rooms."

The doctor gave a kind of snort, as if the case were closed.

"But you got to understand about him. He's all right, he has possibilities. I look at it that he can't help himself. His family was real poor in Dedham, Massachusetts, real poor from what I understand. And then they died while he was still young. He's had it extremely difficult for a young boy."

"But, my goodness, you've got a confirmed criminal on your ship."

"He's not what I would call a criminal, Doctor. In fact, he's improving in his attitude and work."

The j.g. sipped his coffee. "Sure you won't have some?" he asked. The doctor shook his head.

"I've had a talk with Sibly," the j.g. said. "The first thing I said was: 'Now have you been in those troop officers' quarters again?' He told me right off, he said, 'Yes, sir, I been there.' You see, he's honest and fair and square with me. So I asked him what he took this time and he swore to me he didn't take a thing. I don't know you very good, sir, but I do know him, and I'm inclined to believe him. I'm not going to press it any more on him."

The doctor was astonished. "But he signed his name with the pen."

"If he says he didn't take it, then I'm going to believe him."

The doctor said, "I demand the right to interrogate this sailor."

"I'm afraid that won't be possible, sir. If I was to

let you talk to Sibly without any better evidence, I'd be in trouble, I'd like as not wind up in Portsmouth Naval Prison, instead of him. I'm in the Navy, sir. I've got no legal right to let you question him."

The doctor's lips drew tight. He stood up. "I shall go to the captain," he said.

"Go ahead, mister," the j.g. said, shrugging his shoulders. He had been in the service a long, long time, through many humiliations. He got up and left the wardroom.

Shaking and red and more gaunt than ever, the doctor went out on deck and forward toward the bridge. At the top of the first ladder a Marine corporal stopped him.

Dr. Curtis said, "I want to see the captain."

"He don't like strangers waltzing around up here, not unless they been invited."

"This concerns a member of his crew."

"You better get an invitation. I'd just get my tail chewed if I was to let you come up here. I suggest you go see the exec."

The doctor went to Mr. Algwen's office again, but the executive officer said that the matter was in Lieutenant Taylor's hands, and if Lieutenant Taylor had decided that Sibly was innocent, that was that. "These things happen on a ship," he said.

The doctor went to his cabin and lay down to rest.

Late that afternoon Dr. Curtis got up and prepared to shave. He had been too distracted to shave in the morning. He took off his shirt, and as he wrapped a Navy towel around his waist, it occurred to him for the first time that he had forgotten to bring any towels along in his baggage for China. He went over to his locker, opened the door and the upper drawer, and reached in for his shaving things — and found his pen.

He hid the pen in a shoe at the bottom of his suitcase. He did not tell the other passengers he had found it. Twice, in the following days, he ostentatiously borrowed a pen. For the remainder of the trip, he avoided the executive officer and Lieutenant Taylor. But one afternoon on the superstructure

deck he bumped into the Marine corporal who had stopped him at the bridge, and the Marine asked, "Did you get to see the old man?"

"Yes, thank you. Thank you very much," the doctor said, and walked along clearing his throat.

Several days out from Panama, Sibly went to Lieutenant Taylor's room and said, "Could I talk with you a minute, sir?"

The j.g. went out on deck with Sibly.

"Sir," Sibly said, "it's been bothering me, I didn't tell you the whole thing about going into troop officers' quarters the other night. I thought I ought to tell you. I did lay my hands on a fountain pen. I even wrote with it."

"I know, son." The j.g. took the mimeographed sheet out of his pocket and gave it to the sailor. Sibly crumpled the paper and dropped it overboard.

"I thought I ought to tell you," Sibly went on, "I wanted very bad to take that pen out of there and keep it. I did want to walk out with it. It was funny, I wrote my name, see, then I got disgusted with myself. Soon as I saw my own name I was disgusted, so I put it back. I been worrying about it."

"That's all right, Sibly," the j.g. said. "Just don't think about it. Think about something else. Keep your mind on your work, or either read a book or something like that."

"I don't want the pen," Sibly said. "I got no use for a pen."

When Dr. Curtis disembarked at Shanghai, he took every precaution to keep his baggage about him, because he had heard that the Chinese were untrustworthy scoundrels. At the Palace Hotel he did not unpack his suitcase, but kept it locked and only went into it for things as he needed them. Before he washed up for lunch, he unlocked it, reached in, and pulled out a towel marked in large blue letters U.S.N. About an hour later, after lunch, preparing to write a letter home, he unlocked the bag again and groped to the bottom of the case and put fingers inside both shoes and felt in all the corners, but his new fountain pen was gone.



THE AMERICAN COMMUNITY OF SCHOLARS

by JAMES B. CONANT

I

A CENTURY ago Emerson set the collegiate world by the ears by his Phi Beta Kappa address on *The American Scholar*. Emerson's definition of a scholar is as provocative now as then, but it represents so lofty an ideal as to restrict the use of the word unduly. Who of us would be bold enough to proclaim that we were not "mere thinkers or parrots of other men's thinking," but "Man thinking"; that we were prepared to take up into ourselves "all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future." Yet as a goad to our ambitions as men and thinkers, Emerson's oration is well worth rereading. If I understand him rightly, he was inveighing not only against "book worms and bibliomaniacs of all degrees" (to use his own words) but also against the scholar whose work is totally irrelevant to the age in which he lives — the recluse who has almost ceased to be a man, and whose labors in the library or the laboratory differ from stamp collecting only by the courtesy of a name.

Now I realize that a quarrel can be engendered quickly if one starts to speak disparagingly of "pure" research. Every professor worth his salt carries in his back pocket, so to speak, an eloquent address on the significance and importance of useless knowledge. He is ready to "shoot from the hip" on a moment's notice; and I have fired more than one volley in the same direction in the past myself, and expect to do so again in the near future.

Yet we all recognize that the academic equivalent of the phrase "Art for art's sake" is a poor recruiting slogan for our profession in these days. And when it comes to judging a colleague's work, we have our own criteria which transcend the field of labor. Some of our friends are wasting their time, we feel sure, but what is the test? We reject the touchstone of practical use sometimes suggested by the man in the street, or "social utility," so vociferously advanced by our Marxist friends; yet we are sensitive to jibes that we work in an "ivory laboratory" or dwell in an "ivory tower."

JAMES B. CONANT, President of Harvard University, recently spoke at the installation of Arthur H. Compton as Chancellor of Washington University (the third of the Compton brothers to head a college). On that occasion President Conant defined this incentive for the American community of scholars.

Personally, I like the word "relevance" and brandish it freely when attacked either by the utilitarians on the one hand or by the extreme purists on the other. To my mind, a scholar's activities should have relevance to the immediate future of our civilization. The undertakings may be relevant either to man's physical and social needs or to his hopes and aspirations. The difference between "Man thinking" and a "mere thinker" (to hark back to the definition of the American Scholar of a century ago) is to my mind the difference between thoughts that are relevant to modern man's desires and activities and those which are not. And in order to wrap the mantle of the New England transcendentalist around me more securely, I shall quote again from Emerson.

"If there is any period one would desire to be born in," wrote Emerson, "is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? . . . I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds."

To illustrate how the relevance or lack of it in scholarly undertakings may be assessed, I must trisect the whole field of secular learning rather than quarter it, as is commonly done today. My divisions would be: (1) accumulative knowledge, (2) philosophy, and (3) poetry — using the words "philosophy" and "poetry" in the widest sense. The physical and biological sciences, mathematics, archaeology, and certain special portions of history, linguistics, and the social sciences, fall in the first category — accumulative knowledge. Large portions of the social sciences fall in the second — philosophy. Literature and the fine arts, of course, fall in the third — poetry.

In general, accumulative knowledge is distinguished from the other two divisions by the fact that we can readily recognize a progressive increase in our capacity to answer questions which have attracted the attention of inquiring minds for generations.

Therefore, in this large area the relevance of a scholarly undertaking can be assessed easily. For I believe it is one of the premises of our present civilization that a true advance in learning will always be considered relevant. I suggest that the reaction of the American people is symptomatic of a deep-seated conviction of this sort. They are ready to cheer each new step forward in the accumulation of knowledge; they are ready to acclaim the acquisition of new territory by what has been called the empire of the future, the "empire of the mind."

2

LEAVING aside the obvious point that we must not mistake mere acquisition of information for an advance in knowledge, we come up against real difficulty in the areas of philosophy and poetry as I have used those words. And yet it is the scholar's activities right here that paradoxically enough have the most immediate practical results. The way each one of us behaves as a friend, a relative, and a citizen is influenced far more by other men's activities in the realm of philosophy and poetry than in the field of accumulative knowledge. The relevance of a scholar's intellectual output is here tested not by its relation to the advancement of learning but by its immediate relation to the problems that face that section of the civilized world of which he is a part.

For example, in those times when the scholar's constituency was deeply concerned with theological controversy, the focus of philosophy was at one point. When the concern is with matters of human adjustment to a rapidly changing physical environment, as today, it is elsewhere. Contrary to the popular conception, the more a scholar is a philosopher or poet, the more he must dwell among his contemporaries and know their fears and hopes. The more a thinker is concerned with philosophic inquiries, the less he can afford to juggle abstract notions; if his answers to age-old queries are to stand the test of relevance, he must be in close touch with the human situation of the age in which he lives.

And here I may insert a questioning footnote. The study of mathematics, like that of the physical sciences, has for three centuries represented a steady advance in knowledge; certain portions of the present academic discipline of philosophy, for example, symbolic logic, likewise must be classified as in the area of accumulative knowledge. The relevance of that type of philosophic thinking derives from the relevance of the whole complex structure of understanding about the universe which is symbolized to the public by such phrases as "modern science."

Now it is my contention that the professor of philosophy who is concerned with ethics belongs rightly in a totally different area from his departmental colleagues who consort with mathematicians. He belongs along with the professor of jurisprudence, of comparative law, of political theory, of labor rela-

tions, of business management — men who are *not* concerned with accumulative knowledge, but are the true philosophic scholars. Of course, philosophy embraces much more than certain areas of accumulative knowledge on the one hand, and ethics on the other. Society looks to the philosopher to supplement the special sciences by synthesis and by inquiries dealing with metaphysics and cosmology. But it is the philosophic examination of human problems that seems most urgent in the present day.

If there is any validity in this classification of mine, may not the present depressed state of philosophy as an academic field of study be related to a basic uncertainty within the usual department as to the relevance of its work? If so, the answer would seem to be for the professional philosophers to strengthen their connections with those departments of a university which are dealing with the immediate and practical problems of the moment, to recapture their associations with those who teach political theory, economics, law, and sociology. Through one academic mechanism or another, those who are concerned with philosophical ethics might join forces with those concerned with the more empirical and descriptive procedures which are characteristic of the social sciences.

Might it not be possible, for example, for departments of philosophy to arrange courses which would be of special interest to the returning veteran because they represented a fusion between philosophical ethics and political theory and sociology? Such courses would combine the philosopher's quest for the normative and the enduring with the social scientist's desire to analyze and influence the immediate situation. To the extent that such an interpenetration occurred, the relevance of the work of philosophers would not be confused with the academic studies of mathematics and physics. Philosophy as a modern discipline would not yield to the temptation to twist academic thinking into a framework conforming to the criterion of "Progress" — the idol worshiped so uncritically by the American public. Rather, it would be clearly recognized that the intellectual labors of philosophers fall in another category. There would then be no question about the relevance of philosophic thinking to the modern world. Like the words of present-day liberal theologians or political scientists, the writings of these professors would be hailed as significant efforts of men thinking deeply about the ominous questions concerning the individual and society which loom above the horizon at this moment.

3

BUT having been bold enough to make a suggestion to philosophers, let me go a step further and venture a remedy for the present lack of coherence and unity in the American Community of Scholars. I am using the word "scholar," please note, to include all those who are endeavoring to be original thinkers in any

field of learning. The common use of the word to embrace natural scientists, philologists, archaeologists, and historians, in itself, would be a move toward emphasizing the unity of the learned world. But no magic phrase can break down the barriers which now separate all our universities into a myriad of compartments. Unity is achieved when diverse people with different skills recognize a common set of goals and each in his own way labors to achieve these ends.

The obvious common denominator among academic scholars is a concern with education in all its aspects. Theoretically this concern is the motivating force in meetings of faculties and departments. But how often do those involved really take the time and trouble to probe deeply the issues and explore their implications? Education is a social process; colleges and universities do not operate in a vacuum. But how many university professors are scholars when it comes to thinking about education in the large? How many have endeavored to examine critically the relation of the educational system in their own state or locality to the complex social, economic, and political problems of the day?

When one leaves discussions of purely pedagogic problems within one faculty or one discipline and engages in basic inquiries in education, one runs into a multitude of vexing matters. Once started on this quest, a paleontologist or a classicist may end up by thinking about human problems at first sight far removed from his vocation. And he may find as his running mate a physicist or historian of the Middle Ages. I have a suspicion that faculties of science, of arts and letters, of law, of medicine, of engineering, have left all these matters to their colleagues in the faculty of education and have then complained about the thinking that has been done.

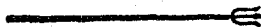
As I have said before, to the extent that the scholar is a philosopher or poet he will be forced to deal responsibly with immediate human issues. In a sense, the unifying force in a large section of a modern university already exists: it is a basic but immediate concern with human nature. More could be done to make this unifying force effective as between the different faculties and departments; but to move toward greater cohesion without including all those who are active in advancing knowledge would be to introduce a still greater divisive force. It is for that reason that I suggest that all members of a university

community of scholars might give overriding priority to one particular set of human problems: namely, those connected with education. It is, after all, their business, and no simple affair at that. Its ramifications into the nature and structure of society are less glamorous and exciting than the headlines dealing with national and international issues with which as citizens we must all grapple as best we can. Yet in the long run, what an organized society does each generation for its youth largely determines the future of the land.

Unlike the universities of the Middle Ages, the community of scholars we call a university no longer makes pronouncements on important issues. Individual professors and college presidents talk enough in public, heaven knows. (And I should mention parenthetically that one should not confuse the metamorphosis of the "mere thinker" into "Man talking" with the realization of Emerson's ideal, though we are all prone to do so.) Faculties legislate about their own educational problems; university senates formulate to some degree a unified educational policy for an institution. But it is rare that the intellectual resources of a university are mobilized to consider any broad segment of the problem of the relation of society to its children and its youth.

"A university belongs to the professors," as my predecessor at Harvard was fond of saying. It is a community of teachers and part of a larger American Community of Scholars whose existence we recognize only vaguely when we talk of the learned world. The separate communities have many tasks. For the most part they perform them admirably, though only by rigorous application of the principle of the division of labor. How can we counterbalance the centrifugal forces thus created? How can we strengthen our citadels of learning by a greater unity and coherence? By what tests shall we measure the importance for society of the multiform endeavors of American Scholars?

Because of the significance of these questions, I have outlined the nature of my own tentative answers. They may at least serve to emphasize once again the century-old challenge which a new continent and a free society present to the American Scholar. Now that our abnormal wartime tasks are finished, we can proclaim the relevance of our primary mission, close our ranks, and move ahead.



THE LAST FULL MEASURE

by KEVIN CORRIGAN

I

In Germany a year ago, a combat infantryman, Private Kevin Corrigan, son of the American Ambassador to Venezuela, wrote this letter to his older brother, Lieutenant Edward Corrigan. In it he gives a veteran's report of what makes a platoon officer tick; and the picture of leadership which emerges is one to remember.

Private Corrigan expects to return to Amherst, where he had completed his Freshman year before enlisting.

— THE EDITOR

IDSTEIN, GERMANY, June 18, 1945

DEAR ED: —

You asked me to tell you about my officers. Here's a case I was planning to save until I saw you. His name was Harold D. Wilson. On graduation from Officer Candidate School he came to our outfit and took over the third platoon. He had gone to West Point for eight months but had not qualified in one subject, so they dismissed him. He went into the Army as an enlisted man in the AA. But he felt that he had let down the man who had sponsored his appointment, as well as his family, by not getting a commission. He wanted to be an infantry soldier and a combat man so he got himself into Infantry OCS at Fort Benning.

Although he was twenty-one, Wilson looked about seventeen or eighteen, had blond hair, baby-blue eyes, and about as much of a beard as yours truly. His voice was high and his enunciation clear. When he intoned "Column right, MARCH" in his high little voice you had to smile and shake your head. He was very precise and GI. He was soon to fall heir to the name of "Little Boy Blue," and the name fitted him well. I liked him, but the thought of this almost ridiculous little character leading a platoon of men into combat was too much.

When we first came over, we took up mainly defensive positions, and he was careful in his preparations. In our first attack I didn't see him during the main assault, but after it was over, my squad was off by itself to the left flank. We were crowded into three little Kraut holes. Jerry laid a terrific barrage on us and then started to counterattack. Because of the terrain and thick woods we couldn't see over 20 yards and I thought it was the end.

Then Wilson came bouncing down the road paying no attention to the artillery. "What's going on here, you men?" he asked.

We explained the situation, which was obvious. He grabbed a burp gun I had picked up and started popping away single shot. Six of us were crowded into two small holes, so he said, "We'll have to improve this position by joining these holes. One of us will dig while the other two fire. We'll just sort of dig and fight here."

It was the right thing, but I wasn't thinking much about improving positions at the moment. I wondered what the hell he was doing there, anyway. It was the worst possible place to be at the moment and we weren't even in his platoon. It did make the men feel better to have an officer with them, but I thought he was crazy to be there. He had a piece of shrapnel in his leg from earlier in the day, but he didn't pay any attention to that. After we broke up the counter-attack, we got the two holes together, and despite his wound he stayed there all night and pulled his guard. The impression of "Little Boy Blue" was undergoing quite a change.

As you know, we were on the defensive in that sector during the winter and our position on the hill grew worse as the entire line ebbed and flowed to the right and left of us. We sweat it out on the hill for about a week, expecting to be pushed off any time. Wilson kept saying, "We'll keep busy up here if it's doing nothing but melting snow to wash our feet." It sounded pretty silly, but he was right, for it was necessary to keep the men busy.

Wilson was always willing to take prisoners. Once while leading his men, and paying no attention to the enemy fire, he saw a Heinie behind a tree. He yelled, "I see you there hiding behind that tree. Come out, I see you."

One day in February the whole company marched into a couple of German machine guns, and one platoon was immediately cut up. It was before dawn and we stayed pinned down till dawn, when the very dangerous false report got around that we were supposed to pull out.

The men were on the verge of panic. Up stands Wilson and ignores the enemy fire and runs all over the place; gets protection on the flanks and gets the

rest of the company and tells them they're going to attack with him. Everything is pretty active with heavy mortar and machine-gun fire, but he's running around to the platoons, shouting, "Here, here, you men, where are you going? You come right back here! Over there, Sergeant. Bring those men by you up here. We're going to attack these woods." His way from the first to the third is barred by a stream of machine-gun fire. He simply hurdles it.

He got things organized and by a miracle wasn't killed. He was hit in the face and leg by a Panzerfaust shell, but as usual, if a wound didn't kill him it couldn't stop him. He led the company into a smashing assault which led the division. Do you get the picture? This gentle guy with no fear. Quick to make decisions and quick to carry them out. He always fought "by the book." Once the company was moving through the attack and he stopped. "You men there. Pick those boards up. We may have to use them later." Always quick to search the dead. "Better look this man over—he may have something we need." Death didn't bother him, but he always had time for a kind word to the wounded.

Wilson became company exec, so he wasn't supposed to lead assaults any more. But one day we were going to attack a town at the bottom of a thickly wooded hill. He couldn't bear to stay behind, so he told our platoon leader, "Beck, I'll go to the bottom of the hill with you, but then I'll have to go back." We moved slowly through the woods, Beck getting maximum use from his scouts. Jerry started to mortar hell out of us. Wilson said, "Beck, we're going to have to move faster; it's costing us lives staying here." About that time Beck was killed, so Wilson took over. We started moving fast and the artillery and mortar fire falling behind us was terrific, but it was behind us.

We cut some barbed wire and moved as skirmishers through the woods. The underbrush was thick, and control was an almost impossible problem, but an effort was made through yelling, which, although it might not have been too effective for control, was good against the Heinies. As we approached the pillboxes, we started to receive fire and had to slow down, so the platoon following behind us came up into us to mess things up even more. We got to the edge of the woods and came upon a jungle of barbed wire. Jerry was laying down fairly intense grazing machine-gun fire. One gun was about 30 yards to the front and another off to the left. The flash was clear as hell.

Wilson had us lay down a base of fire. "Crawl right up there. Make some noise, you men—show them you're up here shooting at them. Show them you're *doughboys*!" After a while we silenced the machine guns. I don't know if we hit them or scared them. At any rate our rifle fire was effective. But because of the terrifically thick wire that was undoubtedly mined, Wilson decided to attack around to the right. "All right, you men. Everybody up.

We're going around to the right. Come now, let's go."

We went through the woods far enough to the right to satisfy him; then he said, "All right, we're going out of these woods. Keep right on going across the clearing." As soon as we got out of the woods, of course some machine guns opened up on us. "That's all right, men, we'll go right across here in short rushes. Everybody up. Let's go now—short rushes." The men started some rushes. "Here, here, we can do better than that. Now give me some good rushes. You there, soldier, that wasn't a rush at all—that was just a flop. Now you get right up and give me a nice rush."

Mind you, this isn't an umpire on maneuvers—this is a leader in combat. All the time he was standing up directing the thing. Why he wasn't killed I'll never know. Across the clearing was a tank trap. "Now let's see who's going to be the first man to the ditch." Once we got into the ditch—it was about 12 feet deep—he yelled, "All right now, we'll just dig each other right up out of here. Buddy up and help each other out of here."

Next we crossed a railroad track. During this time we were being fired at from a basement window. We spotted the window and poured an intense volume of fire through it, then started bouncing the rounds off the edges of the window. By the time a few of us were across the track, a white something cautiously appeared. One of the gunners, a corporal, came across the street and of course Wilson wouldn't let anyone shoot him.

Watching us keep coming despite his fire had scared this Kraut badly. He said his buddies were too scared to come out. The boys were ready to go over and dig them out, but Wilson said we would take them prisoners, so we had the corporal yell across the street and the other two finally came over, quite shaken. These men were from a fresh regiment that, less than a week before, had almost broken our regimental line, but now the M-1 rifle had taken the fight out of them.

We got into the house and cleared it, then Wilson told me to come along with him while he cleared the basement. I asked him if he didn't think it was better to drop a couple of grenades down the stairs first. "No, we won't mess it up. We'll go right down there." Down he went, and luckily there was no one there. The reason he had wanted to take the house was to be able to use the basement as protection against artillery.

When we got back upstairs we had two wounded men on our hands. There was a guy sniping at us with a machine carbine from one of the by-passed pillboxes. He was becoming too effective, so Wilson took two men upstairs to see if they could get him. By that time Wilson had a bullet hole through his helmet but luckily only a scratch on his forehead. He went to the window and started yelling to some men who were still on the other side of the railroad, telling them to come over at five-minute intervals.

Then he stepped back from the window and said he was hit. He said to the two men with him, "Now, don't worry. I'll be all right." He started to fade, so he had them slap his face — as if that could do any good! But he wasn't the type to accept death without a fight. When he realized that he had lost, he said, "God, help me through this" (and I'm sure He did). Then he kicked a heavy oak table across the room and was dead. There was another lieutenant in the house who took over, but the leader was dead and our spirit died with him.

That's the story of "Little Boy Blue." I haven't exaggerated. He was a mild-mannered little guy, who we would have said shouldn't be in the infantry had we seen him in Washington. He didn't chew tobacco, he didn't smoke, drink, or swear. But time and again he showed no fear. Maybe he had a complex, but I think it was more than that. He knew there was a job to do and wasn't sure it would be done if he didn't do it. He was the driving factor of the whole company. He was a good infantry soldier.

To my mind Wilson proves one big thing. Men in all divisions and companies are about the same. They all have their brave men and their cowards, but the big thing is the leader. A good leader is everything. Men will follow a good leader any place. If there is no leader, there is confusion and panic. If the leader is poor, the organization is poor. Once in a while an enlisted man will take over; but still, brave as he may be, he won't get the following a brave officer will get. Every company needs a Wilson, but the trouble is they don't last. If all leaders (squad, platoon, and company) had been on the ball, there wouldn't have been the need for such extreme leadership as Wilson's. I've seen brave men, but no one like "Little Boy Blue."

As ever,

KEVIN

2

Private Corrigan, when he heard that the Atlantic wished to publish his letter about Lieutenant Wilson, wrote to the editor as follows: —

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, March 13, 1946

DEAR MR. WEEKS: —

Your acceptance of my letter about Lieutenant Wilson came as a complete surprise to me, as I had no idea it had been submitted for publication. However, the honor is really Wilson's, so I cannot feel the personal pride a writer must experience when his first contribution is accepted. I can only be grateful that my inadequate words could, at least partly, indicate his indescribable bravery and devotion to duty.

I say indescribable because I cannot capably describe a man presenting his life, time and again, when he is increasingly aware of the consequences — when all the eagerness of his youth to embrace life, and his instinct of self-preservation, cry out to him not to endanger his life unnecessarily. However, having had

the privilege of witnessing such action, not only by him but by many others (if not so spectacularly), I feel a keen obligation to tell their story. As I had the honor to live and fight with such men, I think that I must do everything to tell of them as they were, despite my limited writing ability.

It is important to remember that these men didn't want to be soldiers and that they didn't want to die. This sounds obvious; yet people tend to make the dead different from the living. I'm not a critic, but in my opinion one of the things that make Wilson's story good is the fact that suddenly a person who was very much alive is dead. All the others who gave their lives were also very much alive.

Each of these men wanted desperately to live, because of something like the picture in his wallet that constantly reminded him a child was relying on him. Yet time and again these same men made the decision to sacrifice their lives because it was their duty. In making that decision they resolved that death with their faces in the mud and a bullet through their heads was not the future they wanted for their children. They don't want granite memorials and sweet words; they want peace. Although many of them might not know what UN means, they died for its success.

I suppose these ideas have been repeated after every war; yet I feel that they must be repeated again and again, because people like Hearst, McCormick, and Patterson still exist and other people still read them and agree with them.

The only real way to avoid a war is to know it — to realize that when a young Marine was killed, there was still visible in his hip pocket a book with the title *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*; to realize that through war, thousands and hundreds of thousands like that young Marine and leaders like Lieutenant Wilson must die. As long as people say, "War is inevitable," or "I guess we'll have to go to war with Russia" (or anyone else), they should be reminded of the cost of war in great young men.

The mother of a Brazilian peon, who never heard of Europe, yet had her son killed in Italy, has met war and knows war — as do millions in all parts of the world. Yet here in our country there are still many who don't seem to realize what war is. That's why I'm grateful to you for printing Wilson's story, so that his childlike yet indomitable voice can be heard by others than just those who were near him and have learned the lesson of war and peace.

Before I close you may be interested to know that I recently found out that Lieutenant Wilson was posthumously awarded the Bronze Star Medal, which, as you know, is our lowest decoration and was handed out so freely (except, it seems, in rifle companies) that it has become almost a joke. If heroism of his sort could be tarnished or insulted, that might do it. However, his devotion was too high and he carried it out too well to have anything belittle it.

Respectfully yours,

KEVIN CORRIGAN

PLOWING THE HOME HILLS

by HENRY WILLIAMSON

1

WHEN I bought my derelict Norfolk farm, and saw its weedy condition, its tired and tufty grass, its boggy roads and overgrown hedges, I determined to begin with it as a farm all over again; as it were, regarding it as virgin land. All the grass must, as soon as practicable, go under the plow. "Even those steep Home Hills?" asked an old fellow with ragged cap, tattered coat, and hands like roots, who worked on the farm, such as it was, before I bought it. "Yes, even the Home Hills," I said. "But no plow could do it, guv'nor!" he protested. "You wait and see, Jimmy!"

Two years later, the hills were still unplowed. But the war had broken out, and there was a call for the plowing of a million acres of grassland in Britain. Then another million acres, and again a third. Many of the grass fields plowed up when Napoleon was likely to beat Britain had not been plowed since those times, until they were turned over again in the middle of the Hitlerian war. For over a century they had been grass, fattening grazing bullocks in spring and summer. What more could a man want, asked the inheritors of those pastures, when confronted with plowing-up orders in 1941 or 1942.

The correspondence columns of the *Times* had many letters about the wisdom or the foolishness of such acts. Modern grasses, such as those bred by Sir George Stapledon in Wales, had more leaf and less stalk than the old; some grew more quickly, others of the same family were bred to grow more slowly, thus providing a "bite" both early and late in the year. But the opponents of plowing-up declared that their old pastures — carefully grazed and kept almost like lawns — contained herbs (otherwise weeds) which the cattle selected for eating as they felt the need for them; they insisted that a layer of the new improved

grasses was too strong, causing indigestion, or "blowing," and "scouring." To this the new-grass enthusiasts replied that the new layers required as careful grazing as the old pastures, though for different reasons. Once the new technique was understood, they said, the new pasture would be, for its greater grass virility, far superior to the old.

I came from Devon to Norfolk, from a country of lush pastures and frequent rain to an arable country with a small rainfall. Sixty-four inches of rain fell in Devon for twenty-two in Norfolk. The West Country was famous for its cream, the Eastern Counties for their pheasants and partridges. The chicks of game birds survived in the dry East because their tiny feet did not get balled with sticky soil, which in the West caused them to fall behind and die of exposure.

Owing to the rainfall and the warm airs, some of the grazing fields of Devon I used to wander over in my youth earned in rent for six months, between May and September, a sum that would have bought outright twice their acreage of East Anglian arable land. Nearly three times, in fact; for in the depth of the depression of British farming, when Devon grazing let for £5 an acre for the half year, many a Norfolk farm, with an Elizabethan house and twelve cottages, and 500 acres of land, sold for £1000, or £2 an acre, including the buildings.

Devon is a warm county. The air is soft, and the speech is therefore soft; the rain falls and the sun shines; the Gulf Stream keeps the winters mild. The grass is green in the West when it is gray in the East. Like Ireland, Devon is a country of grazing beasts.

Before the war, I used to get in my open car and cross England from the coast of Norfolk to the coast of Devon in a day, leaving the shining North Sea in the morning as the sun was rising beyond Sweden, and coming to the emerald-green fields of Devon lying under the vast glory of an Atlantic sunset. What a companion, the sun, for the spirit of man, as I followed in its course to Labrador and beyond, to greet it at the door of my hilltop hut next morning after its Journey through the Night!

Throughout the journey across England, whenever I stopped, I heard the dialects varying with the soils; from the shrill, hard, clipped North Norfolk of the

On his demobilization as an infantry officer who had seen three years of fighting in the First World War, HENRY WILLIAMSON took cover in a tiny stone hermitage on the Devon moors, and from that vantage point came those memorable books *The Old Stag*, *Tarka the Otter*, and *The Village Book*. After his marriage he settled down in Devon to farm, to write as a naturalist, and to rear his children. As war approached, he moved to Norfolk to till and transform an ancient farm which had gone to seed since the threat of Napoleon's invasion. It was hard, back-breaking toil which admitted no time for writing. Now at last he can draw breath and tell his story in a pair of essays, the first of which appeared in the *Atlantic* for May.

east winds and sandy soils, to the easy burring voices of the rich-red soils of Somerset. And so to the relaxed life in Devon, served by the slow and easy speech arising from fertile land, soil that was easy to plow, where a seedbed could be made in any season except in heavy rain or frost.

In those pre-war days there was little plowing; half a million visitors in summer wanted half a million pounds and more of Devonshire cream a week, and who was going to bother about growing oats or barley bringing in a gross return of £5 an acre, and costing all but four fifths of that to grow, when an acre of grass by the sea might yield £100 a summer as a caravan site, or £50 in milk and cream? And if you were particularly easygoing, and couldn't be bothered with milk or visitors, your 100-acre farm was looked after by one man, whose job it was to attend fourscore bullocks which would fatten themselves merely by walking about, and lying down to chew the cud. Agricultural depression in Devon? Not likely!

Why bother to cut the thistles, even? Everyone had plenty of money. Missus took in visitors, maybe at four guineas a week, and they were well satisfied, for they returned year after year. The coastal districts were crowded. In the old towns of Barnstaple or Bideford, on market day, the farmers did their business, arriving in smart new cars and sitting hours in the taverns, discussing everything except farming. The grass grew; that was their farming. They had no complaints. Their harrows and their plows rusted in the corners of fields, hidden by nettles, and in the broken-down sheds.

I returned there by train the other day. What a change after five years of war! During the 1944 harvest, which lasted until October, I saw sheaves of corn sprouting six inches out of the ear, still standing in the swampy fields. The year before, I saw hundreds of acres of corn laid flat on the ground: oats and barley, overfed from the rich plowed turf, unable to stand up on the stalks; field upon field of overfed corn which had to be cut with the scythe.

2

MEANWHILE we had set about reclaiming the Home Hills. The first thing to do was to clear what Jimmy called the "great old bull-thorns." These trees, which wore a mantle of creamy white blossoms in May, were gnarled and black of trunk, their branches growing thick and matted, guarded by long spines which left a blue mark in the hand or leg they pierced. Turtledoves nested in them, when the June air was athrob with their gentle notes. Was I a vandal to think of cutting them all down? I decided to leave one here and there, the shapeliest trees, so that when the corn was rising green I might also see and smell the flowers of the May.

Sharpening my axe, I went out one morning to start what I knew would be a long job. After I had

thrown one — a morning's work, my muscles unused to the seven-pound axehead — I went home, and over a pint of beer I thought that what we needed was one of the bulldozers that were leveling many airfields around us. But such luxuries were not for small farmers — certainly not in wartime; so I thought to telephone the owner of a traction engine which used to travel about threshing the corn stacks of small farmers like myself who could not afford to own one themselves. A few days later the cumbrous fifteen-ton machine, sixty years old, arrived, to chug sideways up the hill and affix a great steel hook, attached to a fifty-ton steel cable, to the first "great old bull-thorn." The strain was taken; the smooth flywheel moved round; the cable trembled; there was a shriek and a crack, and the trunk splintered above the root.

He was the first, and obstinate; but the others were more timid; they came with all their roots, dragged out on their sides with two or three tons of soil on the roots, leaving a crater like one made by a small air-bomb, of the kind dropped by Heinkels in 1940. Not all came so easily; the cable snapped nineteen times during the deracination of sixty-four trees. They lay on their sides, for it was then time to drill corn, then to hoe the sugar beet, then to cut and stack the hay; then came the harvest of corn, and after that the dung-carting from the cattle yards — the trodden straw of the last harvest made into muck in the winter — and overtime plowing for winter wheat, which made us late for the lifting of the sugar beet. No time that year to attend to the uprooted thorns of the Home Hills.

The old thorns lay on their sides during the next twelve months. "At least," I said to the boys at our long oak table at supper, "they will make a grand beacon if the war ends suddenly. The greatest bonfire in Norfolk will blaze from our hill." But the war did not end that year, or the next; and when at last we came to clear them, the nettles had grown high among them.

After the constant winds sweeping over the hill, the wood was dry and hard for the axe. Bit by bit, however, we got the main branches lopped off, the small branches burned, the limbs and trunks laid in heaps to be carted down to the circular saw. At last the Home Hills were cleared, except for a few trees which the engine-driver, with his ragged lengths of cable tied together, had not dared to tackle. Standing on the slope, the fifteen-ton engine might have got out of control, or even turned over.

When we came to clear the hedges round the hills, we found that they had spread in places as much as twenty yards into the grass, from the original boundary. In one I found the rusty remains of four barbed-wire fences, each several yards from its neighbors. Brambles had covered them, the homes of scores of rabbits, which had spoiled the grass during the neglect of the long agricultural depression between the wars. We cleared the wire and fences, but the roots stayed in the ground, most

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of them belonging to the hard and sullen blackthorn.

We made fires on the root stubs, but the fires had to be doused every evening, because of the black-out. The fires had to be relit every day. Even so, the roots remained, and when we took the tractor with the deep-digger plow to rip up the worst area by the hedges, for a summer fallow, we had to avoid most of them. The furrows left were very rough, heaps of roots of bramble and lesser thorns. The soil under the turf looked dead and dry, as though neither air nor rain had penetrated there for centuries. We could do no more that spring, for the time was come to drill the corn once more.

Sometimes during the summer I used to walk up the hill, my feet pressing on the springy turf in which grew restharrow, wild thyme, harebells, cowslips, and a strange thistle whose leaves were low on the grasses, in the shape of a star. Its flower was a purple-red, lower than the grasses. Had a thousand generations of sheep taught that thistle its cunning habit of self-protection? In the old days of free wandering over field and moor in Devon I should have admired it and been glad that it was, as a small unit of life, enduring by its own strength and tenacity; but now, as a farmer dreaming of fine cattle grazing on the hill, I saw the legions of dwarf thistles as enemies that had to be obliterated.

There were other thistles, too, the creeping thistles and the tall annual spear-thistle. The creeping thistles were in colonies; even they found it hard to push their roots through the dense massed and intertwined roots of the ancient turf. Thyme grew on the hill, with eyebright, sulphur-yellow cowslips, pink dove's-foot crane's-bill; and in July the fragile harebells trembled on their slender stalks, azure as summer sky, in the breezes of the uplands. But I had no time or inclination (as I have now in retrospect) to admire or to identify myself with wildflowers or the birds which passed over the hill; I was a farmer, wanting to see corn growing where it had never grown before.

One winter some tanks had come on the hill and cut up the turf with their tracks, and in the following spring I had cultivated those torn places, leaving a loose tilth behind, on which I had broadcast a few handfuls of trefoil and rye grass, before rolling the seeds in and forgetting them. Along these irregular bands of new land the thistles rose, tall and thick, and the trefoil and rye grass grew luxuriantly. That alone told me that I was right in my idea to put the old worn-out turf under the plow.

The fire circles left by the burning of the torn-out thorns remained bare during the summer. Those headlands by the hedges, which had been roughly cleared of the roots of brambles and blackthorns, lay in sullen weathered furrows. Our sheep had been sold a year previously; they had kept the grass down in previous years. I wanted to begin plowing at once, but the hydraulic tractor had broken down and been sent away for repairs; and about this time something broke in me, and I too was sent away for repairs. So

the hills were left to the winds and the flowers, to the kestrel that hovered over the plateau for mice and beetles, and the village cats, which prowled on the slopes for rabbits.

3

THERE were about ten acres of the hills altogether, of varying slopes lying north, west, and south. The official trowel had prodded and scooped and the official bag had carried away for analysis a light sandy soil deficient in phosphate and possibly able to support one crop of rye. This opinion had been given before the thorns had been wrenched out with arborescent cries and groans. It was only when the root craters were visible that I saw to my delight that below the topsoil of sand was a brownish-red medium loam similar to that of the field over the eastern hedge. There were pockets of sand on the hills, for the rabbit burrows were yellow with it; and there was gravel also, for on the western slope lay a saucer-like depression which was obviously an old pit covered by grass; but under most of it, not too deep for our plow, was that brown loam!

It was curious how the soil was light or sandy among the roots of the congested grasses. As I broke it up in my fingers — a blackish sandy mold — it occurred to me that this ancient colony of grasses had, during the centuries, eaten all the heart out of the soil, leaving only indigestible sand. None of the original clay was left; only small grains of rock, called sand, amid the wreckage of centuries of dead roots. Under that layer of compost a fine medium soil was lying, ready to be enlivened by sun and air and rain. Plow and reseed directly on the upturned sod? And have the finest crop of thistles in the district? No; I would plow in the ordinary manner, leave a bare fallow to kill the thistle roots, and drill with corn after a year.

The War Agricultural Committee were, as usual, pleasant and considerate in their attitude toward this idea; and a suggestion was made: Why not utilize the thistles for silage? Young thistles so treated were not unpalatable; and if oats and peas were sown in early spring, they might be cut in early June; after which the seven duck-foot cultivator feet behind the hydraulic tractor would keep the stubble stirred throughout the hot, dry months of July, August, and September, and thus wither the roots and fallow the soil in accordance with my original idea.

Meanwhile, would we be able to plow those steep slopes? The village said no. But the village didn't know the powers of a hydraulic tractor invented by a Belfast engineer; a tractor that he could not sell in Britain, but which, taken to America and shown to Henry Ford, at once found recognition, of one man of genius by another.

The plowing was started on Armistice Day, 1943. The Ferguson tractor, bought in 1937, with one engine-reconditioning, was still as good as new. The plow was a ten-inch double furrow. I opened the first

furrow along the plateau, running from east to west, and returning west to east. I was on top of the world; the village lay below, with its trees, flint walls, and red-tiled roofs. Afar was the blue line of the North Sea, the sand hills, and on the horizon sailed a convoy of small ships.

I felt an extraordinary exaltation as the bright breasts of the plows turned up the sod and cast it over. It was sandy soil just there; it was level; it was easy. Nevertheless, I had begun what I had waited seven long years to do. My eyes felt clear, the world looked fresh and good, filled with color. A cock pheasant flew over me with rocketing wings, and I turned to watch him glide into my wood behind, thinking of the pigeon-shooting there in the coming months. I had a hide against one of the oak trees, made of boughs and interlaced with branches; this year would be the first I had shot since 1938. There had been no time in the interval.

The wild and ancient grasses certainly were tough. I was on the easiest part of the hill; yet even in low gear the engine needed all its compression. The little fifteen-hundredweight tractor was Gulliver among the Lilliputians: hundreds of roots were protesting and holding against the shear and lift of share and breast. Sometimes the furrow wheel with its iron spuds turned thumpingly, as the resistance of an extraordinarily strong clump of roots held the plow shudderingly still. Jumping off, I found they were the roots, long, thick, and dark, of restharrow; and immediately I thought that this was how the wildflower — I did not like to call it weed to myself — with its pink pea-like blooms, had got its name in olden time. Rest harrow, or stop harrow.

The tractor did not rest. A slight lift of the lever, and the hydraulic oil-pump lifted the plows; it went forward again, another touch of the lever setting the points deeper once more. All the way, we were held up by the roots of restharrow, which went deep into the loamy subsoil.

I saw that I could not hope to penetrate to the rich brown loam at the first plowing. It took the engine all of its multiple synthetic horses to cut two furrows each seven inches deep. The furrow slices, too, were by no means tractable; I longed for moldboards or plow-breasts of the Old Norfolk "Olland" shape, by which the slices would have been screwed over nearly 180 degrees and laid flat. My furrow slices often wavered behind the tractor, before deciding to sit upright, the grassy edge at right angles to the earth from which they had been torn. Never mind, I thought; snow and frost will subdue those obstinate furrows, and in the spring our new disk harrows will chop them to bits and press them down. So I went on with my task, easy in mind.

It was a warm day. The convoy on the sea-horizon proceeded without the bomb-rolls we were used to; for now the tide of war had changed, and along the far coast of North Africa the German armies were in retreat, passing over the sand which once had been the cornfields of a great Empire long ago gone to

ruin: to ruin, some said, because Rome in its urban pride had forgotten that the strength and virtue of a race are based not on its art, or culture, or civic pride — but on its soil.

4

IN the days that followed, as I plowed the thick turf of the hill, I wondered whether Dr. Johnson, had he been with me, would have discovered an original and ironic meaning in a phrase often used among farmers and laborers to describe a stubborn object which temporarily frustrates their strength and ingenuity. Restharrow might, on account of roots like tarred ropes, cause a pair of horses to rest, and the plowman with them, in sympathy; but as any plowman of virgin soil will tell you, an old sod is liable to do more things than merely arrest the forward movement of a plow.

Toiling up a slope of one-in-four, I heard a report like a rifle shot, followed by a grating noise. The two-inch steel axle had broken suddenly. Six years of arduous work on the other hilly fields, often gouging twenty-pound flints out of a sea-laid chalky subsoil never disturbed during the millions of years since the waves had receded, had crystallized the steel — broken its heart — killed it — so that in dying it had gone back to its ancestral crystals. Fortunately we had a spare half-axle, and my dejection was equalled by the confidence of my son, who came up the hill with the new Ford-Ferguson tractor drawing a trailer with jack, tool roll, and spare axle. I left him and one of our men to it, and strolled away, feeling myself to be a coward, yet arguing that as the doctor had ordered me to go easy after my return from hospital, I would obey, and spend an hour or two as a naturalist.

What a hope! The farm was in my blood; and after all, the boy was only seventeen and had no experience except that picked up from me. To my delight when I returned, the new axle was fitted, and almost at once I was going slowly up the steep slope again, in low gear, peering backwards over my right shoulder for the pleasure of watching the turf rising up and flopping over. Always my hand was on the hydraulic lever, to raise the plows should the furrow wheel begin to "scrap," or race in the furrow, when the pull of the turf was greater than the 2400-pound pull of the tractor.

Once the furrow seemed to scream. My heart jumped; but it was only a stone caught between rear furrow wheel and scraper. At other times the furrow would smolder; a dull-red spark glowered there; smoke fumed out of the damp earth. This was when a flint-and-steel spark had ignited dry roots. Sometimes, for a reason I could not account for, a strip of turf reared up behind the plow in contortion; it hesitated, and then with the aid of gravity unrolled along its length, yard after yard, sometimes as much as fifteen yards, settling itself as it had lain originally, grassy side up once again.

While I was plowing up and down the hill, old Jimmy walked slowly from where he had been milking the cows. He stared slowly about him. I got off, throttled back the tractor, and gave him a cigarette.

"Well, Jimmy, what do you think of it?"

"Humph," said Jimmy.

"What does that 'Humph' mean, Jimmy?"

He puffed at the cigarette.

"Yew bruk its back, di'n you?" he said presently.

"Yes," I said, "but that axle was already strained by the flints on Hilly Piece, two years ago."

"It was an' all, guv'nor."

"Shall we get a crop off the Home Hills, d'you think, Jimmy?"

"Yew might, guv'nor."

"I might?"

"An yew might break your neck, too, I'm thinking, 'bor. Fare you well." And with this encouragement, the old fellow walked away. I knew Jimmy did not approve of pulling out the old hawthorns; and as I clambered into the sack-covered iron seat again, I thought of W. H. Hudson's story, "The Old Thorn," and the Wiltshire legend that only harm could come to one who hurt a May tree.

It was suddenly cold on the hill; the Arctic Circle air that usually stole over the land about five o'clock all at once struck through my clothes. I walked to the sullen furrow, trying to heave it over with my arms, knowing that if it lay like that it would not rot, but live to grow with greater exuberance in the spring, stimulated by the nitrogen of the coming snow and the cutting of the old roots. Kneeling down, I soon found it was vain to try to heave over the dull resistance of many hundredweights. There the furrow slice lay, ten inches by seven inches by fifty feet, a strip unbroken, marked by two parallel lines showing where the disk colters had cut the turf.

The gulls which had been following the plowing, soaring and sweeping down on white narrow wings, with open red mouths screaming for lugworm and wireworm, now were drifting disconsolately in the upper air. They were finished for the day; their brethren had already flown away in silent V-formations to their roost in the distant sand hills. I felt suddenly hopeless, and getting on the tractor, took it downhill to the hovel or cart shed where it stood during the night.

Then I went home, slowly, thinking of the dead in the sands of Africa, in the snows of Russia, in the gray wastes of the Atlantic, among the far islands of the East. I recalled the young pilot of the Luftwaffe lying in hospital with broken legs and bullet wounds, and how he had thrust his knuckles into his mouth to stop any cry in his throat. Having refused a blood transfusion, he had died two days later, with hardly a sound.

I passed Jimmy in the village street, coming back with his week's rations and his weekly ounce of tobacco, for it was pay night. He was a queer old fellow: a year before, when a mine had exploded a mile away on the coast, with a terrific reverberation

and a column of smoke above the woods, Jimmy had come running to where I had been plowing, gasping out that he had heard it, and thought it was the tractor blowing up. Jimmy felt the land through his whole body, as his forefathers had for a dozen centuries; he did not trust machinery. "What's it all lead to, guv'nor? Why that!" And he pointed to the bombers, hundreds of them in the height of the sky, going east over the darkening sea.

5

I COULD do nothing with those stubborn furrows. They beat me. I tried to replot them, running down the steep slopes in reverse gear, then stopping, dropping the plow again, and going uphill again. In vain; the wheel sank in and revolved impotently; or the slices curled up, reared, doubled, and broke, choking colter, moldboard, and frame until I had to stop, dismount, and then shove, kick, heave, and push the heap apart. What a mess, I thought, and remembered the injunction of the War Agricultural Committee to "plow in a husbandlike manner." Well, some husbands kicked, pushed, and swore; so perhaps after all I was carrying out the order literally.

Yet on the whole it was not a bad job. I do not think any other tractor, even a crawler, could have tackled those slopes. Certainly not horses with an ordinary plow, though a special match-plow, of the kind used in competition, might have turned a few nice furrows, till its share was blunted and "wrung." Some parts of the hill had to be plowed sideways; these were the most difficult, for the tractor was often leaning over at an angle that made me wonder if it would topple and I fall underneath it. It was then that I longed for a Devon one-way plow and a pair of strong horses. I had in the past watched a man with such a team plowing the side of a hill which rose at an angle of 45 degrees. He began at the bottom, and at the end of the field turned round, threw over the other plow-breast, and plowed back along his furrow, creeping slowly up the hill, parallel all the way up.

While I was going slowly round the headland, to finish the job, the intermediate strips having been plowed, the gulls which had been accompanying me suddenly flew up, and I saw six small boys on the skyline above me. One explained that they had been trying to reverse the sullen furrows; and might they follow behind the tractor and push back any furrow slice before it made up its mind to fall the wrong way?

"You are like Blücher at the battle of Waterloo," I said. "You come when the work is over."

"We didn't know," said the leader, who was Richard, my youngest son.

They fell on the obstinate turf with the eagerness of starlings, dropping on knees and pushing and heaving with teeth clenched, a picture of Man wrestling with brute Nature. After a while this became somewhat arduous, so they turned it into a game,

under a leader whose job it was, apparently, to stand above and with a wave of a stick, which was also a tommy gun, to lead his men down to the assault of the backsliding furrows.

It was not long before small hands and knees were grubby with soil, and their minds had invented other rules of the game, which took them from the wake of the tractor to the inside of a distant henhouse, their headquarters. The gulls, which had been waiting above, swept down once more and the scream and scramble for worms, mice, and insects restarted behind me.

There were a few more "rounds" of the headland to be done, then the hills would be finished. The sun was disappearing in the west, small and smoky, when I began the final round. Frost in the shade by the lower hedge began to look whiter. The engine seemed to be noisier. I began to feel that probably I had been foolish to think of plowing the hill, and how much more sensible it would have been to remain a writer, to sit by a fire and be my own master of time, instead of having a farm as my master. But at least I knew these thoughts for what they were worth: they were end-of-the-day thoughts. One more round and I would leave the tractor by the hedge, water drained from the radiator into that old can left by the Army, the cloth tied over the aluminum body. Only one more round.

The flights of starlings had gone across the sky; the gulls had flown away to the sand hills. Well, it was nearly over: let the mind stop thinking, running back upon itself, canceling out its hopes maintained despite the war; switch off end-of-day thoughts. Go home,

take off boots and puttees, wash properly, change, and relax before the fire. To relax is not to be idle. Don't animals and birds relax? Are they then idle or lazy? Take a drink of whiskey; that is not indulgence, it is food. Wasn't there some still in that bottle bought before the war, the only one in the house for seven years? Whiskey made from barley; you grow barley, so why not drink whiskey when you are tired? That puritan complex, driving the body to do things beyond its capacity, comes only from early inhibitions. So, in the twilight and the thunder of the bombers, in the midst of my own veering thoughts I came towards the end of the last furrow.

In front of me, where a long snake of green turf had curled back, something white lay; and stopping the tractor, I got off and walked stiffly forward, to pause above a pair of delicate gray wings spread motionless on the frosting grass. One of the black-headed gulls, alighting and dipping for a worm, had been caught by the back-curling furrow of my penultimate round, and its head was pressed under. It must surely be suffocated, after lying like that for twenty minutes, I thought as I knelt to heave back the strip of turf.

It was very heavy, and I felt tired, but at last I got it free, expecting the head to be limp and crushed. I held the fragile bird in my open hands. After a while it raised its head, turned to look at me, and a feeble scream came from its red mouth. Then it elbowed itself lightly into the air and with slow strokes of those slender gray wings flew slowly away. And slowly I went down the plowed hills to my fireside, to sit and rest among my children, to think of nothing, while slowly a feeling of contentment came upon me.



LOVE SONG

by EDWARD WEISMILLER

In the dark house I cannot sleep, hearing
The surface cars grind by a block away
Under the thick, tenacious stars; fearing
That night's cold fever will not yield to day.
Into my burning bed calm will not enter.
My slack arms twist, and clasp eternity.
I am the stage of nightmare, and the center
Of all the blank, hard loneliness to be.

And you in the next room.

If I could say
Death has already traced our bones with lime
And eats us toward the dark that has no day —
That only love can lock us here in time —
Would you believe? Before our hearts wear thin
Open the shuddering door.

Oh, love, come in.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

LAST RITES AT DARDANELLA

by JOHN LINNEHAN

I WAS in the back yard polishing the pickup job when Mrs. Dean came to the door. "Where's Pa?" she called.

"He was here a minute ago," I said, knowing he wasn't there now, but looking around the way you do. "Maybe in the chapel —"

"Tell him Rose Choukanna just stopped by. The old lady is passed on."

"Who?"

"The old lady."

"I know, I mean the name."

"Choukanna."

Behind the screen door Mrs. Dean had that photoplasmic look of a movie star filmed through cheesecloth. "They're Saracens," she said.

I found Mr. Dean dusting the Venetian blinds in the slumber room. "Rose Choukanna just called."

Mr. Dean set the brush on the window sill and buttoned his collar. "The old lady?"

"Yes."

"Well, well," sighed Mr. Dean. "Another dogfight. Get that portable table out of the front closet."

When I came back with the table, he was folding down his cuffs and linking them together. On a job Mr. Dean presented a becoming portliness, but in his shirt sleeves he was just another rumpled fat man.

"Awful superstitious people," he complained. "Won't let the body out of the house."

"Then we won't need the stretcher."

I backed the pickup to the garage and loaded it. Mr. Dean got his panama and climbed in beside me, straddling a crated jug of embalming fluid.

"Let's see —" he mused. "Better turn right."

I headed toward the center of town and drove slowly along Main Street. It was too hot a day to be going out of our way like this, and I wrenched at the wheel and breathed audibly to show that I felt sorely put upon. Mr. Dean bobbed gravely at my side, acknowledging all greetings with a slow dip of hat brim to upraised finger.

Near the traffic circle he murmured, "Wait a minute now — is this the best way?"

"Not if you're going to Willow Street." I turned grimly down Craig Road, doubled back on Western Avenue, and swung south on Willow.

Mr. Dean chuckled. "Well, it don't do no harm. It ain't undignified. It's just kind of an ad now, ain't it? Shows 'em we're busy." He nudged me. "Same way a new doc always hands out lots of prescriptions."

I had to smile. "I'll remember that," I said.

The southern end of Willow Street was facetiously called Dardanella. Most of the Balkan races were represented, as well as a scattering from Asia Minor. They lived in big red-brick Georgian houses, dingy and bare-windowed now, and without much plumbing. Architecturally it was still the handsomest part of the town.

"What are these Choukannas anyway?" I asked.

"Oh, Lord!" said Mr. Dean. "Some kind of — take your next right — Syrians or Serberians or something."

A long drive led up to Choukannas'. At one side of the house was a big, well-tended arbor of grapevines, strange under the elms. Beyond the barn I could see a slope of fruit trees. The front lawn was planted with cucumbers.

"Nice doorway," said Mr. Dean.

It was a McIntire doorway all jazzed up with purple paint and radiator gilt, but Mr. Dean meant that it would be easy to get a casket through.

JOHN LINNEHAN, now in his thirty-eighth year, was born in Cambridge, educated at the Somerville, Massachusetts, public schools, and for some years past has been working for the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Writing is his hobby, and one to which he has been devoted for more than a decade.

Mr. Dean felt between the seats for his brief case and clambered out. "Now for the dogfight," he said and went into the house, closing the door softly behind him.

2

I'D GOT the job through the Student Employment Council. It paid very well and a year at medical school had prepared me for the less pleasant features. In a way the work was interesting, but mostly it was carrying — lamps, biers, flower stands, rugs, chairs. Mostly chairs.

Before long, Mr. Dean came to the door and crooked a finger at me. "You can start bringing in the stuff."

It was cool and shadowy in the hall. I rested the portable table and went quietly to an open door only to find some dozens of large, dark, liquid eyes turned upon me.

Men and women of all ages were ranked silently against the walls. Seated at a large table in the center of the room, Mr. Dean hauled folders and pamphlets and lists from his brief case, passing them out to half a dozen men with their hats over their eyes — apparently a committee of some sort.

One of them, a handsome, hook-nosed gentleman, glanced carelessly my way and turned back to Mr. Dean. "As for argument or recrimination of any sort whatsoever," he said, "you may rest assured that no such unpleasant incidents shall occur."

The encircling Boeotians looked upon the orator lovingly and murmured their admiration.

"If the various services which you shall perform be sincerely set forth in itemized order," he continued, "you need have no grounds for trepidation concerning the remuneration."

Mr. Dean dealt a fresh hand of pamphlets and stubbornly shook his head. "Maybe it ain't very funeralistic," he argued, "but this time I want it all down in black and white."

He saw me standing at the door and pointed across the hall. "The departed is in there."

A silent female looked up from her bedside vigil as I entered.

"Some things," I said.

She rose and pushed me.

"Just some things!" I protested.

The woman backed away, moaning. I patted the portable table and smiled desperately.

She only moaned louder, and continued to moan as the assemblage came streaming across the hall. The women glared and the men panted in my face. All made awesome gestures.

The hook-nosed gentleman looked mildly around the door and inquired, "Everything all right?"

"I'm afraid I've disturbed this woman," I pleaded. "I can't seem to make her understand —"

"Not at all! Not at all, my dear fellow." He flipped his hands disdainfully and the commoners crept from the room. Then he chuckled the vigilante

under the chin and laughed at her and kissed the part of her hair.

"I do not believe she will discommode you further," he said, and patted my shoulder comfortably.

I brought in the rest of the stuff, then unraveled the mystery of the portable table and set it up.

Mr. Dean didn't look too happy when he joined me. "Unchristian thieves!" He scowled at the woman and jerked his thumb doorwards. To my amazement she rose meekly and left the room.

"Beset by robbers!" Mr. Dean nodded emphatically and tested the table. "Where's my gloves?"

I was examining some faint blue scarifications on the old lady's arms when the door swung open. It was the vigilante, grinning pathetically and bent double under a mountainous sack of salt. She heaved herself over the sill and staggered to Mr. Dean's side. Mr. Dean turned her around and steered her out.

"Ain't there no lock to the door?" he growled. There wasn't. We could hear the woman panting outside. The door crashed back on its hinges and she was in again. "Take her out!" said Mr. Dean. But when I touched her she let the sack fall and closed her eyes and screamed.

"O glorify Thy name!" raged Mr. Dean. "Close that door and come here!"

It wasn't any use. Choukannas came pounding in from the arbor. The woman dived into the crowd and dragged the hook-nosed gentleman to the fore. She screeched and kicked the bag of salt and spit at me and tore the front of her dress.

"Dear, dear," said the hook-nosed gentleman. He touched a finger to his tongue and smoothed his eyebrows. "It seems that in the old country the method is to preserve in brine."

Mr. Dean peeled off a glove and took a kick of his own at the salt. "Now what reputable embalmer ever had to listen to this disgustin' stuff!"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Dean!" protested the hook-nosed gentleman. "My good fellow! Such a display of temper is ill suited to the present occasion. I have explained it all to my auntie. She understands the incomparable superiority of your method to our crude ways." And he kissed auntie's ear and whispered into it and pinned up her dress. But she insisted on staying in the room with us.

"More of their heathenish superstitions," grumbled Mr. Dean, but I noticed that he made a great flourishing mystery of the business for her benefit.

Auntie seemed to take Mr. Dean for granted, but she treated me with cold suspicion. Once when I went for hot water she rose dramatically, relieved me of the kettle, and made to pour it out the window.

"But it's nothing!" Placatingly I fanned my hands at her. "Nothing. Only a shampoo."

"Sure." Mr. Dean looked up from the cosmetic case and revolved a finger over his head. "Wash the hair!" he shouted.

Auntie glowered and sat down.

"Funny people," mused Mr. Dean. "Don't like you to fix 'em up too much."

We dressed the old lady and went in search of the hook-nosed gentleman. He was in the arbor, swinging a jump rope with a couple of wiry little girls.

"If you're ready to make the selection now?" Mr. Dean suggested.

"To be sure," said the hook-nosed gentleman. "What selection?"

"The casket."

"Oh, yes! Precisely. Shall we go in my car?"

"O.K.," said Mr. Dean. "Where's the cemetery deed?"

The hook-nosed gentleman shrugged and wandered off. He was back in a minute with the committee at his heels. "Rose had it. She thinks she left it with Mrs. Dean."

The Committee began crowding into the hook-nosed gentleman's car. Mr. Dean turned to me.

"Pick up a load of chairs and get the deed. We can stop by the cemetery on the way home."

I backed the pickup job to the road and pulled over, giving the hook-nosed gentleman the right-of-way. He stooped, and waved courteously across Mr. Dean's stomach as he rocketed by. His was a very expensive car of the latest model, but already it had that broken-spring look that seems to go with Minor Asiatic driving.

3

MRS. DEAN was one of those who keep their homes hermetically sealed in the summer. "In here," she called from the parlor as I entered the back door. Loading chairs was hot work. I could feel perspiration start between my shoulders as I crossed the hall.

Mrs. Dean patted her complicated lavender curls and smiled. "Nice and cool in here," she said.

"Mr. Dean would like the cemetery deed," I said.

"Oh, yes!" Her eyes sparkled, she glanced vivaciously from one unlikely repository to another. Hers was the loveliest, most cameo-like profile I have ever seen. Concentrating, she dabbed at her brows and held her dress daintily away from her bosom. "Cemetery deed," she murmured.

I finally found it on the mantel, propped against an easel-framed, hand-colored enlargement of Mr. Dean. "Here it is," I said.

Mrs. Dean glanced up from her magazine. "Those darn cemetery deeds," she said and laughed lightly.

At the Choukannas' I would have brought the chairs to the house but the hook-nosed gentleman stayed me. "Out here," he said, indicating the arbor. "So much nicer." He teetered on his heels and smiled.

I opened bundle after bundle of chairs and set them in circles under the vines — the heavy oak chairs reserved for excitable races. And where each circle was, there sprouted a little tabouret complete

with glasses and wine bottle and six Choukannas. It was twilight when I had finished.

The hook-nosed gentleman took my sleeve and, half tug, half appraisal, "Come with me," he said. He led me to a primitive bathroom, pointed out a towel, and sat on the edge of an ornate cast-iron tub while I pumped water into the bowl and washed.

"I once worked much with undertakers," said the hook-nosed gentleman. He laughed tolerantly and shook his head. "In Pillsbury. You know that pesthole? Yes."

I rinsed the soap from my face and smiled. "You enjoyed the work?"

"Ennobling!" He laughed again. "Through it I laid the foundation of my modest fortune."

"That's nice."

"Yes. I was a florist. I sold the good people pickled roses at exorbitant profit. Such wiring! Each individual petal was wired, believe me! I was a master at getting the beautiful cut-price floral tributes into the house before they fell apart. Ah, well —"

He sighed for the good old days, then stuck his head under the tub faucet and pulled the pump handle. He came up gasping, with his hair in his eyes and the fixative in little daubs on his face.

"Do you know why I do that?" I admitted my ignorance. "Because I am drunk," he said. But as we walked to the arbor, "No one," he added, "no one would ever know it. I defy anyone! Only me."

We sat in the cool of the arbor drinking wine and eating little fat-fried cakes studded with onions. Mr. Dean was at the door talking to some of the late arrivals, his white crest bobbing as he made notes on the carriage list. His Palm Beach suit was pink in the sunset and his stomach holy with halation.

"A most impressive person," said the hook-nosed gentleman. "And Mrs. Dean —!" He raised his glass and made a wonderfully evil noise with his lips.

I was sampling a platter of grape leaves smeared with raw spiced hamburger when Mr. Dean joined us. A jovial neighbor rose to press a glass on him but the hook-nosed gentleman would not permit it.

"Not that!" he piously exclaimed. "A glass of claret, yes," touching his own bottle, "but not that. Not for Mr. Dean."

"What's the matter with it?" Mr. Dean divided his horror between the platter and the proffered glass. "What's the feller tryin' to give me?"

"My countrymen," said the hook-nosed gentleman. "Such a depraved people. If you can imagine polluting good wine with resin —"

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Dean. Seating himself, he whispered, "What's he talkin' about?"

"Rosin."

Mr. Dean raised his glass and his eyebrows, making the little mouth that signified *Oh*. "Just the same," whispered Mr. Dean, "he speaks it pretty good for a foreigner."

During the next two days I made many trips to Dardanella, answering garbled appeals for more

chairs or flower stands. By this time there must have been close to a hundred people camped around the house. Whole families, young and old; and myriads of lovely girls; and the arbor sounding like a Well Baby Clinic gone for an airing on the roller coaster.

Flowers had overflowed the parlor into the hall. New positions for stands were decided upon by the hook-nosed gentleman. And each new offering underwent a professional examination — though, as he remarked, he “had little time for the shop now,” implying a background of more lucrative interests.

But it was heart-warming the way his face lighted up when he spotted a wreath of the pickled variety. He dug among the ferns, smiling like a Byzantine cherub, and held the card for me to see. “Uncle Hakim!” he crowed. “Uncle Hakim got stung!”

And I could never resist the invitations pressed upon me by the bereaved to join them in a brandy or a mint-caked basin of salad or a scoop of pilaf. This despite Mrs. Dean’s solemn warning that Dardanella was one stark festering lazaretto. It was probably the sight of food unmarred by any rash of paprika that made me daring.

4

AT seven o’clock of the funeral Sunday the thermometer stood at eighty-eight. I went down the stairs through a solid bank of heat blued with a fog of beef drippings. Mrs. Dean heard me start for the hall closet and called, “I got ‘em.”

“The gloves?”

“Uh-huh.”

In the parlor I glanced at the headlines and bowed to the announcement that it was a nice and cool room. Mr. Dean came down, apoplectic in stiff shirt and black cutaway.

“It’s nice and cool in here, Pa,” Mrs. Dean pointed out, “but I think you’re crazy to wear them hot clothes in the sun.”

“People expect it. Part of the job.” Mr. Dean looked miserable. “Let’s go.”

The Choukannas were very grave and quiet when we drove in. I parked the pickup near the barn to leave the driveway free for the hearse and cars.

Inside, a wilted young divine in a pink soutane circled the casket dipping a pestle in a silver bowl and strewing water impartially over the quick and the dead. Six men of varying ages stood grouped at the head of the casket. I handed each a pair of gloves. They received them in a stunned embarrassment that was not unusual.

The ranks of Choukannas swayed from one foot to the other and the women wept behind their veils as Mr. Dean raised the sides of the half-conch and began lowering the lid.

“Now if the pallbearers will take their places?” he called.

The hook-nosed gentleman summoned five shuffling mutes to his side and herded them forward.

“Where are your gloves?” said Mr. Dean. The mutes looked at one another and the hook-nosed gentleman tartly inquired if that were not Mr. Dean’s responsibility.

I joined the party reluctantly. “I’m afraid I’ve given them to the wrong people,” I confessed. What people? Where were they? I didn’t know.

Mr. Dean took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. “What have you done?” he groaned. “These people won’t touch a casket with their bare hands!” The pallbearers nodded vigorously and the hook-nosed gentleman said, “Oh, fine!”

A large man in blue serge shambled out of the crowd. He had the gloves bunched limply in one hand like a boy forced to carry flowers through the public streets. Then followed a disjointed attempt at explanation which involved much pointing at his companions, but each time Mr. Dean would seize the hand and pump it affectionately.

“I thought he was wrong,” said the man, smiling at me with rare good-fellowship. “We’re only the delegation from the bowling club.”

Mr. Dean kept the pallbearers together long enough to get the casket into the hearse. Then the hearse rolled down the driveway and pulled up across the street.

The family car drew up to the steps. Choukannas swarmed over it, tugging at the doors and shouting for precedence.

“Family!” howled Mr. Dean. “Only family!”

“Sure!” screamed the baffled Choukannas. “Family!” Some of the men turned on Mr. Dean, swinging their shoulders belligerently.

The hook-nosed gentleman restored order with an upraised hand. He took the carriage list from Mr. Dean.

“Uncle Hakim?”

A thin, swarthy man in mauve trousers and a Prince Albert led forth his lady.

“No,” said the hook-nosed gentleman. “Not Hanum Anya. Just family.”

Uncle Hakim looked stolidly at Hanum Anya, touched the back of his hand to her neck, and nodded. A child promptly burst into tears and clutched Hanum Anya’s skirts.

The hook-nosed gentleman leaned his elbow against the limousine and rested his head in the crook of his arm. “Family,” he murmured. “Grand-mama’s own sons and daughters. Aunt Iskuhi, Uncle Rifaat, Uncle Sarkis — ”

The Choukannas muttered darkly against this injustice.

“Sure!” Mr. Dean retrieved the carriage list and waved it. “You’re Hakim Choukanna, ain’t you?”

Uncle Hakim batted his eyes doubtfully.

Mr. Dean opened the limousine door invitingly. “Just family,” he urged.

Uncle Hakim clucked his tongue and turned away. “I told you it wouldn’t work,” groaned the hook-nosed gentleman.

A nobly mustached zealot began elbowing a pas-

sage in the crowd. Uncle Hakim grabbed his Anya by the wrist and herded his brood before him through the breach. They ran across the drive and scrambled into the second limousine, which was parked in the barnyard.

The children rolled down the windows and crowed derisively at Mr. Dean. They tipped the protesting chauffeur's cap over his eyes and threw jelly beans at the hook-nosed gentleman. Amid this bedlam, Uncle Hakim and Hanum Anya preserved a regal dignity.

"So that's the way you want it!" roared Mr. Dean. He tore the carriage list across and across. "Well, that's the way you'll get it!" He nodded grimly and marched off toward the hearse.

The hook-nosed gentleman gave over his vain pleading. He assisted the young divine into the limousine and slowly climbed in after him. A brisk salute of jelly beans spattered around me as the second limousine fell into line. The last of the hired cars went by empty, the driver's eye dubious as he glanced my way.

Meanwhile the Choukannas had marched across the lawns and clambered into their private cars. Clashing and clattering, raising a fierce dust, they lit out after the hearse; every make and model, bumpers awry, windows taped, and all jammed tight with mourners.

A venerable Stearns Knight rattled past. The gaffer at the wheel made a remark about my light coloring to the dark-eyed girls in the tonneau. They laughed and waved, and were gone.

Lastly the hook-nosed gentleman's sedan, with mudguards scraping the wheels and a youth in the driver's seat who didn't look as if he could be trusted with a pair of scissors.

When the cavalcade had passed from sight, I brought the pickup to the door and went inside. I took it easy. They'd be half an hour getting to the church, the service lasted an hour, and another half hour from church to cemetery.

First I cleared the parlor of flowers, packing them in the pickup. Then I cased the stands, folded the bier, rolled up the lamps in the rug, dismantled the *prie-dieu* and the candlesticks, and stacked everything on the porch.

When I went out to tackle the hall a hovering voice said, "Gone?" Halfway up the stairs sat an old man in a suit of Shantung silk. He was sipping moodily at a glass of strawberry soda.

"Yes, all gone," I said.

He frowned and set the glass aside. "Raki," he said, tapping his stomach. "Oh, raki-raki-raki." He pressed his hands to his ears and held his breath. "Look." His face grew alarmingly red; he moved his tensed hands slowly outward and then jerked them violently to indicate the bursting of his head.

"That's right," I laughed, and on each return nodded knowingly until all the flowers were loaded.

He came to the foot of the stairs and watched as I cased the remaining stands, followed as I returned

to the parlor and began sweeping up. Finally he wandered off to the dining room.

After I had replaced the furniture I got my hat and went to the dining-room door. The old man was seated at the table turning the pages of a comic book. He'd refreshed his glass and provided himself with a plate of cakes frosted with methylene blue.

When he saw me he politely extended the plate and murmured, "Berazik?"

I declined and countered with the suggestion that he might like to accompany me.

"Go?"

I nodded. "To the cemetery."

He raised a hand in delicate refusal and lowered his eyes to the adventures of Toluene, the Torpedo Girl.

5

I WAS in the arbor enjoying a quiet smoke when the cars returned. One limousine had been placed at the disposal of the officiating priests at the committal. The other two looked awfully empty.

Mr. Dean got out of the front seat of the first one and waved it on. I trotted off to drive the pickup to the house. The limousine circled up through the barnyard and headed back. "Old man's pretty mad," said the chauffeur as he passed me.

The second limousine deposited the hook-nosed gentleman on the doorstep and then the two rolled down the drive squeezing past the incoming cars.

I pulled up to the steps and opened the door for Mr. Dean. He shook his head. The men who had sat at table with him that first day were grouped in the doorway. The hook-nosed gentleman seemed upset but the others smiled openly.

"Wait," said Mr. Dean. The committee opened a path for him, gathering him into the house, and I waited.

Cars were still arriving. The Choukannas ran them into the barnyard, parking anywhere, and straggled off to the arbor listless with weeping.

For some time they sprawled in their chairs staring moodily through the vine leaves at the sky. Then a youngster went to the house, to reappear walking carefully with a trayload of glasses and wine and a bottle of orange soda. The Choukannas shifted in their chairs and looked about. Some women rose and made their way to the kitchen. The men began feeling their pockets for tobacco. It wasn't long before the children were laughing and running and wine flowed again in the cool arbor.

My status, I could see, was under question. The wine-bearers avoided me, and none of the mourners rattled an empty chair. The sun poured down on the pickup and I sat at the wheel baking conspicuously. Pretending to blow my nose, I would wipe off what sweat I could; an unconcerned death's-head.

It was noon before Mr. Dean came out, hot and disheveled, and I could tell from the bland smiles

of the committee that he had lost. But his calmness surprised me.

"We're all straight now?" he asked.

Uncle Hakim snickered and held up the bill. The item of hired limousines had been penned over.

"All satisfied?" Mr. Dean persisted. "No more complaints?"

The committeemen shifted their feet warily and sought one another's eyes.

"O.K.," said Mr. Dean. He stepped triumphantly to the drive and beckoned me forth.

"Sack them chairs!"

The committee screamed as one man. Monday, Mr. Dean! Monday was day for get chairs, not Sunday! Chairs must stay!

"Oh, yuh?" Mr. Dean hooked a portentous finger in Uncle Hakim's Prince Albert. "Show me on the paper. Show me in black and white!"

"But — the feast!" wailed Uncle Hakim. "Our big feast! Where we sit?"

"Ah-ha!" Mr. Dean smacked his hands together and beamed vindictively. "Sit on the grass!" he roared. "Go sit on your grass, you thieving infidels!" And he waved me to work.

I pulled the sacks from the back of the pickup, dumping them deliberately in small lots on the grass, hoping for a reprieve — but none came. Sack in hand, I approached the nearest table.

I couldn't make them understand. They were a middle-aged couple sitting quietly with their children and they spoke no English. The oldest child, a boy of twelve, translated. His parents answered mildly but they looked concerned.

"We don't — " The boy paused as his father added something else, and nodded. "Why should the undertaker want the chairs?"

I misunderstood. I couldn't tell them Mr. Dean wanted the chairs because he felt he had been cheated, and I stammered around trying to find a plausible excuse for the action. I missed their meaning completely. They thought the chairs had been hired from one of the companies in that business. They could not connect the chairs with Mr. Dean.

As usual it was the hook-nosed gentleman who came to the rescue. He spoke to the people at the table, pointing to Mr. Dean and me, shrugging scornfully when he had finished. The couple spoke to their children and rose, explaining to me through the boy how sorry they were for their mistake. I didn't know what to say.

"I told that ass his carriage list was contrary to our customs but oh, no — he knew best." The hook-nosed gentleman laid his fingers gingerly across his forehead. "I told him last Thursday — you were there, you heard me — that I'd be responsible for the bill. Wasn't that enough? What the devil, did he expect me to post a bond? I'd have sent him a check for the limousine."

I held the chairs balanced against my knee while I wrestled them into the sack. It's a clumsy job for one man.

"Why didn't you tell him again?"

"With the uncles there?" The hook-nosed gentleman smiled pityingly at my innocence. "They'd have left me holding the bag on the whole funeral."

There were ninety-six chairs spread around that arbor; sixteen sacks; the heavy oak chairs.

"I could tell him now," I suggested.

"Perish the thought," said the hook-nosed gentleman. "We can sit on peach baskets."

I sacked the chairs. Mr. Dean stood by the pickup and watched as I loaded, elaborately checking off each sack. He was making the most of his triumph, but my part in it made me angry. Once, upending a sack to buckle it, I lost control and all the chairs slid out. It made a sickening clatter in that silence. By then I was too hot and tired to care.

And yet I couldn't help damning the uncles and Mr. Dean, and wishing that the rest of the Choukannas knew how I felt about it. The trouble was I'd had a good time at Dardanella. A summer job in a small town is never much fun for a stranger, but if you're working for an undertaker you're doomed to a lot of loneliness. The funeral at Choukannas' had been like a vacation to me.

On the ride home Mr. Dean didn't have much to say. He did some crowing; not much though, and not too happily. Taking the chairs had disrupted the feast but he'd rather have had the eight dollars.

"I ought to be getting used to it," he sighed. "They pull it every time."

"Then why didn't you fix the carriage list the way they wanted it?" I said.

"What are you talkin' about?" snorted Mr. Dean. "With only three limousines? And all them relations?"

Mrs. Dean waved gayly from the kitchen window as we drove in.

"Soup's on!" she called.

"Get this stuff unloaded," said Mr. Dean. "Then come in and get your dinner." He stamped off.

By the time I'd finished unloading I wasn't interested in any dinner. It's the only time I can remember that I ever sweated through my shoes. I was soaked.

Near the house I could hear Mrs. Dean talking. "I'd a done!" she screeched. "I'd a done! I'd a swore out a warrant on 'em, that's what I'd a done!"

I sneaked past the dining room and went upstairs. I took a shower, then put in the plug, let the tub fill, and stretched out in the water.

Lying there I thought about school and how it would be a pleasant novelty to go back just once without having to worry about money for a while. But I couldn't kid myself. I kept wondering about the Choukannas; the kids, the dark-eyed girls, my date with one of them, which probably wouldn't be kept now, after what happened; the hook-nosed gentleman, Uncle Hakim and the vigilante, and the old man with the hangover. I kept worrying over the feast, and wondering how they made out with the peach baskets.

TENNIS TEMPERAMENT

by SARAH PALFREY COOKE

I

ANYONE who has played tennis at Wimbledon has a special and sentimental feeling about the lines from Kipling's "If" which are printed on a placard just over the entrance to the center court:—

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same.

I have often wondered how many famous players from how many countries have glanced up at them. Sometimes they flash by as you hurry past. Sometimes they penetrate more deeply. You are always conscious of their presence.

They suggest to me what all of us, whether or not we play at Wimbledon or in tournaments anywhere, must learn sooner or later: perspective. The world, and particularly this country, seems full of people who ruin their pleasure in a sport by taking it too seriously. Don't do this to your tennis! The gloom you can create for yourself on a sunny afternoon just because you've lost a tennis match — or missed a few setups!

The only person I can think of who is less attractive than a sullen loser is a gloating winner. Fortunately for all of us, tennis has a way of ironing out temperamental wrinkles. You may find an occasional dub who will "call his own shots" (call a ball out when it's good) or "accidentally" make a mistake in the scoring. There are mediocre golfers too who edge their balls out of bad lies and forget to count how many shots it took to get out of the trap. But the top-notch golfers are inevitably keen and honest competitors, and so are tennis players who have been subjected to the discipline of the game at its best.

Matches aren't won by racquet-throwers. Players who have never been taught to control their tempers are likely to learn on the tennis court through bitter experience. I remember seeing a player once at Pinehurst, North Carolina, lose both his match and his

racquet in a way he's not likely to forget. In a furious moment he heaved his racquet over the fence and onto the golf course. By the time he'd finished sulking and slowly made his way out back after his racquet, no racquet was in sight. He spotted it finally, disappearing across the fairway under the arm of a very small caddy. The punishment for losing your temper on a tennis court isn't often so vivid as this, but punished in one way or another you will certainly be.

It's hard, of course, to preserve this competitive spirit if you're a consistent loser. You can't love trying to win if you don't expect to succeed, *sometimes*. Losing may be good exercise, but it's not very stimulating from any other point of view. My sister Mianne once said after a string of defeats, "I'm getting to be the most graceful loser in tennis, but I'd like a little practice in winning gracefully too!" (This can't have been the year she won the National Indoor Singles.) I know how she felt: I've had plenty of practice in losing gracefully myself.

Hardest to analyze, intangible and yet decisive, is the quality in a winning temperament which we call the will to win. You must have seen it in action; I hope you'll feel it rising in yourself when you need it. It shows itself in many ways, but I think it's most vividly apparent in a determined last-ditch refusal to admit defeat. Think of Bobby Riggs, Bitsy Grant, and Pauline Betz. A real competitor is never beaten till the last ball has bounced.

A match point dramatizes another vital quality: concentration. Good tennis demands it constantly, not merely at one critical moment, but throughout your match. In the best players concentration is a good deal more than the negative refusal to be bothered: it's a positive process of narrowing down, of shutting out everything extraneous. Helen Wills's unusual concentration was a fascinating study. You too, through conscious effort, can train your eyes not to wander off the tennis court, and your mind to devote itself only to what's going on inside those white lines.

The better your tennis, the more certainly you will realize you have to bide your time and wait for the openings. You will often face a cool, steady opponent who tempts you to hurry things. Don't be drawn into the trap! He knows that tennis matches are

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won and lost on errors, and he hopes you will end by beating yourself. Don't oblige him.

But patience is not caution. There are chances to be taken in tennis — at the right moment — and matches to be lost by hanging back. These are the psychological moments in a match when the tide is ready to turn either way. Remember, if you are tired, that your opponent is probably tired too. Remember, if you're discouraged, that he's had his reverses. Experience in these crises will help you to call on your reserves and rise to the occasion.

The final round of the Davis Cup matches played at Wimbledon in 1937, between Germany and the United States, produced one of the finest examples of "nerve in the pinch" I have ever heard of. I wish I had seen it. Don Budge was trailing Gottfried von Cramm 1-4 in the fifth and final set of the deciding match of the series. It had been one of those amazing matches in which more placements than errors were made. This doesn't often happen. Von Cramm was hitting so hard and so deep in the final set that Budge had no chance to get in to the net. It was then, at 1-4, that he decided, since he wasn't winning from the backcourt, that he must run in at all costs. And he did. He ran in on practically anything. He even volleyed deep drives and followed them to the net. The tide turned. Budge managed to pull out the set and the match.

At Forest Hills in the semifinals of the National Singles in 1938 I saw this kind of daring at very close quarters. In fact it was on the other side of the net from me. I was leading Alice Marble 5-2 in the second set, having won the first. The score was 15-40 on Alice's serve: two match points for me coming up. Then Alice started an attack of net rushing and putting on the pressure which I could find no way to stop. She won the match 5-7, 7-5, 7-5. But the turning point came at the first match point, when she dared to take a chance.

2

A CRISIS suggests nerves, and nerves are closely allied to tennis temperament. Nerves and the damage they do. Nerves and the need to govern them. I used to think my own nerves were unique, and made the mistake of supposing that no one else knew anything about the dreadful sensations they could produce. Actually, of course, many people know what I'm talking about: the paralysis that tightens your arm and turns your feet into great gobs of lead; the nightmare slowness of all your movements; the weakening of the knees which makes your legs feel like two overcooked pieces of macaroni; the butterflies dancing around in your stomach — and incidentally blurring your vision; your mind gone blank, as if it could never function for you again. It's all very sinister, and enough to make you ask yourself if it's worth playing tournament tennis when such things can happen.

I was so young when I began to play in tournaments

that novelty and unfamiliarity weren't my problems. Crowds never disturbed me; on the contrary, I've usually found them stimulating. A small group of friends, sitting so close to the court that I could hear their remarks, has sometimes been more upsetting to my concentration. As a junior I think I was nearly always confident and at ease, because I could hold my own with other juniors and not much was expected of me in senior events. Then when I was seventeen I was chosen to play in the third position on the Wightman Cup team, representing the United States against Great Britain. For the first time, something really impressive was demanded of me. But my game wasn't equal to the demand, and I found myself on the center court at Wimbledon completely out of my depth. The match itself was over very quickly, but the effect on my nerves of this first shattering of self-confidence lasted for many years. Lasted, in fact, until I did two things: until I recognized my nerves as nerves, to be understood and used; and, even more important, until I set about improving my strokes.

If, therefore, you are a high-strung person whose nerves are likely to cause trouble, I hope a few suggestions of mine will help you. First of all, don't make a secret of your nervousness. Talking about it helps, and laughing, if possible. It strikes me that many of the young players today are very sensible about such things. Last summer I heard some boys and girls singing a song they'd invented, called "The Steel Elbow." That means what you might guess: paralysis of the arm, on match point or at some other inconvenient moment. I'm sorry I've forgotten the words of the song; they were very funny. I thought at the time that jokes like this must be a fine antidote for the jitters, if not a complete preventive.

The value of experience and the mysterious ways of temperament are to me the essence of a behind-the-scenes story about Suzanne Lenglen. It's the tale of a night before a match, the match between her and Helen Wills. They played, once only, at Cannes, in 1926. Most tennis players know what happened on the court: that Suzanne won in two fine, hard-fought sets, 8-6, 6-3. But not many people have been told what happened the night before, how the two players prepared for the encounter.

As far as we know, Helen was in bed at nine-thirty, as she should have been. But things were not so peaceful at the Lenglen headquarters. One of the French Tennis Association officials stopped by at eleven o'clock to make sure that Suzanne was safely in bed and resting for the honor of France. To his horror he found bedlam instead. Suzanne's father and mother were deep in exhortations. In turn they reiterated what was at stake tomorrow; on and on they said all the things it's unwise to say, even to the most phlegmatic player, the night before an important match. Suzanne, not unnaturally, was in hysterics. It took the hastily summoned help of Suzanne's friend Mr. Butler, the donor of the Butler trophy in Monte Carlo and a man who understood her particularly well, to quiet the parents and get the exhausted

girl to bed at last by two-thirty in the morning. It's hard to imagine a worse way to get ready for a match.

But Suzanne played beautifully the next day. So did Helen; the moral of this tale is not that *she* should have stayed up late too! What the story seems to prove is that someone like Suzanne, a great player and a dramatic one, has nervous energy to spare. What looked like a dangerous crisis to others did her no harm on the tennis court. Her skill and experience, the discipline of the game, and the drama of the occasion all enabled her to play with calmness and control — and no signs of fatigue. But I don't advise this kind of training.

3

It's a firm conviction of mine that you can't begin too early to play in as many tournaments as possible. This is easiest, of course, if you live in California or Florida, but during the outdoor season it's possible in many other parts of the country. Most clubs and schools and public parks nowadays have at least one tournament a year and sometimes more. My four sisters and I used to play in the spring and fall tournaments run by Mrs. Wightman at the Longwood Cricket Club. We played in every event we were allowed to enter. In the junior tournaments there were usually two age groups, one for the fifteen-year-olds and under, and the other for juniors up to eighteen. My sister Mianne and I used to enter both tournaments, for practice and experience. There were times when she won the older tournament and I the younger. One year, I had to play in five finals in one day. I was quite busy.

To illustrate what playing in so many tournaments can do for you, I can point with open pride to my own family's record. Each one of the five sisters finally won a National Junior title. It seems to me this is a record it would be hard to equal. (I think we made another record in 1942, when each sister produced a baby daughter!) What interests me especially as I look back on our family tennis is that we were all so different: you don't, apparently, need one particular type of temperament to win. Polly, the oldest, was talented in everything; she was especially gifted scholastically. Lee, the second, was a dreamer: she wrote poetry and loved music, and her music was something we all took pride in; she composed, and played both the piano and the violin. Mianne, the third, was the one with the angelic disposition — and a beautiful dancer, graceful and dainty. But she played tennis with a punch. Sarah, the fourth, was a rascal and a tomboy who enjoyed everything and everybody. Joanna, the fifth, was a bubble of joy. She sometimes had to be coaxed to play tennis on a hot day when swimming and golf seemed more relaxing — but she was the only one of us to win the All-Around Athletic Cup at school. Our pride and joy, our only brother, Johnny, who brought up the rear, became an excellent player, but

a boy's many interests kept him from concentrating on tennis as his sisters had. He did manage to win a State Boys' title or two and play on the Harvard team which went to England, with Yale, to play against Oxford and Cambridge.

Mianne and I were the only members of the family who continued serious tennis after becoming seniors. The others occupied themselves with college and jobs and had time to play only in occasional near-by tournaments. But Mianne and I had a wonderful time traveling around in the East and playing in the big summer tournaments. Finally she deserted me to start raising a family, and I was left to carry on alone.

I am often asked what the so-called tennis circuit is. The summer circuit, first of all, consists of seven or eight tournaments played on grass courts, ending with the grand finale of the National Singles Championship at Forest Hills, L. I. The tournaments usually start in July and continue through August. "Lawn tennis" of course meant originally tennis played only on lawn or grass. The grass-court summer tournaments are still the major tournaments in American tennis. And they are held, as they must be, in the East, where grass flourishes, and at clubs which can afford to maintain such courts. This presented no problem to someone like me who lived in the East: the expenses of traveling were not great and I always had friends to visit who lived conveniently within reach of the tournaments.

But for players who must come East from California or other distant parts of the country to play, and who must live among strangers, the summer circuit presents difficulties of all kinds. The financial problem is usually greatest. Modern tennis has expanded; it's being played, I'm glad to say, by people from all walks of life. I've boasted that it's no longer a rich man's game. One result, however, is that very few players today can afford, as the amateur players of yesterday could, to travel at their own expense from tournament to tournament. You need to be not only good but lucky.

Fortunately tournaments are being held more and more widely throughout the country, and tournament committees everywhere are naturally anxious to improve the caliber of tennis in their localities. A good enough player, therefore, may be invited to play in such a tournament and be offered, at the same time, traveling and living expenses. But the major tournaments are necessarily limited to anywhere from thirty-two to sixty-four players. Many of these are "Invitation tournaments," which means that the committee invites players of known ability.

The players invited may be put up at private houses or at hotels; but sometimes they are not put up at all. The putting-up situation presents its own difficulties. To spend the tournament week, or (an equally ticklish problem) the days until you are eliminated, as the guest of a club member or of some hospitable friend of the tennis committee sounds like an ideal arrangement from every point of view. Too

often, unfortunately, it is not — for a variety of reasons. If the hostess really likes and understands tennis, understands not only the unpredictability of tournament timetables, five-set matches that last through mealtimes, but also the strain of tournament tennis on a player, his need to enforce some schedule of his own — diet, perhaps, or rest, or privacy — if she understands, also, that it may be not tennis but the customs of another part of the country which make her guest seem a little strange to her, troublesome problems are less likely to arise.

The tennis guest, at the same time, must remember constantly that he *is* a guest and not a boarder, that all guests have important concessions to make to a household's routine, and that there are after all more important things in life than tomorrow's tennis match. I needn't describe to you what happens when neither set of conditions prevails. All too often tennis players have found their "visiting" impossibly difficult, and hostesses have decided that all tennis players are barbarians. Occasionally, I'm sorry to say, these feelings are justified. More often a little sympathy and humor would have clarified everything.

4

THERE is considerable disagreement among tennis players as to what kind of training works best. I don't believe in too much rigidity. If you can cultivate sensible habits throughout the year you won't, at a particular moment, need to do anything drastic to get yourself into shape.

A month before the tournaments begin I start fairly serious training. I grow careful about my diet: well-balanced food, no pastries. Rich, heavy foods make you feel sluggish on the court. Then, during tournaments, I take normal precautions. I'm careful never to eat just before playing: I like to allow an hour and a half to two hours for digestion. I'm a person who can't eat much before a match anyway. I have a fairly good-sized breakfast, then a very light lunch, usually tea in the afternoon, and a big dinner at night. Some people, however, seem to need fuel before playing. My husband, for instance, says he feels weak if he tries to play on an empty stomach.

Players vary also in the amount of rest they need. Helen Wills, as I've said, used to go to bed at nine-thirty. If a lot of sleep is what you need, be sure that you get it. Others, like me, would toss about all night if we started so early. Yet even I like nine hours' sleep during a tournament (eight are enough for me usually) and I feel better if I take a rest during the day, even if only for half an hour.

Smoking in moderation won't hurt you or your wind; but you'll suffer for it if you smoke too much. (During my most important tournaments I usually cut out smoking entirely, just to be on the safe side.) The same thing is true of drinking. A cocktail once in a while before dinner won't hurt you, but beware of many — if you want a clear eye and a cool head

tomorrow. Alcohol and first-class tennis don't mix.

As to special exercises, I don't know many players who undergo any strenuous regular routine. There are exceptions, however: Don Budge used to do considerable "road work" during the winter in California, to build up his endurance. Alice Marble used to skip rope. I've done some rope-skipping myself, never very religiously. Many players find that the winter tournaments in Florida and California and the Mid-western tournaments that follow are enough to build up endurance. Some enter all of them just for this reason.

However else you may neglect your health, don't neglect your feet. No tennis player can afford to. In tournaments it's wise to wear two pairs of socks, one heavy and one light. The light pair should be worn next to your foot and the heavy pair outside; thus the friction caused by quick starting and stopping and changing direction comes on the socks instead of against the skin. If your feet get sore, soak them in hot water and Epsom salts at night.

And the treatment of blisters is *very* important. If you play much tennis you will often have to do a little surgery on yourself, to remove the liquid inside a blister. Don't burst the blister by putting the needle right into the bubble. I can suggest a better way, which will leave no soreness: after sterilizing the needle, insert it about one sixteenth of an inch away from the edge of the blister, coming at it from the bottom. This allows the liquid to escape through the needle-hole made in the surrounding skin. After this operation, take proper precautions against infection. And decide, if you can, what caused the blister: Shoe too tight? Sock with rough edges? Or just a stone in your shoe? Sometimes the only cause is that your feet are tender and must be toughened gradually. This is one more reason why it's important not to overdo tennis, in the beginning or early each season.

There are innumerable hot-weather problems. One of the first is that your racquet will start slipping around. I usually carry a small piece of rosin to use if necessary. But be careful of rosin: it cakes if you put too much on. Sawdust, which the tournament sometimes provides, is also useful. And often, on an especially muggy day, I wind a handkerchief or piece of gauze or tape around my right wrist to prevent perspiration from running down my arm. (When you do this, you must expect questions: "Heavens! *How* did you sprain your wrist?")

On a hot day it's sometimes hard not to drink too much water, but water, during a match, can cause trouble. The more you drink, the more you perspire, and if you drink a great deal you may get cramps. It's a good idea, since one reason for cramps is the shortage of salt in your system, to take salt tablets before you begin to play. It's a good idea also to suck half a lemon, as you change sides (lemons, too, are provided occasionally). This seems to neutralize any acids which may form under nervous tension. Many players also find that a lump of sugar, chewed every

so often, replaces lost energy. The best drink for you *after* a match is a glass of orange juice, taken slowly, or a cup of hot tea. But don't let tea or anything else keep you from that hot shower — as soon as possible!

As you walk out to your match, armed with all these necessities, be sure to resist the temptation to stop and watch some other match that's going on. Watching tennis is a sure way to strain your eyes (spectators know it): you'll find later that they won't focus clearly. Even movies, the night before, can be dangerously tiring.

5

You and your opponent must make a few decisions before the match begins. First, you must come to some agreement about bad decisions and what to do about them. It's best to face the fact that there'll be some, and if you both agree to take the decisions as they come (they usually even up) and not to throw any points, *there won't be hard feeling*. Throwing a point really does no good, anyway. It's not much more than a gesture — chiefly for the benefit of galleries, who love it — because actually, to counteract a bad decision, to arrange the score as it would have been with the *right* decision, you would have to throw *two* points. It works badly either way. You'll upset yourself needlessly if you expect your opponent to throw a point and he doesn't.

You and your opponent must also discover before the match how often you are to be allowed to change balls. It may be once a set; it may be after a certain number of games. On damp days you should be allowed to change oftener, because the balls get heavy and soggy. Whatever you are allowed, be sure you both know about it.

Come to an understanding also about what to do in case of rain, whether to continue the next day where you left off, whether to play the set over, or whether to play the whole match over from the beginning. You and your opponent have the right to choose any one of these alternatives. Make sure you settle the matter even though the sky looks clear.

Once the match is in progress you may run into other problems. Doubtful situations arise: Was the ball hit on the first or second bounce? Did a player lean over the net before he hit the ball or afterwards? Did he tick the net with his racquet or any part of his body? The umpire or the net-cord judge decides, and if you are an experienced player you won't let the facts or the decisions bother you.

Once in a great while you will find yourself playing against an opponent who seems to be trying to annoy you. Don't waste time asking yourself whether

he does it deliberately or from habit: it shouldn't matter to you. The main thing is not to *be* annoyed. If his mannerisms are nervous, if he rushes to pick up balls and hurries back into position, don't let him hurry you. Take it easy. If you aren't ready when he starts to serve, hold up your hand and make no attempt to swing, as a signal that you're not ready. Take your time getting back into position. Don't stall, of course; simply move with deliberation.

At some time or other you'll probably have to play against a staller too. Don't let him bother you either. If he takes what seems to be an eternity to mop his forehead, keep calm. You can always find a way to use extra breathing space yourself, even if you spend it all tying and retying both shoelaces! You may also run into a particularly dangerous possum, the "exhausted," "can't go any further" kind, who looks dead tired between points — only to revive and run after everything once the ball's in play. Don't let him fool you — ever. He will probably hang on to the bitter end, with more endurance than you have.

Try to be oblivious of the gallery, especially of one that's prejudiced against you. It's hard enough not to be bothered when a great many people want your opponent to win; it's even harder when your opponent's friends are so enthusiastic that they cheer your errors. But your concentration ought to be so dependable that you hardly notice, and your attitude toward galleries so philosophical that you wouldn't mind if you did. You will need this attitude if you happen to be playing against a local champion in his home state, or a team match in a foreign country where the audience naturally is pulling for its own team.

One last warning. You will find, after not very long experience in tournaments, that all points are not quite equal — and that if they were, it would be impossible to concentrate equally on all of them. This will lead you from one discovery to another: the significance of certain points and the value of playing to the score. Consider the difference between 40-love and 30-15, for instance. The first is quite a lead — the second a very little one. Think of the difference between 40-15 and 30-all. Again only one point made that difference. Games behave in the same way. Compare 4-1 and 3-2, two results of the fifth game in a set. Or 5-2 and 4-3, results of the important seventh. Playing to the score means knowing on what point in a game, on what game in a set, these great differences hinge and being alert and ready to focus all your efforts on them. In tournament tennis you must sometimes decide it's worth your while to fight for a point or a game if it takes all night! Any beginner knows that you must try to win a match point. It takes experience to learn what earlier moments may be just as critical.

THE TRACTOR REVOLUTION

by JAMES H. STREET

1

DURING the war years, our American farmers achieved the most remarkable crop-production record of all time. In 1942 they raised more food than in any previous year, and by the peak year of 1944 their production exceeded the 1935-1939 average by 36 per cent.

This enormous increase in production is the more extraordinary because it was accomplished in the face of a decline of about two and a half million in the farm labor force from 1940 to 1944. Farmers of course worked longer hours during the war, and they were aided by generally favorable weather. But by far the most significant reason for their increased productivity has been the sweeping technological change in agriculture.

Despite wartime restrictions on the manufacture of farm machinery, the number of tractors on American farms has increased by over 34 per cent since 1940. There have likewise been amazing increases in the use of highly specialized tilling and harvesting equipment. During the first three years of the war alone the number of mechanical corn-pickers increased by 29 per cent, combine harvesters by 31 per cent, pickup hay-balers by 67 per cent, and milking machines by 49 per cent. In 1943 one third of the entire United States corn crop was harvested by machine, although the corn-picker had been introduced only a few years before.

The trend toward industrialization means better agriculture, but it threatens to disrupt our entire mode of rural life. Almost until the present generation, the average farmer's aspiration was to own just enough land to support his family comfortably according to modest rural standards. It was a subsistence-based concept of agriculture, with the emphasis on production for use rather than for sale. The family-sized, fully owned farm has remained the American ideal, but in recent years many a farmer

has struggled up the successive rungs of the ladder, from wage work to sharecropping to cash tenancy to encumbered ownership, only to discover that a neighbor who is merely renting or managing land is better off than he with his heavy debt load. Moreover, the definition of a family-sized farm is now more commonly set by the productive capacity of a man's tractor than by the needs of his family.

An Army poll taken before demobilization began indicated that from 800,000 to 1,000,000 servicemen intended to go into full-time farming after their discharge. Another 500,000 planned to take up part-time farming. These prospective farmers, together with thousands of industrial workers who left the farms temporarily during the war and additional thousands of farmers' sons maturing each year, will undoubtedly enter into heavy competition for farm land. Land values in some areas are already inflated, and agricultural officials fear a land boom similar to the one which resulted in so many farming failures after the First World War.

Although many people still identify the soil with personal security, and every depression has seen a drift "back to the land," the long-range movement is toward the city and town. The proportion of the American working population engaged in agriculture was only 26 per cent in 1920, and by 1943 it had dropped to about 15 per cent. Of the estimated 6,300,000 persons who left the farms from 1940 to 1944, it is likely that a majority will never be able to return to an adequate livelihood in farming.

2

THE gasoline tractor, though by no means the first important invention in agriculture's technological revolution, was perhaps the most dramatic. Its greater pulling power vastly increased the effectiveness of large implements like the harvester-thresher combine. During World War I the tractor and combine began to turn the Great Plains into a grain factory of previously unimagined proportions. The number of man-hours required to grow an acre of wheat dropped sharply, and the size of individual farms could be expanded. Many returning soldiers of

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that war found they were no longer needed on the farm, and were forced to join the unemployment ranks of 1921.

The mechanization of wheat farming went on long after the war. Between 1926 and 1930, implement manufacturers in this country turned out 115,000 combines, as compared with 25,000 during the previous five years. By 1938, 90 per cent of the wheat in Kansas was being harvested by combine.

Many who read *The Grapes of Wrath* toward the close of the Depression were startled to learn what had been going on in the rural areas of the country. Some wondered whether the large population movements which Steinbeck described could actually have taken place. But not the families who experienced those hungry years in the Southwest. During the period from 1930 to 1938, over 60,000 tractors came into Texas alone — an increase of 165 per cent over the number already in use. C. Horace Hamilton, rural life economist at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, who has made an intensive study of the human consequences of agricultural mechanization, estimated conservatively that each new tractor meant at least one family displaced from the land. He cited one instance in which as many as nine families were displaced by a single tractor.

The Okies did not come from Oklahoma alone. They came from the corn and wheat areas as well as the cotton lands. They came from fruit and vegetable farms scattered from New Jersey to Florida. They came even out of the Ozarks and the Appalachians, those last strongholds of subsistence farming. Large numbers of these workers have been temporarily anchored by industrial jobs or military service; but if industrial employment falls off, they will soon be on the move again, looking for jobs and farms in the rural areas they know best.

The number of tractors on United States farms was nearly doubled during the ten years before the war; by 1940 there were about 1,600,000 in use. When you consider that those were largely depression years and that the purchase of a tractor and complementary equipment is one of the major undertakings of a lifetime for the average farmer, you realize that something was literally shoving farmers along the road to mechanization. If they could not buy on the installment plan, they often mortgaged their farms to acquire machines during this period.

There are now well over 2,000,000 tractors on American farms, and they have had a powerful influence on the consolidation of landholdings. The use of power-drawn equipment usually means the need for a larger farm, both because it is easier to work more land and because the larger investment requires a larger return. Farm operators ordinarily solve the problem by buying or renting additional acreage, which frequently means the displacement of the previous tenants. The Corn Belt farmer who used to think that a quarter section was all a man could reasonably handle may now feel cramped unless he can operate a section or more. Not uncom-

monly his holdings are scattered in tracts several miles apart; the problem of distance has become less important with the use of the farm truck and the rubber-tired tractor.

Another development which has contributed to the centralized control of farm land is the extension of the vertical pattern of business organization which links distributors and processors directly with their sources of raw material. Thus rubber manufacturers such as Goodyear have acquired textile mills and large cotton farms to supply themselves with tire cord. Quick-freezing plants and canneries operate their own truck farms or have contract arrangements which give them effective control over enormous acreages. Sugar refineries have similar contracts with beet and cane growers. Insurance companies and banks which acquired farm real estate as investments or through depression foreclosures now find themselves practicing agriculture on a large scale.

The farmers who were displaced by consolidation have inevitably entered into competition with each other for the limited remaining acreage. As a result the number of very small farms has been increasing at the same time that large farms have been multiplying. Census figures do not always make clear that these subdivided farms are on the poorer lands, or that they represent the tightening confines of America's rural slums.

It is thus paradoxical that the tendency toward greater commercialization on the part of some farmers drives other farmers to an increasing dependence upon subsistence farming. In ordinary times the competition in the limited agricultural market is so severe that only the low-cost producers can afford to stay in business. The rest are forced to live on what they raise, rather than what they sell. Analysis of census figures by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics has shown that the overwhelming bulk of the agricultural production which goes into commercial channels is produced by less than half of the nation's farms. In 1939, one third of the farms in the United States marketed only 3 per cent of all farm products sold, and another third produced only 13 per cent additional of the total marketings.

If markets shrink again during the next few years, it will be the small, less efficient producer who is squeezed out of the commercial economy and perhaps out of farming entirely. This result may be better for agriculture as a whole, but it leaves unsolved the problems of those who must find their livelihood elsewhere.

3

THE future may bring even more startling changes in farm technology. Among the factors which make technological change so ominous for the farmer, even as he pursues its advantages, are its cumulative effect and its unpredictability. A single invention may not revolutionize farming, but when in growing corn you get mechanical cross-cultivation,

plus high-producing hybrid seed, *plus* improved fertilization, *plus* a mechanical picker-sheller, you are in a new farm economy.

Western sugar-beet growers have been engaged in adapting a similar series of recent inventions to their needs. The blocking, thinning, and harvesting of beets ordinarily require a great deal of hand labor, and the shortage of seasonal help was keenly felt during the war. The introduction of single-germination seed has already made possible the elimination of much hand hoeing in the thinning operation; and mechanical lifters, toppers, and loaders will soon put the heavy harvest job on an assembly-line basis — for those farmers who can afford the equipment. Automatic beet-loaders are already widely in use. In coming years these inventions may mean that thousands of migrant workers who make the annual trek from Texas and New Mexico to the beet fields of Michigan and the Mountain States will have to accept starvation wages or look elsewhere for work.

A similar threat hangs over the depressed cotton economy of the South. As early as the summer of 1941, I saw cotton in the Mississippi Delta being check-cultivated by tractor in the way already well established in corn. Application of this method had waited only upon development of uniformly germinating seed. The Negro tractor driver I talked with was making \$4.00 a day — far above the prevailing wage for day labor — but with a tractor-cultivator he was doing the work of several families of choppers. For several years the great plantations in this section have been poison-dusted for boll weevil by airplane — a practice that is also being carried on in Eastern truck farming and other cropping areas where the contiguous acreage is large enough.

The social-minded Rust brothers of Memphis, who invented a successful mechanical cotton-picker several years ago, were so conscious of the implications of their invention that they would not release it for unrestricted sale. Almost as soon as the machine was ready for trial, they arranged for the profits from its distribution to go into a foundation for the study of the tremendous economic problems of the rural South. Their picker has not yet come into general use, but the *Wall Street Journal* has reported that six companies are undertaking commercial production of cotton-picking machines. On the High Plains of Texas a considerable number of farmers met the wartime labor shortage with a stripper-type cotton harvester.

Cotton is subject to other possibilities of an even more revolutionary nature. The rivalry of synthetic products such as rayon and nylon has led to research into the possibility of "piping" cotton to the textile mill to eliminate some of the stages now necessary in its processing. It has been suggested that the cellulose in cotton bolls could be harvested with a suitable combine or stripper before the bolls burst open for picking. The cellulose would be reduced chemically to liquid form and

shipped to rayon mills in tank cars, instead of going through the regular ginning, baling, carding, and spinning processes. Such a proposal would doubtless sound fantastic to the average cotton farmer, and it may never be adopted. But the battle between cotton and synthetics promises to be severe, and cotton has already lost several rounds. Rayon and nylon, aside from their uses in textiles, are now being used extensively in automobile, truck, and airplane tires, which before the war formed a major outlet for cotton fiber. Paper is also shouldering cotton out of important markets in the bag, towel, twine, and upholstery industries.

Manufacturers are often able to cushion the impact of technological change through patent restrictions and trade agreements. This is not the case in agriculture. Soviet plant physiologists a few years ago announced that they had discovered an important new principle of plant-growth regulation, which they called "vernalization." By a relatively simple process of soaking and chilling the seed, they reported that they could change the reproductive period of winter grains to that of spring grains, without losing their qualities of hardihood. This promised that grain could be harvested within the extremely short growing seasons of northern Siberia, where cereal plants had never been known to head before. Moreover, the principle was believed to have general application to other plants.

Within three years experiments in the vernalization of plants were reported from nearly every country in Europe, the United States, Canada, several South American countries, China, India, Australia, and several parts of Africa. The crops tested included all the common cereals and forage grasses, as well as cotton, flax, hemp, potatoes, turnips, beetroot, lentils, spinach, melons, artichokes, hops, and tobacco. Even the Bermudian Easter lily industry got excited about the possibility of regulating the flowering of plants so that they would come into the market at exactly the right time.

This example is cited to suggest the world-wide rapidity with which agricultural innovations may be seized upon and developed, with totally unpredictable consequences for particular farming enterprises. The possibilities of modern plant physiology and genetics in increasing the world's food supply and transforming agriculture are only beginning to be appreciated.

It would be foolish to become alarmed about sweeping technological changes which have not yet occurred. Those which are already taking place are enough to worry about, once the prop of a war-created market is withdrawn from American agriculture. Our problem is no longer to fear with Malthus that we cannot raise enough food for the needs of the world, but to devise a program which will avoid the dilemma that confronted every farmer during the last depression. At that time, with normal outlets glutted, the national farm policy sought to effect drastic cuts in production. It is

easy to see the irony in a policy of killing little pigs and plowing under every third row of cotton; many people saw it then, but they were desperate.

Yet while it seemed to the economic interest of farmers as a whole to limit production, after the pattern which had been set by industry, the *individual farmer* felt compelled to produce more than ever. He felt obliged to cut costs, intensify, increase yields — in short, to do everything possible to advance his position in relation to his competitors.

Consequently, while the average acreage planted to corn in the years 1937 to 1943 was reduced by 12,000,000 acres, as compared with the average for the previous seventeen years, the average yield *per acre* increased from 25.9 to 30.1 bushels, and the average total harvest increased by 85,000,000 bushels. The same sort of thing happened in other major crops, to the despair of officials in charge of the crop-reduction program. It indicated at once the complete helplessness of the individual farmer to deal with a farm problem which required a collective solution, and his dependence upon the best agriculture he knew how to apply.

4

THE future of American agriculture poses a major problem for national policy. As with all social problems of this magnitude, no simple solution is possible, and only a few suggestions can be sketched here. To begin with, we should be able to avoid certain confusions which have marked our previous approaches to the problem. We shall do well to keep in mind several things.

1. *The trend toward mechanization in agriculture cannot be stopped, nor even materially slowed down.* We can no more halt technology on the farm than the British could stop their own similar Enclosure Movement beginning over two centuries ago.

Even if we thought it advisable to slow down mechanization of our farms, it would go on in other countries. On a visit to the fertile Laguna district of northern Mexico in the summer of 1940 I saw the *ejidatarios* of the collective farms staging a colorful review for President Cárdenas — a demonstration of the mass use of modern tractors and wheat combines on large blocks of expropriated land. And in the Soviet Union several years before the war, farmers' collectives were already employing a mechanical cotton-picker as well as other modern types of equipment. Russian tractor output at that time was second only to ours; in 1935, four large factories turned out 112,566 machines, compared with 156,858 produced that year in the United States. This industry was one of Russia's first great war casualties, but plans are said to be under way for the operation of seven huge tractor plants.

2. *We must begin to think of agriculture as an industry, not as a place to which we can shunt our unemployed urban population.* For those people, as well as

for the persons periodically displaced from agriculture, we are going to have to find other sources of employment. It may again become necessary to set up subsistence homesteads in marginal land areas as housing and relief measures, but this should not be confused with a program for agriculture.

3. *The trend toward centralized control of the land can probably not be arrested by a direct frontal attack,* but it must be faced before conditions approach those of portions of pre-war Europe. The family-sized farm is still a good ideal to strive for, but it must be realistically defined in terms of commercialized agriculture. The economic farm unit will naturally vary with the crop region and the stage of technological advance which has been reached. "Forty acres and a mule" may still apply in some parts of the tobacco country, but hardly in the Corn Belt. We can best combat the tendency toward centralization by enhancing the opportunities for smaller farmers to get into commercial production on a sound economic basis. The recent advent of small, general-purpose tractors and baby combines will help, as will such coöperative arrangements as the group ownership of large equipment and the use of artificial insemination to improve dairy stock.

4. *The maintenance of a "good price" will not provide the automatic solution to farmers' post-war readjustment difficulties.* There can be no quarrel with the aim of good farm prices as an accompaniment to general prosperity. But if markets do not hold up and the government is forced to make good its legislative pledge to support the prices of war-expanded crops for two years after the emergency, the American public may get a terrific bill. Furthermore, such a subsidized price program, which applies indiscriminately to all farmers, will hand a windfall to the large low-cost producer while merely enabling the average farmer to survive. It would be less expensive and more effective to design a program which would specifically encourage the family-sized farm and thereby preserve the yeoman class of farmers, who have been such an important part of American democratic life.

The parity formula on which present price guarantees are based represents price relationships which existed before the First World War. As Secretary of Agriculture Anderson recently pointed out, these relationships often do not reflect the modern requirements of a well-rounded agriculture. We know, for example, that in ordinary times we produce too much cotton in the South, and not enough milk and other high-nutrition foods. A disproportionately high price on cotton tends to prevent the needed introduction of soil conservation measures, in effect subsidizes the artificial fiber industries, and encourages foreign producers to grow more competitive cotton.

On the positive side, here are some of the things that need to be done.

1. *We need to ensure a very high level of employment in the manufacturing and service fields if agriculture is*

to stay on its feet in the coming period. This may appear to dodge the problem by focusing attention elsewhere, but the conclusion is inescapable. Farming is by this time inseparably tied up with the rest of the economy, and a depression would hit agriculture doubly hard since it would take away its major market at the same time that the forces we have been describing would come fully into play.

If we do not maintain a reasonably prosperous economy in the future, the only alternative will be a rigidly controlled agriculture in which we try to overcome the effects of technological advance by sharp restrictions on production. For farmers, this will mean close regimentation — and for many, no chance to farm at all. For the rest of us, it will mean needless scarcities of the farm commodities which could be produced.

2. *As a corollary to the maintenance of a full domestic market, we must make every effort to work out international trade arrangements which will yield a world outlet.* That will mean some competition with our own products, of course, and will eventually lead to regional specialization, but it is essential to the stimulation of world prosperity and to the prevention of agricultural price wars in which no country gains.

The desperate need for food in Europe and Asia offers us at once an opportunity to demonstrate our continuing interest in a peaceful, prosperous world, and a chance to cushion the shock to our economy as the wartime market fades. It would be nothing but good business to help other countries get to their feet during the years ahead.

3. *Mechanized farming demands an increased use of agricultural credit.* In recent years the Federal government has gone a long way to provide credit to farmers at rates commensurate with those available to urban businessmen. But as we enter the coming era it is highly urgent that we re-examine the adequacy of the credit facilities open to farmers. Before the war the larger operator could generally get along with the forms of credit provided by private banks, the Federal Land Banks, and the Production Credit Associations. And the very poor farmer was provided a limited supply of credit by the Farm Security Administration through its rehabilitation and tenant-purchase loans.

Falling between these groups, however, there was a considerable number of potentially successful farmers who could not qualify for either type of loan, either because the requirements for FLB and PCA loans were too high, or because those for FSA were too low. Since then the amount of funds available for FSA loans has been stringently curtailed. Thus the often unsatisfactory private loans are the only means of credit available to thousands of farmers who might otherwise make a go of farming.

For the returning veteran the prospect is not much better, since under the GI Bill of Rights the government will guarantee only up to \$2000 of a loan for

which he himself must find the lender. The Army's poll of servicemen who intended to go into farming revealed that most of them were thinking of investing up to \$4000 in a farm, which may be compared with the Department of Agriculture's estimates of \$5000 to \$8000 as the average cost of a family-sized farm (not counting the necessary tools, equipment, and livestock).

4. *In distinguishing between credit and relief needs, it is not intended to rule out the latter.* No matter how well our economy functions, there will probably be a need for rural welfare programs just as there will be such needs in urban areas. Nutritional, health, and sanitation requirements on farms are often overlooked simply because they do not occur in concentrated form. There are slums in the country fully as bad as those in cities, and when we consider our national housing needs we should not neglect the farms.

We do not even have to start at the level of housing construction. It is appalling to contemplate how few rural homes have the most ordinary conveniences of city life. Fewer than one farm home in five had water piped into the house in 1940, and fewer than one in three were lighted by electricity. Moreover, the national averages obscure the fact that these advantages were concentrated in the Hay and Dairy Belt, the Corn Belt, and the valleys of the Far West. Only about 4 per cent of the farm dwellings in four Southern states had piped water, and fewer than 13 per cent had electricity in 1940. Since that time the TVA and local coöperatives sponsored by the Rural Electrification Administration have brought electricity to many additional farms, but the majority of farm housewives still wait for the opportunity to use an electric washing machine and an electric iron.

The possibility of comfortable living for our rural population is here, thanks to the very technology which threatens its disruption. It is important to recognize that the countless human services the farm population lacks can be partly supplied from its own ranks, and thereby provide employment for those who can no longer stay in agricultural production. Rural areas are notoriously deficient in distributional facilities and in medical, educational, and other services, and the life of farming communities will be greatly enriched if their young people have the opportunity to enter these fields.

All of this, it cannot be said too often, depends upon what kind of economy we can achieve under conditions of restored peace. The assurance of a reasonable standard of diet for the American people alone would go a long way toward solving the farm problem. If we can maintain a sufficiently high level of commercial activity to permit agriculture to use its tremendous resources, we shall have done well. If we cannot, we had better look for serious trouble on the farm.



GREEN RIVER TRAIN

by VINCENT McHUGH

THE eastbound from Utah came down between the promontories of gray rock and ran slowly into the town. There was a tall wedge of rock, like the battered stem of a ship, jutting from the hill behind the town, with a formation at the top that resembled a gun platform; and the correspondent had a glimpse of a street of old-fashioned red-brick Western fronts block-lettered ENGINE HOUSE and STORE and OFFICE in gray stone. Then the black westbound train slid alongside, making two motions of the world in the fading sun, and the railroad girls in bright blue denim swarmed between the trains, raising a clatter of covers on the journal boxes. He did not notice for a moment what the train was, until all the soldiers' heads began to come out of the open windows and doors.

The correspondent and his wife got off and stood in the new ballast between the tracks. The sun had just gone behind the mountains, and the thin, blue, lighted air was like a vast warm trance. The voices of the girls calling to each other came clearly down the long trains, and the delicate faded colors of their printed cotton headcloths bobbed in and out under the cars. The soldiers had fastened back the upper halves of the vestibule doors, and five or six of them shouldered into each opening. They were talking to each other in quick, subdued voices; one of them played stopped chords on a four-string guitar.

A tall Private First Class with rumpled dark hair leaned out. "They got women working," he said, aside, to no one, in a tone of such faint surprise that the correspondent thought it a very funny remark.

Author of four novels, the best known of which are *Caleb Callum's America* (1936) and *I Am Thinking of My Darling* (1943), VINCENT McHUGH worked as a WSA correspondent in the Pacific during the war. He is at present writing on his new book, *The Victory*, which will be published by Random House in the early fall.

The Pfc did not smile. None of them smiled. They talked in short, hard bursts and their restless movements were full of a burning, caged energy.

A stocky blond soldier asked, "What's the name of this town?"

"Green River, Wyoming," said the thin, stooping one.

"Who says?"

"The conductor. He works on this train. He sees it ever' day."

"Not every day," the guitar player said. He was standing with his head back against the open door and he sounded muley. He tried out the chords, assembling each chord from its component tones. "Green River train," he said.

"Red River Train," the stooping soldier said.

"Don't bother me," the guitarist said. "Pick your own color."

"Play *Sentimental Journey*," the stocky one said.

"I played it," said the guitarist.

He went on fingering the instrument in the chatter all about him and only the stooping one listened. The guitarist played the first line of a song that might have been *This Train Is Bound for Glory*, but slower. It sounded like an old hymn tune. He glanced at the stooping soldier, who nodded gently and sang the second line in a soft nasal voice: —

"We will ride on that Green River train."

The stocky soldier pushed in again. "How about that *Sentimental Journey*? That's got a nice tune."

"Go away," the guitarist said.

Some of the other people from the eastbound got out and stood with their backs to the troop train. There was a quiet, tall girl in black net, with the Air Force wings over her left breast. A pleasant, dark, bony young woman, who looked Slavic-American, rested her hand on the head of a blonde girl of four.

The child stood dutifully quiet, her plump backsides stuck out in the red skirt. A boy of six or so in khaki shirt and shorts wandered off between the cars, his hands behind his back. He put each foot down with a scrunch in the gravel. A fat girl in pale blue and a smaller, nervous girl stood chatting with the porter. He was young and big-boned, dark brown in his white jacket, and he had a way of doing intelligent things without seeming to notice the passenger he was helping. The soldiers talked only among themselves, and no one spoke to them; but all of them, civilians and soldiers, were as intimately conscious of one another as members of the same family.

The correspondent's wife was a small, neat-boned, handsome woman of thirty-five, tanned dark as a Paiute, in a percale shirtmaker dress. The darkening sky did not look strange to her; she was a Westerner from another part of the cattle country. She gazed at the soldiers for a moment and spoke gently at the correspondent's ear.

"They sure look wore out and high."

"They came straight through," the correspondent said.

He did not need the long chalk scrawls on the cars to tell him that: NORMANDY TO NAGASAKI and ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS; TOKYO ROSE, WE LOVE YOU and the bitter JUST PASSING THROUGH. He saw the pink-and-black shoulder patch of a famous European division. All the soldiers had the same tousled, sweaty look, and a curious, intimate furtiveness, as if they had gone moist and slack thinking about women when women were denied them. The correspondent felt this in the remarks passed over their shoulders, the snickering laughter; and he sensed their shy strangeness in the American world they could not touch again.

He looked up at the tall ship of rock behind the town, standing toward him in the afterglow, and thought that he did not wish to see any more battered ships. He considered the rumors of surrender that morning in Ogden. They might be true this time. He had a sudden, intense impulse to tell the soldiers that it would be all right, that it would not be bad. He was surprised that he could not think of anything to say. All he could think of was the thing he had read in a book somebody had brought aboard at Ulithi, or at that place in the Palaus where the Navy held little more than the harbor and the small boats patrolled all night to keep the enemy from swimming out and blasting the ships.

"The true peace of God," the book had said, "begins at any spot a thousand miles from the nearest land."

2

THE correspondent was a thin, medium-sized man of forty-two, in a gray seersucker suit. He was thankful that he had not been asked to wear a uniform. He had a silly horror of being caught in a uniform in which he would not be allowed to fight. At the same

time, he felt a certain measure of civilian guilt, and despised himself for it. He regarded this as one more civilian idiocy. The sense of guilt had been very strong just before he signed up to go. It faded out of sight with the coast. Out there, death and wounds were the simple occupational risks common to all. No one stood upon the degree of risk, except that the people who had the more dangerous jobs were entitled to special sympathy.

Two or three weeks after he got back, the correspondent discovered with surprise that the guilt had reappeared. He was aware of a continual mild need to justify himself, to present his credentials; and he began to understand that this might be the civilian counterpart of that feeling of resentment and outrage, the sense of having been unfairly trapped and cruelly used, that troubled many of the men in uniform.

Then something had happened to the correspondent that put all this out of his mind. He had walked up Taylor Street one evening to the top of Nob Hill. It was quiet as Sunday morning and the late pure light touched the pale fronts of the houses and widened out over the Gate. Halfway through the block at the top, his heart began to weaken and slow down. He sat down on the curb. The beat became fainter and fainter until he thought that it had stopped. Then his heart flushed, there was an instant like fright, and it began to beat slowly and thickly again. The muscles in his arm jerked, then his jaw and his whole body. He tried to stop a cab but the driver took him for a drunk and drove slowly past.

When he got home, the correspondent did not mention this incident to his wife. He believed that he had had his first heart attack. After that, remembering an old joke, he began to think of himself as a slightly cracked egg. There was no such thing as a slightly cracked egg. But he did not care any more about guilt or resentment. He cared about human kindness and he wished to tell these soldiers that the other war would not be too bad.

Nobody spoke to them; but a small, redheaded soldier leaned on the door and watched the boy stamping in the gravel.

"Hey, Freddy," he called softly, as if to no one.

"Jimmy!" another said behind him, in the same tone, and they all took it up: "Hey, Jack!" "Hey! Bill!" "Hello Dick!" "Hey, Richard!"

The boy's mother smiled. The boy pretended that he did not hear them. He stamped slowly halfway down the next car, turned, and came stamping back, head bent.

The stooping soldier and the guitarist were trying out the middle part of the song. Another soldier came out the door, listened, and tried to swing it, bunching his shoulders in a slow crawling motion: —

*"I gotta go, I gotta go
I got a long, long way to go."*

"Naw," the stocky blond one said. "That means something else." He bawled suddenly: —

*"I ain't got much dough
But I got a long, long way to go."*

How's that?" he said cheerfully.

The red-haired soldier said, as if to nobody, out the car door, "Whaddaya wanta be? A fireman? A boat captain?" They called, "A pilot?" "An engineer on a train?"

"That's what I want to be — a pilot," said the tall Pfc at the other door. He was gazing down at the girl with the wings on her breast. "What am I doing in the Infantry? I want to be in the Air Force. They get all the best girls." He seemed to be talking to himself. The girl smiled faintly.

The redheaded soldier said to the boy, "A sailor in a submarine? A cowboy?"

The boy stopped suddenly beside his mother, looked up and smiled. Everyone smiled but the soldiers. The porter's lips came apart over his good teeth and the fat girl in blue laughed.

A soldier in a window behind her said, "I could go for somethin' blue. I just could."

She laughed at him. "You're going the wrong way."

"That's nothin', honey," he said. "That's nothin' at all. I'll come all the way round an' meet you."

The red-haired soldier looked down at the boy and said, "That did it. So you want to be a cowboy?"

The boy nodded up at him.

"All right," the redhead said. "I'm coming back and get me a ranch. I'll hire you for one of my hands. How's that?"

The boy nodded. His mother looked up and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "His daddy is a sailor. He's going to meet him."

The little girl danced out from under her hand and looked pleased.

"That's fine," the redheaded one said. "A sailor is fine. Anything but a soldier."

The guitarist was playing the tune slowly behind him.

"Soldier's no good," somebody else said.

"I still want to be a pilot," the Pfc said at the next door. A corporal leaned over his shoulder, looked, and said, "Uh-huh. Me too."

"Where you want me to meet you? New York or Philadelphia?" the soldier at the window said to the girl in blue. "Ah'll make it anywhere you say. Man, when I see somethin' in blue I just can't hold onto myself."

The girls in denim were gone now, and the white arms of the porters from the eastbound train were waving down the long perspective of dusk. The people between the cars stirred.

A soldier called, "How far we got to go to Frisco, porter?"

"Day and a night," the porter said. He was helping the girl in blue up the steps. "Full day. You got a long way to go after that." His voice was deep and slow.

"You been out?"

"New Guinea," the porter said. "Got malaria." He considered. "Maybe you won't get to go now."

"That's fine," the soldier said.

The tall Pfc spoke directly to the girl with the wings. "Where is he now?"

She looked up and said in a tone of simple statement, "He's missing."

The correspondent saw him stand there a moment in the doorway. Then he put his left hand in the hand of the man behind him and swung his body far out, the right arm coming out and down in a movement like the movement of a bullfighter the correspondent had seen in Juarez, placing his sword between the horns of the bull. He touched the girl's shoulder and nodded. His lips set. Then he swung back, in a reverse of the same movement, and the train began to pull out.

"Here comes Tokyo Rose," the stocky blond soldier said to the correspondent.

"I used to hear her out there," the correspondent called. His voice sounded harsh to him. "She puts on a good show. You won't have any trouble now."

The soldiers were jostling each other to get back into the cars. The correspondent went up the steps behind his wife, and as the porter got on, the eastbound train stirred. All the soldiers were waving from the windows.

"The little sons of bitches," the correspondent's wife said.

He looked at her and saw that she was crying with a smiling face, crying and waving at the heads hung out of the windows. Then the eastbound was going and he could hear the guitar going away and the soft high voice of the slouching soldier singing: —

*"I will ride on that Green River train,
I will ride on that Green River train,
They told me an' I know
I got a long, long way to go . . ."*

The galley slid past with the ghostly white coats of the waiters and chefs. The trains were making two motions of the world in the darkness; and looking up, the correspondent saw the last faint light on the wedge of rock behind the town, like the ship of the Republic, oncoming and tall in the immense solitude of the mountains.

MR. DOOLEY AND THE SAME OLD WORLD

by JOHN V. KELLEHER

I

IT IS now twenty years since Mr. Martin Dooley, then proprietor of a speak-easy, was last heard from. It is nearer forty years to the time when he had the daily attention of millions of Americans, and when his words, spoken in the relative seclusion of his barroom to his silent auditor, Mr. Malachi Hennessy, were re-echoed admiringly throughout the United States and the United Kingdom. You, gentle reader, may never have heard of him, or only vaguely, as you have heard of Bill Nye or Petroleum V. Nasby; yet, just forty years ago, some one of your relatives was singing:—

For Mister Dooley, for Mister Dooley,
The greatest man the country ever knew,
Quite diplomatic and democratic
Is Mister Dooley-ooley-ooley-oo.

It was a silly song. It heaped praises on Mr. Dooley for things he had never done, and could not be imagined attempting:—

He drove the Spaniards back to the tanyards . . .

Those who sang it knew very well how silly it was, but they sang it in tribute and gratitude to the man whose wisdom was more than helpful to a nation still trying to recover its self-possession after having fought the War with Spain. In that United States, still full of men who had survived Spanish bullets and American embalmed beef and the Montauk Point hospital camp, — a country headed by Theodore Roosevelt, the hero of San Juan Hill, — Martin Dooley, self-described as “th’ man behind th’ guns, four thousan’ miles behind thim, an’ willin’ to be further,” easily held his own in popularity. It was one of those rare moments in history when venerable wisdom is given the palm over youth and vigor.

A native of Massachusetts who comes naturally by his love of the Irish-American tradition, JOHN V. KELLEHER on his release from the Army returned to his studies as a Junior Fellow at Harvard. Before donning the uniform, he had delivered a series of Lowell Lectures on Irish literature, and now is at work on a series of *Atlantic* essays: the first on Mr. Dooley, the second on Ring Lardner.

If your interest is aroused by this and you turn to any recent American history to find out more about Martin Dooley, the chances are that you will find his words quoted in the text, but you will not find his name in the index. His creator, Finley Peter Dunne, will be listed there, a proof of the weakness of current historical method, which readily accepts Plato’s Socrates but draws the line at our American philosopher, presumably because he is not mentioned in so poor an authority as the Chicago city directory. There is no denying the substantive existence of Finley Peter Dunne, or his influence in American politics and journalism; but to use that as an excuse for relegating Mr. Dooley to the limbo of once popular fictions, with Private Miles O’Reilly and the Lady from Philadelphia, is as foolish as it is bigoted.

The admirers of Mr. Dooley are now a small and select group, gently asserting the merits of *good* dialect writing; yet you will never hear one of them say, “Wait till I read you what Finley Dunne has to say about that.” The idea is preposterous. One might as readily quote what William Shakespeare said when he decided that his royal uncle had killed his royal father. Let the historians grasp the larger realities. It was Mr. Dooley, and not Dunne, to whom the American people listened lovingly. And it was the old and wise Dooley who gave the historians the indispensable observation with which they high-light the politics of our emergence as an imperial power: “Whether th’ constitution follows th’ flag or not, th’ Supreme Coort follows th’ illiction returns.” When Dooley said that, Dunne was a mere stripling of thirty-three.

Proceeding conventionally, one would admit that Dunne, the author, takes standing over Dooley, the character, and begin with a sketch of Dunne’s life and works. Neither, however, is a conventional figure in literature. Dooley is a unique invention: the only mythical philosopher I can think of with a philosophy. He is also Dunne’s only major character. With the exception of Hennessy, who somehow manages a vivid existence on little more than silent bewilder-

ment, the other people in the essays are as shadowy as the fall guys in Plato's dialogues: they exist only through Dooley's quotations or descriptions of them. Hogan, the gullible intellectual; Father Kelly, the humane and humorous priest; Dock O'Leary, the agnostic; Schwartzmeister, the foreign element and Dooley's German rival; the various cops, plumbers, misers, lovers, housewives, aldermen, reformers, and bums, who are mentioned transiently — all exist to feed Dooley information it would be out of character for him to find in his newspaper, or to enable him to point and illustrate a moral.

2

NOR is it simply Dooley's singularity that gives him precedence. Other authors have spoken through their characters, or invented them only to discover that, once alive, they would go their own ways and do their own work. But Dooley was so large that Dunne could live inside him unnoticed and endowed with a freedom that Dunne, the citizen, would never be permitted. No one could serve a warrant on Dooley; nor could any enemy impugn his motives. His probity and fairness and tolerance, the modesty of his living, were as unquestioned as George Washington's honesty. Hence, when Dooley struck at a malefactor, the victim had no redress except to answer Dooley back in kind with as good as he gave. It is a matter of history that no one ever managed that.

The great of the nation — industrial barons, leaders of reform, generals of the army; indeed, the President of the United States himself — tiptoed past that Archey Road barroom with placating smiles. No one willingly drew on himself the whip of Dooley's scorn. Those who did wished they hadn't. Imagine being poor Andrew Carnegie, who, every time he opened his mouth, got Dooley's foot in it. Or Theodore Roosevelt, whose bulkiest bravery was no protection against potshots from behind the bar — "I'd like to tell me frind Tiddy that they'se a sthrenuse life an' a sthrenuseless life" — though it was as an author that Roosevelt suffered most. Dooley's review of his *Rough Riders*, a regimental history in the first person, began with a discussion of suitable subtitles: —

'Tis "Th' Biography iv a Hero be Wan Who Knows." 'Tis "Th' Darin' Exploits iv a Brave Man be an Actual Eye Witness." 'Tis "Th' Account iv th' Desthruccion iv Spanish Power in th' Ant Hills," as it fell fr'm th' lips iv Tiddy Rosenfelt an' was took down be his own hands.

The review then proceeded with a synopsis of the author's account of the war: —

"... so I sint th' ar-rmy home an' attackted San Joon hill. Ar-rmed on'y with a small thirty-two which I used in th' West to shoot th' fleet prairie dog, I climbed that precipitous ascent in th' face iv th' most

gallin' fire I iver knew or heerd iv. But I had a few r-rounds iv gall mesilf an' what cared I? I dashed madly on, cheerin' as I wint. Th' Spanish throops was dhrawn up in a long line in th' formation known among military men as a long line. I fired at th' man nearest to me an' I knew be th' expression iv his face that th' trusty bullet wint home. It passed through his frame, he fell, an' wan little home in far-off Catalonia was made happy be th' thought that their ripsintative had been kilt be th' future governor iv New York. Th' bullet sped on its mad flight an' passed through th' intire line fin'lly imbeddin' itself in th' abdomen iv th' Ar-rch-bishop iv Santiago eight miles away. This ended th' war.

"They has been some discussion as to who was th' first man to r-reach th' summit iv San Joon hill. I will not attempt to dispute th' merits iv th' many gallant sojers, statesmen, corryspondints, an' kinetoscope men who claim th' distinction. They ar-re all brave men an' if they wish to wear me laurels they may. I have so many annyhow that it keeps me broke havin' thim blocked an' igned. But I will say f'r th' binifit iv posterity that I was th' on'y man I see. An' I had a tillyscope."

The last punch was right to the wind: —

... if Tiddy done it all he ought to say so an' relieve th' suspinsse. But if I was him I'd call th' book "Alone in Cubia."

From then on, the book was *Alone in Cubia*. And one of the most interesting chapters in Dunne's life is how Roosevelt genially, if nervously, courted his friendship.

The personal history of Martin Dooley was known to all. Like Socrates he made one brief excursion into office — as precinct captain (1873–1875) — but after that retired to philosophy. (When asked to remain in politics, he refused and gave his reasons: "As Shakespere says, 'Ol' men f'r th' council, young men f'r th' ward.'") His occupation was saloonkeeper, though in his earlier years he had worked at heavier manual employment as street laborer and drayman. Born in County Roscommon, Ireland, he had emigrated to the United States before the Civil War and had worked his way west to Chicago. He was a mature observer of the Chicago Fire of 1871. His age, when he first became a national figure, in 1898, was unknown, but was commonly believed to be at least in the late sixties. What his age was when he last appeared, in 1926, is anybody's guess.

Dooley's barroom was on Archey Road (Archer Avenue) in Chicago, in a neighborhood once purely Irish and still, in 1898, Irish enough so that it made little difference in the essays. "The barbarians around them," we are told in Dunne's description of the area, "are moderately but firmly governed, encouraged to passionate votings for the ruling race, but restrained from the immoral pursuit of office."

And of Dooley himself we have the following account: "Among them lives and prospers the traveler, archaeologist, historian, social observer, saloon-keeper, economist, and philosopher, who has not been out of the ward for twenty-five years 'but twict.' He

reads the newspapers with solemn care, heartily hates them, and accepts all they print for the sake of drowning Hennessy's rising protests against his logic. From the cool heights of life in the Archey Road, uninterrupted by the jarring noises of crickets and cows, he observes the passing show, and meditates thereon. His impressions are transferred to the desensitized plate of Mr. Hennessy's mind, where they can do no harm. . . . He is opulent in good advice, as becomes a man of his station; for he has mastered most of the obstacles in a business career, and by leading a prudent and temperate life has established himself so well that he owns his own house and furniture, and is only slightly behind on his license. It would be indelicate to give statistics as to his age." There, except to note that he profited by Socrates' example and remained a bachelor, is the sum of Martin Dooley's personality and circumstances at the time the world began to beat a path to his keyhole.

3

IT WAS far easier to create Dooley in character than to keep him there. Much of Dunne's quality as an artist can be measured by his success in doing just that. The difficulties were innumerable. Many of the earlier essays written between 1893 and 1898 were concerned with Chicago politics, a subject obviously within Dooley's experience. Others were observations on general topics, or tall stories, or little homilies on practical virtue and everyday vice. But with national syndication the politics had to become national or international, and the localisms either universal or unintelligible.

Dunne managed it beautifully. The newspapers still accounted for the bulk of Dooley's information; and Hogan and Father Kelly and Dock O'Leary supplied subjects for literary, theological, and scientific discussion. Hogan was the most useful. He read everything, believed everything, and followed every fad from infant care to golf. Hogan came very close to being enthusiastic, progress-minded America. He is an appealing, understandable, and — in his full implications — rather a terrifying character.

There were other dangers for Dooley — the worst, perhaps, that he would become a fossil, with only a fossil's powers of entertainment, and lose his value as an interpreter. Such fossils abound in all professional humor. An American example, to which you can easily add a dozen others, is the chin-whiskered farmer, with cowhide boots and a catgut twang, dear to fifth-rate cartoonists. It would have been all too easy for that to happen to Dooley, for he represented a factor in American life that changed very nearly out of recognition during the thirty-three years he appeared in the newspapers and magazines. That Dooley did not fossilize, that he remained fresh and alive to the last, is due to Dunne's objective sensitivity to social change.

It would be foolish to offer the eight volumes of

essays as a sociological document on the thens and nows of the American-Irish scene. The primary interest of both Dunne and his readers was in his political or social comment; his attention to background was purely literary. Yet the essays do record many of the most significant permutations of Irish life in America, as and when they took place.

The change of tone over the years is very broad. In the late nineties, for example, Dooley waxed sardonic over golf, that social-silly pastime of the idle rich. In 1919, he followed Hogan and Larkin out to the links to watch them play. He was as ironic as ever, but now in everyday language. The game had become just another foolish fact — no longer a Sunday-supplement, lobsters-and-champagne myth. "There's nawthin' more excitin' to th' mother iv siven at th' end iv a complete wash-day thin to listen to an account iv a bum goluf game fr'm th' lips iv her lifemate. 'Tis almost as absorbin' as th' invintory iv a grocery store." That Dooley or Hogan should be on the links in 1895 might not have been impossible, but at any rate it wouldn't have happened. In 1919 it would not lift an eyebrow.

Golf is one example, and not particularly a central example, of the change represented. The whole process needs a history by itself, and none is yet written. The essays indicate it by progressively relaxing the belligerence with which the characters, Dooley included, face the smug and wealthy world. More and more their angry sarcasm is softened by indifference, their irony by amusement. This is not growing weakness or old age or an access of gentleness — just that a battle has been won and the victors are letting down their stiffly assumed defense. To put it more briefly still: the pressure is off.

The pressure let up in numberless ways, about that time, as the first generation of American-born Irish took over from their parents. Think of it in concrete terms. Families that had struggled along for years — God knows how — on the father's uncertain wages of, say, eight to ten dollars a week suddenly found themselves with five or six times that amount as the boys and girls grew up and got jobs their parents could never dream of. They marched into Canaan land and the walls toppled in the onrush. The "No Irish Need Apply" signs were broken up for firewood. It was a happy, marvelous time — a time for them to wonder at and enjoy — and it was enjoyed.

After fifty years of low wages, high immigration, and few opportunities, the American dream came true for the Irish with a bang. People with Irish names might, if they chose, be irritated by a last social sniper or two, but there was no serious obstacle left. Like the Yankees before them, they were now free to camp on the higher pastures and throw rocks at the foreigners below — for the *Mayflower* had meanwhile discharged another enormous boatload.

This last aspect of the change did not escape Dunne's attention, and though he had always been avowedly partisan as far as the Irish were concerned,

he let these new recruits to smugness have a well-directed volley. Know-Nothingism was a form of mental decrepitude he disliked in anybody.

[Shaughnessy] was in yisterdah an' says he: "'Tis time we done something to make th' immigration laws sthronger," says he. "Thru' fr' ye, Miles Standish," says I; "but what wud ye do?" "I'd keep out th' offscourin's iv Europe," says he. "Wud ye go back?" says I. "Have ye'er joke," says he. "'Tis not so seeryus as it was before ye come," says I.

In a longer speech Dunne let Dooley remind Americans of the hypocrisy of paleface nativism: —

... As a pilgrim father that missed th' first boats, I must raise me claryon voice 'gain' th' invasion iv this fair land be th' paupers an' arnychists iv effete Europe. Ye bet I must — because I'm here first. 'Twas different whin I was dashed high on th' stern an' rockbound coast. In thim days America was th' refuge iv th' oppressed iv all th' wurruld. They cud come over here an' do a good job iv oppressin' thimsilves. As I told ye I come a little late. Th' Rosenfelts an' th' Lodges bate me be at laste a boat lenth, an' be th' time I got here they was stern an' rockbound thimsilves. So I got a glorious raycaption as soon as I was towed off th' rocks. Th' stars an' sthripes whispered a welcome in th' breeze an' a shovel was thrust into me hand an' I was pushed into a sthreet excyvatin' as though I'd been born here. Th' pilgrim father who bossed th' job was a fine ol' puritan be th' name iv Doherty, who come over in th' Mayflower about th' time iv the potato rot in Wexford, an' he made me think they was a hole in th' breakwather iv th' haven iv refuge an' some iv th' wash iv th' seas iv opprission had got through. . . .

Annyhow, I was rayceived with open arms that sometimes ended in a clinch. I was afraid I wasn't goin' to assimilate with th' airlyer pilgrim fathers an' th' instichoochions iv th' counthry, but I soon found that a long swing iv th' pick made me as good as another man an' it didn't require a gr-reat intellect, or sometimes anny at all, to vote th' dimmycrat ticket, an' before I was here a month, I felt enough like a native born American to burn a witch.

4

For the most part, however, Dunne let his people enjoy their prosperity in quietness, and added his benediction. His own prosperity, considerable as it was, had, I believe, very little to do with the increasing gentleness of his comment. He was far too objective for that, and his natural kindliness, combined with a bitter hatred of hypocrisy, did not lend itself to jeremiads on the evils of having enough. The observation was as fundamental with him as with Shaw that the trouble with the poor is poverty. In his later years he had fewer occasions to attack the comfortable proponents of salutary poverty, but if we go back to 1894, the year of the Pullman strike, we can see the color of his fury.

After months of conflict, the strike against the company had been suppressed with use of Federal

troops, and starvation was a daily fact in Pullman, Illinois. Dunne, then on the editorial staff of the *Chicago Evening Post*, had punched at Pullman's head from time to time, but when it seemed that the company's policy toward the beaten men was to be one of cold-blooded retaliation, he let go with both hands and both feet and the pavement, and did not smile as he worked. The essay shows Dunne at his most Irish, using wit coldly as a bludgeon, savaging his victim with it. It shows too what Dunne could do when he felt himself called upon to champion a cause — for his action in such a case was that of a champion. You could hardly call it defending the weak. It was slaughter: —

Go into wan iv th' side sthreets about supper time an' see thim, Jawn — thim women sittin' at th' windies, with th' babies at their breasts an' waitin' fr' th' ol' man to come home. Thin watch him as he comes up th' sthreet, with his hat over his eyes an' th' shoulders iv him bint like a hoop an' dhraggin' his feet as if he carried ball an' chain. Musha, but 'tis a sound to dhrive ye'er heart cold whin a woman sobs an' th' young wans cries, an' both because there's no bread in th' house. Bettther off thim that lies in Gavin's crates out in Calv'ry, with th' grass over thim an' th' stars lookin' down on thim, quite at last. And bettther fr' us that sees an' hears an' can do nawthin' but give a crust now an' thin. . . .

Then he turned directly to the employer himself: —

"But what's it all to Pullman? Whin Gawd quarried his heart a happy man was made. He cares no more fr' thim little matters iv life an' death thin I do fr' O'Connor's tab. 'Th' women an' childhern is dyin' iv hunger,' they says. 'Will ye not put out ye'er hand to help thim?' they says. 'Ah, what th' 'ell,' says George. 'What th' 'ell,' he says. 'What th' 'ell,' he says. 'James,' he says, 'a bottle iv champagne an' a piece iv crambree pie. What th' 'ell, what th' 'ell, what th' 'ell.'"

"I heard two died yesterday," said Mr. McKenna. "Two women."

"Poor things, poor things. But," said Mr. Dooley, once more swabbing the bar, "what th' 'ell."

As the editorial writer at twenty-seven had had nothing but contempt for a tycoon befuddled by his own power, so at thirty-one, when Dunne lifted his sights from Chicago to the world of nations, he found no bigger game. Dooley was fazed by no man's pretensions. Statesman or alderman, man of war or man of God, it was all the same; "man" without its modifiers was the meaningful word — and, be it noted, the dignified word. Though his hero-worship was not even microscopic, his respect for human worth was as ready as his understanding of human nature.

Like every writer worth his salt, Dunne had his vision of evil, profound and thoroughgoing, and what is less usual, balanced by an equally searching vision of decency. He could never write a *Utopia*. The complexity of the human spirit was his starting point, and his philosophy was bounded by an intensely felt

perception that all souls are alike before man as before God. "All men are ME. Th' little tape line that I use f'r meself is long enough an' acc'rate enough to measure anny man in th' wurruld, an' if it happens that I'm ladlin' out red impeeryalism at tin cints th' glass instead iv breakin' stone at Joliet or frinds in Wall Sthreet it's because I started th' way I did." The same applied to Joe Chamberlain and Oom Paul Kruger, to Father Kelly and to Carey, the young criminal in "The Idle Apprentice." It was, I think, largely because of this perception that people recognized in Dooley the peculiar authority of the man who has been there and knows. Applicability is an attribute of the classics. Dooley navigated in the world with his map of Archey Road; he traveled Archey Road by the signposts of the human heart.

"It must be a good thing to be good," he said, "or ivrybody wudden't be pretendin' he was. But I don't think they'se anny such thing as hypocrisy in th' wurruld. They can't be. If ye'd turn on th' gas in th' darkest heart ye'd find it had a good raison for th' worst things it done, a good varchous raison, like needin' th' money or punishin' th' wicked or tachin' people a lesson to be more careful, or protectin' th' liberties iv mankind, or needin' the money." Hypocrisy and the money motives it concealed were often his theme — sometimes illustrated by an example drawn from Archey Road, but more usually by a direct attack on the conniving interests, whether individual or national.

Imperialism he counted the biggest hypocrisy of all, and the most vicious. And though his friend Theodore Roosevelt wrote him argumentative letters on the subject, he hit at it repeatedly, scoring his most effective shot when he readjusted the imperialistic slogans of the day to "Hands acrost th' sea an' into somewan's pocket" and "Take up th' white man's burden an' hand it to th' coons." In this work he rarely let his personal sympathies interfere with his vision. As an Irishman he loved the United States, hated England, and had a soft spot in his heart for France, but he knew all too well that greed has no nationality.

The protests that Dunne leveled against British methods in South Africa merge inevitably with his open disgust at the cruelty used in suppressing the Filipino Insurrection. Read his discussion of American use of the water torture in his essay on "The Philippine Peace," an almost Swiftian satire in which his pity and indignation vent themselves in lacerating wit. Or his personalization of nineteenth-century diplomacy, in which both the Englishman and the Frenchman are represented as thieves — the Frenchman the more amiable, but not enough to matter much to the victim.

"Tis unforch'nit, but 'tis thrue. Th' Fr-rinch ar-re not steady ayether in their politics or their morals. That's where they get done be th' hated British. Th' diff'rence in furrin' policies is th' diff'rence between a second-rate safe blower an' a first-class boonco-steerer. Th' Fr-rinch buy a ton iv dinnymite, spind five years

in dhrillin' a hole through a steel dure, blow open th' safe, lose a leg or an ar-rm, an' get away with th' libilities iv th' firm. Th' English dhress up f'r a Methodist preacher, stick a piece iv lead pipe in th' tails iv their coat in case iv emargency, an' get all th' money there is in th' line.

In view of the lambasting they took from him, it is difficult to understand Dooley's immense popularity with the English. The likeliest explanation is that they knew that his fair-mindedness cut both ways. He flailed into them as hard as any other American journalist in his protests about the Boer War, but he was the first to admit the safety-first quality of American sympathy.

"Don't ye think th' United States is enthusyastic f'r th' Boers?" asked the innocent Hennessy.

"It was," said Mr. Dooley. "But in th' las' few weeks it's had so many things to think iv. Th' enthusyasm iv this counthry, Hinmissy, always makes me think iv a bonfire on an ice-floe. It burns bright so long as ye feed it, an' it looks good, but it don't take hold, somehow, on th' ice."

5

WHILE it is obvious, or seems obvious, how Martin Dooley's sixty-odd years of experience in the Old and New Worlds as laborer and proprietor, participant and observer, fitted him for his great role, it is less easy to understand how Dunne, at twenty-six, could create and endow Dooley. Fortunately there is a good biography — Elmer Ellis's *Mr. Dooley's America* — well written and definitive, and explaining everything except that which no biography can explain: the ignition of genius.

Dunne's background, as Ellis reconstructs it, was good but not unusual. He came from a comfortably well-off, middle-class, Irish family. His father was interested in the art of politics, his mother in good reading; and the son acquired both tastes. He got a high school education, but was both too smart and too lazy to satisfy his teachers. In 1884, when he was not quite seventeen, he went to work for the *Chicago Telegram*. Perhaps fortunately for him, the *Telegram* was a poor sort of paper — "a bright boy was better talent than any other it could command," writes Mr. Ellis. Dunne was soon its police reporter, and within a few months one of his stories attracted the attention of the editor of the *News*, who hired him away.

In 1888 he went to the *Chicago Times* to do political reporting, and in the same year became city editor. At twenty-two, "already at the top as a reporter in Chicago," he was feeling restless. He began moving about from paper to paper. The year 1890 saw him editor of the Sunday edition of the *Tribune*; 1891, a political reporter on the *Herald*; 1892, in charge of the editorial page of the *Evening Post*, a *Herald* subsidiary. In that year he began writing Irish dialect stories for the *Sunday Post*. The stories soon

had as their central character a Col. McNeery, modeled on John McGarry, an eminent Dearborn Street publican, who, like his successor, was a Roscommon man and a bachelor.

The McNeery stories were an instant success; too much of a success, in fact, for McGarry objected and Dunne had to invent a new character. The result, slowly developed over the next few years, was Martin Dooley — enough like McGarry to maintain a continuum, different enough to assuage McGarry's anger. Then came the Spanish war, and in telling Hennessy how Cousin George "Dooley," the admiral, won at Manila, Mr. Dooley suddenly found himself talking to an eagerly attentive world.

The rest of Dunne's life is not so important for us. His own career had just begun in 1898, and for nearly twenty-five years afterwards he remained near the top of his profession. He was editor and one of the founders of the *American Magazine* when it was the organ of the liberal "muckrake" movement. He was editor of *Collier's* for several years before it was sold to Crowell. His friends included such men as Theodore Roosevelt, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and most of the other American writers of his day. His admirers numbered such unlikely people as Henry James and Henry Adams.

But the fact remains that he created Martin Dooley when he was twenty-six and had developed him fully by the time he was thirty. After that Dunne exhibited a continuous miracle in maintaining Dooley — but there was no new miracle, only much fine work in other fields. More could not have been expected of him. "I, mesilf," said Dooley, "am ivry man." A generation of readers understood him to be right.

Dunne's admirations were as catholic as his sentiments. Ready to applaud at a hero's popular triumph, he was yet like William James, who found most cause to wonder at those "great examples of sustained endurance" found readily in "thousands of poor homes where the woman successfully holds the family together and keeps it going by taking all the thought and doing all the work." James saw that from a distance. Dooley lived on the same block with it.

The distance or nearness of the point of vantage does not matter: it takes like genius to make a selection from the obvious. All Dooley's personal heroes are kin to the woman James described. They appear in different guises — a good cop, a hard-working father of a large family, a washerwoman whose tenderly reared only son turns out a bum, a Union veteran who never marches in a parade or waves the bloody shirt. In one of his finest heroic tales the hero is a fireman. It never disqualified a man, to Dooley's thinking, that he got paid for his bravery by the week.

The fireman's name was Clancy and he had all the necessary attributes, the "sustained endurance" and the strength for it, the flair for dramatic action, respect and contempt for danger, and, in the great

heroic tradition, the inner compulsion to outlive his luck, to effect his own doom.

All th' r-road was proud iv him, an' faith he was proud iv himsilf. He r-rode free on th' sthreet ca-ars, an' was th' champeen hand-ball player f'r miles around. Ye shud see him goin' down th' sthreet, with his blue shirt an' his blue coat with th' buttons on it, an' his cap on his ear. But ne'er a cap or coat'd he wear whin they was a fire. He might be shiv'rin be th' stove in th' ingine house with a buffalo robe over his head; but, whin th' gong sthruke, 'twas off with coat an' cap an' buffalo robe, an' out come me brave Clancy, bare-headed an' bare hand, dhrivin' with wan line an' spillin' th' hose cart on wan wheel at ivry jump iv the horse.

The Clancy saga is then built up in a few swiftly told feats of grand irrational courage: —

"Who'll go up?" says Bill Musham. "Sure, sir," says Clancy, "I'll go"; an' up he wint. His captain was a man be th' name iv O'Connell, fr'm th' County Kerry; an' he had his fut on th' ladder whin Clancy started. Well, th' good man wint into th' smoke, with his wife faintin' down below. "He'll be kilt," says his brother. "Ye don't know him," says Bill Musham. An' sure enough, whin ivry wan'd give him up, out comes me brave Clancy, as black as a Turk, with th' girl in his arms. Th' others wint up like monkeys, but he shtud wavin' thim off, an' come down th' ladder face forward. "Where'd ye larn that?" says Bill Musham. "I seen a man do it at th' Lyceem whin I was a kid," says Clancy. "Was it all right?" "I'll have ye up before th' ol' man," says Bill Musham. "I'll teach ye to come down a laddar as if ye was in a quadhrille, ye horse-stealin', ham-shtingin' May-o man," he says. But he didn't. Clancy wint over to see his wife. "O Mike," says she, "'twas fine," she says. "But why d'ye take th' risk?" she says. "Did ye see th' captain?" he says with a scowl. "He wanted to go. Did ye think I'd follow a Kerry man with all th' ward lukkin' on?" he says.

But like Achilles or Cuchulain, Clancy cannot die in bed. The hero must break his taboos. Clancy's are worn-out luck and onsetting age. He knows that the time has come to quit. He will quit — after the last battle. Carefully, in a tense, restrained passage, Dooley sings out his story to the end: —

Well, so he wint dhrivin' th' hose-cart on wan wheel, an' jumpin' whin he heerd a man so much as hit a glass to make it ring. All th' people looked up to him, an' th' kids followed him down th' sthreet; an' 'twas th' gr-reatest priv'lige f'r anny wan f'r to play dominos with him near th' joker.

But about a year ago he come in to see me, an' says he, "Well, I'm goin' to quit." "Why," says I, "ye're a young man yet," I says. "Faith," he says, "look at me hair," he says — "young heart, ol' head. I've been at it these twinty year, an' th' good woman's wantin' to see more iv me thin blowin' into a saucer iv coffee," he says. "I'm goin' to quit," he says, "on'y I want to see wan more good fire," he says. "A rale good ol' hot wan," he says, "with th' wind blowin' f'r it an' a good dhrift in th' ilivator-shaft, an' about two stories, with pitcher-frames an' gasoline an' excelsior, an' to hear th'

chief yellin': 'Play 'way sivinteen. What th' hell an' damnation are ye standin' aroun' with that pipe f'r? Is this a fire 'r a dam livin' pitcher? I'll break ivry man iv eighteen, four, six, an' chem'cal five to-morra mornin' before breakfast.' Oh," he says, bringin' his fist down, "wan more, an' I'll quit."

An' he did, Jawn. Th' day th' Carpenter Brothers' box factory burnt. 'Twas wan iv thim big, fine-lookin' buildings that pious men built out iv celluloid an' plaster iv Paris. An' Clancy was wan iv th' men undher whin th' wall fell. I seen thim bringin' him home; an' th' little woman met him at th' dure, rumplin' her apron in her hands.

6

THE suggestion is regularly made that the time has come to revive Dooley, and not infrequently some small attempt at it is made. One of the essays, peculiarly applicable to some present crisis, is reprinted in a newspaper or magazine, or an editorial is written, liberally spiced with pertinent quotations. The result is only a vague wonder and amusement, not the hoped-for stirring of a new interest. As a method it is too piecemeal to succeed. Dooley's credit with his readers was long-term. He held them by his continuous provision of apposite wisdom; by his wit, and its varied rhythm which is not to be learned in one day; and above all, by his personality, which was thoroughly loved and as thoroughly understood. His clientele was trained to him and stayed with him for years. Besides, they knew how to read dialect. Strange as it may seem, they even liked to read it.

The present reading public has a firmly settled aversion to dialect writing, which is not likely soon to be shaken. If taste should turn again in that direction, it will not be towards the dialect of Dooley's all but vanished generation of immigrant Irish, but to some vernacular as readily heard now as that was then. Meanwhile, with every year, his obscurities increase. As unfamiliarity makes his language difficult, so the fading memory of topicalities that were the occasions of his wit darkens the wit itself and makes what was catholic and clear seem merely abstruse.

Rendition into straight English has been tried and, to my taste, fails. As well translate Chaucer — though that has been done. Translation precipitates some of the wit out of the essays, but it

destroys their artistic compaction and it dissolves Martin Dooley altogether. Dooley without Dooley is inexcusable. He must be read in the original and at length. That will never be done again by a great many. But there will, I believe, always be a scattering of people in whose estimation he will be secure. The need for study and a glossary to read it has rarely killed a specimen of wisdom; and of witty wisdom — never.

Not that a glossary is necessary yet. Only practice and an ear for the brogue are required. Given these, the essays are as good as ever. The ear for the brogue is the most immediately important. If few will take the trouble to read him, many will listen to him read, and with pleasure. There is the way to make converts. And there, I think, is the way he could be brought again to wide attention. I offer it as a free suggestion to any recording company that they put out a Dooley album — taken perhaps, from Elmer Ellis's well-selected anthology, *Mr. Dooley at His Best* — and read, of course, by Barry Fitzgerald. It should go over nicely. What could be better, any one of these evenings, than to switch off the damned driveling radio, put a record on the phonograph, and hear Fitzgerald-Dooley talking soberly of Things Spiritual: —

How can I know annything, whin I haven't puzzled out what I am mesilf. I am Dooley, ye say, but ye're on'y a casual obsarver. Ye don't know annything about me details. Ye look at me with a gin'ral eye. Nawthin' that happens to me really hurts ye. Ye say, "I'll go over to see Dooley," sometimes, but more often ye say, "I'll go over to Dooley's." I'm a house to ye, wan iv a thousand that look like a row iv model wurrukin'men's cottages. I'm a post to hitch ye'er silences to. I'm always about th' same to ye. But to me I'm a millyon Dooleys an' all iv thim sthrangers to ME. I niver know which wan iv thim is comin' in. I'm like a hotel keeper with on'y wan bed an' a millyon guests, who come wan at a time an' tumble each other out. I set up late at night an' pass th' bottle with a gay an' careless Dooley that hasn't a sorrow in th' world, an' suddenly I look up an' see settin' acrost fr'm me a gloomy wretch that fires th' dhrink out iv th' window an' chases me to bed. I'm just gettin' used to him whin another Dooley comes in, a cross, cantankerous, crazy fellow that insists on eatin' breakfast with me. An' so it goes. I know more about mesilf than annybody knows an' I know nawthin'. Though I'd make a map fr'm memory an' gossip iv anny other man, f'r mesilf I'm still uncharted.



TROTSKY VERSUS STALIN

by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

FEW neurotics are geniuses. But many geniuses are neurotics. Lev Davidovich Bronstein was more than a little of both. This son of a prosperous Jewish farmer was born in the Ukraine in 1879. He died in Coyoacan in 1940 at the hands of an assassin who accused him of "betraying Trotskyism." His fiery career spanned the years between the coming of Marxism to the Muscovite Tsardom and the building of Soviet Socialism by the Party of Stalin. He flirted with Menshevism and earned the bitter contempt of Lenin, who denounced him intermittently from 1904 to the early months of 1917. In the heroic epoch of the great adventure, he joined the Bolsheviks (August, 1917), served brilliantly as Commissar of Foreign Affairs and later of War, and helped mightily to save the Soviet state from its foes, even though the guardians of Stalinist orthodoxy prefer to ignore or suppress the fact.

Ultimately Trotsky became the victim of a psychosomatic illness that waxed steadily as the life of Lenin slowly waned and flickered out. In his own words, Trotsky suffered from "a dogged, mysterious infection, the nature of which still remains a mystery to my physicians." He indulged increasingly in false analyses of Soviet and world politics and repeatedly violated Party discipline. He was darkly convinced, like all paranoiacs, that he was the target of a "plot." In the years of his exile he found spiritual sustenance in the venom of his own hatred. At the same time — since he was still a genius, albeit self-frustrated and foredoomed to failure — he became a symbol and tool of all the enemies of the U.S.S.R.

His last book, unfinished at the time of his death, was a "biography" of Stalin, subtitled "An Appraisal of the Man and His Influence." Translated and edited by Charles Malamuth, it was "ready for publication at the time of the Pearl Harbor disaster," say Harper & Brothers, but was then "postponed

until after the end of the war." It appears now, in the spring of 1946 (price, \$5.00), when the market for anti-Soviet literature is again good and when it is once more respectable to meet the demand. In 500 crowded pages containing almost 300,000 words (including the index and appendices) and embellished with 36 photographs, the dead Trotsky, eagerly aided by his "editor," fires his last salvos at the enemy.

Like most of Trotsky's writings, *Stalin* is a literary *tour de force*, brilliant despite the author's pettiness, false premises, and frequent lapses into tedious hair-splitting. Like most of Trotsky's political acts, the book fails of its purpose. It is a polemic by a revolutionary for whom politics had become an agony of intolerance and self-pity. The war that deferred its publication has also refuted its thesis. The new crusaders against Bolshevism will use it as a weapon, though the blade is blunt and rusty. Those who accuse Stalin of fostering world revolution will gladly wield Trotsky's sword, despite the fact that Stalin's cardinal sin in Trotsky's eyes was the betrayal of world revolution. War, like politics, makes strange bedfellows.

Serious students of Russian affairs will find the work baffling. Each page teems with quotations, but, as in the English version of Souvarine's *Stalin* (which Trotsky alternately praises and condemns), there is no documentation. Trotsky, ever certain of his own infallibility, states in his Introduction that "bibliographical references . . . would only burden the text" and that its authenticity is "guaranteed" by the fact that the author does not know of a "single instance of any anti-Trotskyite writings that contain a single reference to incorrect use of source material."

Those prepared to take Trotsky on faith will be strengthened in their faith by Mr. Malamuth's footnotes, glossary, and chronology — where, for example, it is boldly asserted, without a shred of evidence, that Trotsky was "assassinated by [an] OGPU agent." Despite brackets, stars, and small print, it is often difficult to ascertain in the later chapters what is Trotsky and what is Malamuth. The editor discloses his own motives and *modus operandi* by his thanks to Trotsky's widow and secretary and

A historian who has specialized in the analysis of international politics, FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is the author of many books, including *American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917*, *War and Diplomacy in the French Republic*, *The Nazi Dictatorship*, and *Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad* (1946). Chicago born, he took his doctorate at the University of Chicago in 1927 and has been Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government at Williams College since 1938. For two of the war years he served as Political Analyst of the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service of the FCC.

by his "very special appreciation . . . for extremely valuable critical comments" to Alexander Barmine, whose article in the *Reader's Digest* Goebbels found useful, and to Max Eastman, brother-in-law of a victim of the purge and professional defamer of the U.S.S.R.

The closing chapter is a jumble, as are the two "Supplements," entitled "The Thermidorean Reaction" and "Kinto (Hooligan) In Power." Through generous use of insult and invective, Malamuth does succeed in "conveying the spirit of the author," as Angelica Balabanoff claims in a blurb. But he succeeds in little else within the normal scope of an editor's function. Only the naïve will be misled by the pretensions of disinterestedness with which this book is clothed. Its author and its editor and his advisers all have axes to grind.

2

THIS volume is less a contribution to history or biography than an exercise in demonography. Since Marxism is a creed of class conflict, it is not strange that its disciples should be vials of wrath. Neither is it astonishing that Mensheviks, Bolsheviks, and Trotskyites should hate one another more fanatically than they hate the "lackeys of the bourgeoisie," for in all religious feuds heretics are more detestable than infidels. What is surprising is that so many of the apostles of Marx, despite their training in interpreting motives in impersonal terms of economic interests and class ideologies, ultimately arrive at a belief in fiends in human form. In Stalinist literature, Trotsky is Satan. In Trotskyite literature, Stalin is Beelzebub. Social processes and political change are herewith explained not in terms of dialectical materialism but in terms of personal diabolism.

Trotsky's purpose here was to portray the Devil. Recognizing that epithets alone are unconvincing and that ritualist orgies to exorcise evil spirits are unimpressive to the sophisticated, he obviously decided to give the Devil his due and to dress up his philippic in the garments of scholarly objectivity. But the "scholarship" soon becomes pedantry and the "objectivity" is soon vanquished by fierce passion. Trotsky's technique of denigration oscillates between two themes: Stalin is a mediocrity, a half-wit, and a gross, stupid dunderhead; Stalin is a monster of immorality, a spook from Gehenna and a ghoulish incarnation of unbelievable viciousness.

It follows that the occasional manifestations of wisdom or virtue which Trotsky reluctantly recognizes in Stalin are to be interpreted as evidence of evil or as proof of incompetence. The young Stalin (Koba) who defied the Tsarist police learned from them how to extort confessions. If Lenin called him a "splendid Georgian" in 1912, that meant less than it seems to mean. Stalin, to be sure, did not desert the Party during the years of reaction, but

"remained loyal to it." He deserves no credit, however, for serving as an underground revolutionist in Russia. The Central Committee saw that he was no "theoretician and publicist capable of rising to higher things abroad," but a mere "practico" best left at home.

If Stalin's *Marxism and the National Problem* is "trenchant" and entitles its author to "recognition as an outstanding theoretician," the explanation is that "Stalin's work was wholly inspired by Lenin, written under his unremitting supervision and edited by him line by line." If Stalin asked Trotsky at the Twelfth Congress (1923) to make the Political Report (hitherto delivered by Lenin) and pleaded for reconciliation when Trotsky refused, this was simply Stalin's way of ruining his rival, embarrassing Zinoviev, and furthering his own insatiable ambition.

But Trotsky's Stalin, although a knave of Gargantuan dimensions, is nevertheless a fool and a nobody. At the Fifth Congress in London (1907), "not a soul paid the slightest heed to the ambitious Caucasian." Trotsky never knew he was there until Souvarine's book revealed the fact! Stalin always "lacked historical perspective." He could never write. "The reading of Stalin's writings is as unendurable as discordant music to a sensitive ear." His letter to Lenin from his Siberian exile "bears the characteristic threefold stamp: slyness, stupidity, and vulgarity." In nineteen years of revolutionary activity, "Stalin did not emerge as a figure of either primary or even secondary rank. He was unknown." He is full of "vulgar democratism and parochial obtuseness." He "never acquired an intimate understanding of the October Revolution's inherent logic." "Throughout the period of the Civil War, Stalin remained a third-rate figure." Comparisons with Lenin are "simply indecent." "It is impossible to place Stalin even alongside Mussolini or Hitler," both of whom "displayed initiative, roused the masses to action, pioneered new paths through the political jungle."

3

How could such a nonentity inherit Lenin's mantle and outmaneuver a genius? (The genius, incidentally, nowhere acknowledges in these pages his own relations with Lenin prior to 1917, or his actual role after 1924.) Trotsky's answer is clear: a dolt may yet be a scoundrel. Stalin lies. He has "Asiatic cunning." He lacks all consideration and "never forgave anything." He is "choleric, rude, consumed by ambition." He "tirelessly schemed in order to push aside, derogate, blacken, belittle anyone who eclipsed him or interfered with his ambition." "In his yellow eyes appeared the same glint of animosity that I had noticed in Vienna." The "mainspring of his personality" is "active, never slumbering envy of all who are more gifted . . . the desire to exert his will, to lord it over others."

Toward the sick Lenin, Stalin was "morose, his pipe firmly clenched between his teeth, a sinister gleam in his jaundiced eye, snarling back instead of answering." At the end Trotsky's Stalin poisons Lenin — and also Maxim Gorky! — and of course murders all the true Bolsheviks. "Undoubtedly characteristic of Stalin is personal, physical cruelty, what is usually called sadism. . . . After he had become a Soviet dignitary, he would amuse himself in his country home by cutting the throats of sheep or pouring kerosene on ant heaps and setting fire to them."

This is not Marxism but melodrama in the *Grand Guignol* style. Trotsky's Stalin, like the orthodox Stalinist version of Trotsky, is a caricature of the mid-Victorian stage villain: mustached, sly, crafty, stopping at nothing, and stooping to the lowest levels of depravity to further his foul plans. That Stalin is a human being and an extraordinarily successful leader of men is inconceivable in these vitriolic pages. That Trotsky was likewise a human being, confused, ineffective, and self-defeated, is also not apparent, for here he is all malice and violence. The reader will look in vain, moreover, for any exposition of Trotskyism here, save for a feeble appendix concluding absurdly that "the concept of permanent revolution" (as distinct from "the theory of socialism in a separate country, the basic dogma of Stalinism") has "completely passed the test of history." Equally futile is the search in

these turgid chapters for a reply to a question never yet answered: if Trotsky did not employ the means which, in the Moscow trials, he was accused of using to consummate the overthrow of the "Stalinist bureaucracy," what means, if any, did he use? There is no hint of an answer here, but only blind and all-consuming rage. Yet this too is perhaps an answer.

These pages reveal almost nothing about Stalin save what is already known or what is false. They are the strident echo of a struggle irrevocably resolved long since. But they reveal much about Trotsky. The revelation will not enhance but will reduce his stature. To preserve in memory the virtues of the departed great is always a worthy enterprise, however mistaken or warped or vicious they may have been in life. Trotsky had qualities of greatness. This confused and angry book diminishes them, for it is wholly unworthy of its author at his best. Its publication is to be welcomed for facilitating, among those concerned with facts rather than phobias, a more accurate evaluation of one of the most tragic figures of our time. But its publication — and particularly the manner of its editing — is also a disservice: to Trotsky's reputation; to the cause of concord between Stalin's Russia and the Atlantic democracies; and, not least, to the hopes of all who know that devil hunting and witch burning are fatal to the unity of wills and ultimate synthesis of purposes between two worlds which are now conditions for the survival of contemporary mankind.



THINK FIRST OF GREEN

by HELEN BEVINGTON

THINK first of green, of the green
 It is now — the shimmering trees —
 For you manage better than I
 With a word's inadequacies
 (Though I really doubt anyone
 Can recall green lilac or jade
 In the willow). But try. But try.
 Any green that you please.
 You will see the dazzle I mean.
 Choose merely the depth and shade
 To leave most room in your head
 For the color I had in mind,
 Which was the incredible red,
 Oh, shining among the trees,
 Of the cardinal now in the sun.
 The best way, you will find,
 Is to start with green instead.
 That is how it is done.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

by CYRIL CONNOLLY

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH died in the early morning of Saturday, March 2, in his eighty-first year. As a young man he had known Whitman and Matthew Arnold; his contemporaries at Harvard were Berenson and Santayana; at Oxford he was a favorite of Jowett; in middle age he was the friend of Henry James and Robert Bridges, of Edmund Gosse and George Moore.

In the last months he was particularly interested in young writers — John Russell, Stuart Preston, John and James Pope-Hennessy, Trevor-Roper and Veronica Wedgwood; in Edith Sitwell's poetry also, and the literary prospects of Sir Kenneth Clark. The day before he died he rang up a friend to demand the fullest information about George Orwell, whose *Animal Farm* had just captivated him. "Who is he? What is he like?" "I'll tell you all about him at tea tomorrow," replied the friend, and the voice that sixty years before had been asking the same question about Walter Pater protested: "No. Tell me now."

I mention this incident to show how impossible it is in a few words to convey anything of that immense magical continuity of being which is the attribute of great age. Pearsall Smith was not just an extraordinarily rich and complicated personality: he was that personality receding back through generations, he was "Logan," a name consistently conveying the same highly concentrated and specialized flavor to people long since dead who remembered the eighteenth century, to their children, and to their grandchildren now middle-aged, and to the very young. This Logan note sounded like the ring of a fine glass through all his mutations of personality: it was his own unique resonance — a perpetual warm, ironical appreciation of life heightened by a never failing passion for the best in literature and the human heart.

This quality of mind owed something to the discrepancies of his character. The big, rather callow

Philadelphia bred, Logan Pearsall Smith became a British subject in 1913, and in the passing of time rose to be the Mandarin of English Letters. As essayist, critic, and scholar, he won the discriminating reader in both countries with *Trivia* and *On Reading Shakespeare*, and he endeared himself particularly to the *Atlantic* in his autobiography, *Unforgotten Years*, which we serialized.

His death this spring is a loss to letters — a loss which has been eloquently expressed by CYRIL CONNOLLY, the editor of *Horizon*, in this tribute which we reprint from the *New Statesmen and Nation*.

young American, brought up in an atmosphere of religious revivals — his parents were successful evangelists — against a background of puritanism and the family business, deliberately chose for himself the skeptical Epicurean philosophy of Horace and Montaigne and the dedicated literary life of Flaubert and Henry James; yet, while he settled happily into them, his native puritanism and no little of his native worldliness were constantly breaking through. Some of the aggression which might have been employed in making money went into elaborate teasing of his friends, and a relic of puritanism made him censorious of the ways we earn our livings — yet they also contributed to his moral force and gave to his serene, sunny philosophy that energy which Epicureanism often lacks and which chiefly distinguishes the true artist from the man of taste.

In his old age a mysterious rhythm of elation and depression gained increasing hold on him; in his "up" periods he joked and talked and went out and rearranged those elaborate sagas about his friends which were his contribution to the study of the nature of personality; in his "down" ones he would groan ironically about the fate of the world and read, read, read — absorbing and digesting his chosen author like a python, extracting his inner nature from the verbiage, sifting all the facts and theories and appreciations of him which other critics had compiled, extracting one or two precious titbits, the very marrow and pope's nose of his subject, into little black notebooks whence they would be disinterred to provide an astonishing epithet or a disintegrating adverb.

Then during the between-stage when the bell note of his glass rang out with its clearest and most seductive music, he would write some long essay in which the gleanings of his dark winter hibernations were set down in those long shining sentences, where intelligence and feeling and scholarship and strange bleak flashes fetched from his spiritual underworld were integrated into that peculiarly radiant prose, so limpid and seeming artless, so penetrating in insight, so warm in texture, which constituted his own secret weapon against chaos and time.

Two weeks before his death, a friend asked him half jokingly if he had discovered any meaning in life. "Yes," he replied, "there is a meaning; at least, for

me, there is one thing that matters — to set a chime of words tinkling in the minds of a few fastidious people.”

“And the State, Logan,” the friend went on, “the Family, the International Situation, Russia, India?”

Propped up on his pillows, he waved all this away with his hand, “A chime of words,” he repeated, “a few discriminating people.”

Well, Flaubert said — in almost those words — that nothing in this world is worth doing except the turning of a perfect sentence, and Pearsall Smith was well aware that he was working out his destiny as surely as the almond tree blossomed along the terrace or the great plane trees by his “bench of desolation” in the Hospital garden put out their summer shade. Let us consider how much he succeeded.

In the earlier part of his life his friends were chiefly scholar-artists, and came from academic circles; later he preferred artist-scholars, and became himself more purely creative, and there were always some poor lame ducks of literary journalists whose complicated backslidings he would patiently take in hand. After beginning with some poems and short stories the scholar-artist spent years preparing his *Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton*. The artist-scholar appeared with *Trivia* and *More Trivia*, which won him a small but choice and enduring reputation; the scholar-artist then took over with anthologies of Donne's and Jeremy Taylor's sermons (both of whose virtues he was largely responsible for rediscovering), of English prose and of English aphorisms, and with an anthology of Santayana (the philosopher whose doctrine of essences most appealed to him and whose work gave him a certain platonic fervor of belief, an idealism which went far beyond his epicurean temperament), and with his books on the English language.

For Pearsall Smith was a word addict who, like Valéry, worshiped the “honneur des hommes, Saint Langage,” and he wrote about words in *Words and Idioms* and *The English Language* with the same learned and infectious passion with which they always served him. One might complete his scholarly works by mentioning his exquisite *On Reading Shakespeare*, his volume on Milton and his book of essays, *Reperusals and Re-collections*, in which is distilled, in essays on Montaigne, Sainte-Beuve, Madame de Sévigné, and other favorites, some of the finest essence of his mind.

The artist returned with two more books: his

autobiography, *Unforgotten Years*, which won him fame, where he had always maintained a fine reputation, in America, and his *Afterthoughts*, aphorisms which are among the most perfect of their kind, and where all his conflicting qualities — his loves and his hates, his affections and severities — are resolved into a marmoreal wisdom. Finally, an exquisitely revised edition of *All Trivia* and the *Afterthoughts* appeared just before his death.

One likes to think that he had this last satisfaction and that we also shall enjoy it, but what a poor benefit it is! How dismally do an author's most individual writings fail to compensate for the human being we have lost! For though we may still perceive *him* through his phrase, what has happened to his perception of us? Just as it seemed that Logan could never have lived anywhere except in St. Leonard's Terrace, looked after for thirty-five years with perfect consideration by his sister, waited on so intelligently by his devoted servant, Hammond, giving out, through all the especially malignant bombings of Chelsea, from his windowless, battered home his untiring and courageous enthusiasm, rediscovering Ruskin and Bossuet, applying to his friends that loving creative curiosity, finding subjects for them, planning how they could fulfill themselves — so it is impossible not to imagine him still living there, in his high study which looked over the Wren gates, “with cloudy trophies hung,” to the Hospital that symbolized that seventeenth century which he had loved so well and helped so much to elucidate, the England of Shakespeare, Milton, Donne, Taylor, and Wotton, for whose sake he had become a British subject. To us who knew him in those war years Logan Pearsall Smith personified an indispensable quality in civilization.

Civilization will not lose by his death, for it has his books, but his friends will all feel less civilized. Who will care now how we turn out, or warn us when we decline, or advise us how to surpass ourselves? This is the real burden of mortality; a human spirit shines out for so long that it becomes encrusted with memories, the oracle of wisdom for a whole tribe, a fountain of humorous affection. “And yet, as with Tolstoy and with Proust, all is slowly changing beneath the unimaginable lapse of time, until suddenly the unimaginable happens; the shears of destiny snap together, the sun goes out, the curtain of darkness falls.” And around us, not him, the shades gather.



SHIPS AND POETS: A FARRAGO

by ROBERT HILLYER

THE earliest recorded name of a ship is the *Bull*. This vessel sailed to the mysterious land of Punt and was commanded by a courtier of King Tehutimes I (or Thothmes or Thuthmose, as you like; ancient Egyptian vowel sounds — since the Egyptians failed to indicate them — are anyone's guess). The *Bull* was wrecked on the coast of Punt some thirty-five centuries ago.

That Egyptian duke made a fool of himself when the Queen of Punt received him. He was frightened out of his wits, so he tried to impress her with his importance. He warned her that if anything happened to him all Thebes would know about it. "I am a man who will be missed at Thebes," he said. The Queen, who was as big as a barrel but apparently a kindly soul, answered him quietly, "Just what is it you wish to say? Lie down and sleep." He must have returned to Egypt in safety, for the cruise of the *Bull* is fully recorded on his tomb.

The names of ships are, in fact, magic keys to vast libraries of association. Consider the *Argo*, the *Santa Maria*, the *Golden Hind*, the *Half Moon*, the *Mayflower*, the *Victory*, the *Bonhomme Richard*, the *Alabama*, the *Maine*, the *Almirante Oquendo*, even the *Columbia*, the *Shamrock*, the *Corsair*. Nowhere else do we find such compact and evocative histories.

In war, when the number of ships is only less astounding than the varieties, there are not enough names to go around. Hence many of the less gainly types of craft are anonymous except for a number. Function has conquered all, and romance was denied them at their birth. This would seem a greater calamity were it not for a painful memory of the names bestowed on parlor cars.

Since poets, like their works, are supposed to be intense condensations of human experience, it is only natural that the attraction of the sea should amount to a passion with many. Probably anthropologists would find in this instinct a vestigial memory from the times when we were all lizards together in the primordial depths. Psychoanalysts would detect a

longing to return to the womb of the Earth, our Mother. For my part, I am willing to concede that my best days have been spent on the salt water all the way from Martha's Vineyard to Barnegat Bay. I do not believe that an inlander, born and bred, would feel the same quivering of the nostrils and feast of the eyes at the first flash of water between the windy dunes.

There is an excellent description of man, the sea-going lizard, in Johannes V. Jensen's *Braeen*. He tells how all the other creatures respectfully made way for this majestic reptile that already was set apart as the destined ancestor of the human race.

Most poets have the tang of salt about them, notably the Greek and the English. Surely the aged Aeschylus met his end, so sad and yet so ludicrous, while walking on the beach. Where else would an eagle have mistaken Aeschylus's bald and polished head for a stone on which to drop the tortoise whose shell he wished to crack? And years before that, Aeschylus had faced death at sea in the battle of Salamis.

"Sophocles long ago heard it by the Aegean," says Matthew Arnold of the "melancholy, long, withdrawing roar" of the sea, and it stirred in Sophocles as in Arnold centuries later the turbid ebb and flow of human misery and faint memories of a happier time when the sea of faith was once at the full. That elusive Golden Age! The ocean is eloquent in hints of its existence long ago, from Rockall, the bleak and solitary peak rising from the lost continent of Atlantis, to the half-heard chimes and plainsong of the Engulfed Cathedral.

The present Poet Laureate is the only poet I can think of who actually shipped before the mast. Some of the great Elizabethans, notably Raleigh, were sailors as well as poets, but they were no ordinary seamen. We might include John Donne, who accompanied Essex on his foray against Cadiz. It was during this expedition that Essex plundered a great Spanish library, the contents of which he presented to Sir Thomas Bodley to form a nucleus of the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

As for Byron's using the Hellespont as a natorium, I consider it only as an exhibition for the admiration of posterity. So much of Byron's life was posed. In this case, he was Leander. Sometimes he

Poet, novelist, and teacher, ROBERT HILLYER as sailor was brought up on Martha's Vineyard and Barnegat Bay. Now a resident of Greenwich, Connecticut, he will soon be cruising the Sound in his new boat, *Gloriana*. "She is a splendid mahogany sloop," he writes, "small, for one-man handling, but she has a comfortable cabin for two, and she is very able."

was Phoebus Apollo, and sometimes Don Juan — all this impersonation according to his own wild surmise. But when, instead of attempting the conquest of the sea, he permitted it to conquer him, he could take on grandeur and be relieved, for a while, of the burden of being Lord Byron. It was a small burden, but heavy.

Shelley's yacht, the *Ariel*, has the double association of Shakespeare's *Tempest* and of the romantic poet himself. When he went in bathing, Shelley, who was never averse to calling attention to himself, even if it involved running naked through the drawing room, used to let himself sink to the bottom of the bay — I suppose to give his friends a foretaste of the loss they would sustain in his death. Or perhaps he fancied himself as a sort of male Ophelia, drowned and beautiful. The catastrophe of the *Ariel* was almost predestined. Some years ago a book appeared in which it was argued that Shelley was murdered by pirates under the misapprehension that he was the rich Lord Byron. As a matter of fact, Shelley was not exactly poor.

As far as I know, the first account of having oneself laid out before one was dead is in Petronius's *Satiricon*. The drunken Trimalchio had a rehearsal of his own funeral and urged his wife and guests to ever louder screeches of lamentation.

John Donne was not above collecting a morbid tribute while he was still alive, and posed in his winding sheet for the sculptor who was to carve his memorial in Westminster Abbey. The instinct must be fairly common. "When I am dead, my dearest, sing no sad songs for me"! I knew a poet in World War I who maintained that he was the only bard on the western front who did not carry with him appropriate verses on his own death to be found in case of accident. The poet was, in fact, myself. Everybody else seemed well provided, and some few of the poems found a use. And then, of course, Sarah Bernhardt was wont to sleep in a coffin. It is a temptation to attend one's own funeral, but the experience is not available for the usual memoir.

There are certain stretches of country which seem more solemn than any dramatization of death; to hold within themselves memories of human activity which did not so much go out of existence as hang in a thousand echoes and half-lights.

The country of the Sleeping Beauty must have been like that. We may conjecture that the magic which lured the wandering Prince through the dark maze of underbrush and thorn was immediately dissipated when his arrival summoned everything back again into the clangor and flash of change.

Arthur Machen, in his *Hill of Dreams*, used the Celtic and Roman past of South Wales as the spell which enticed and finally overwhelmed his solitary hero. "A Robinson Crusoe of the soul," Machen said of his book.

Opposite ways of thinking about these matters are illustrated by the difference between the French *revenants* and the English *ghosts*. One can imagine the *revenant* revisiting the world from time to time to see what new folly was brewing, and having satisfied his Gallic curiosity, speeding back to Limbo with a new epigram on his lips. But the *ghost* never withdrew; he shuddered into the background along with his past, and lingered there, half-realized in the depth of the wood.

The other day Ted Weeks and I were speaking of such a countryside. We both knew it well some thirty years ago — the pine barrens from Lakewood to the southern end of Barnegat Bay. This is not a storied district in the sense that many books have been written about it, but it was the scene of many furtive and important doings in the Revolutionary War. At that time the country was dotted with villages and farms and inns. Roads crisscrossed it. But now it has long been deserted by all but the Pineys.

In our boyhood we could still find an occasional ruin or an iron inn-sign rusting away in the sand, or, nearer the Bay, the skeleton of an old boat. Once in a long while we encountered the Pineys, a strange race — or mixture of races — who roamed the barrens and, at the approach of an outsider, vanished with sibillant cries.

We would canoe up sluggish lagoons into the heart of this wilderness. The aspect was Southern. Spanish moss hung from the branches, and holly trees and prickly pears were abundant. Large scarlet lilies bloomed there, breaking the dark green like flames.

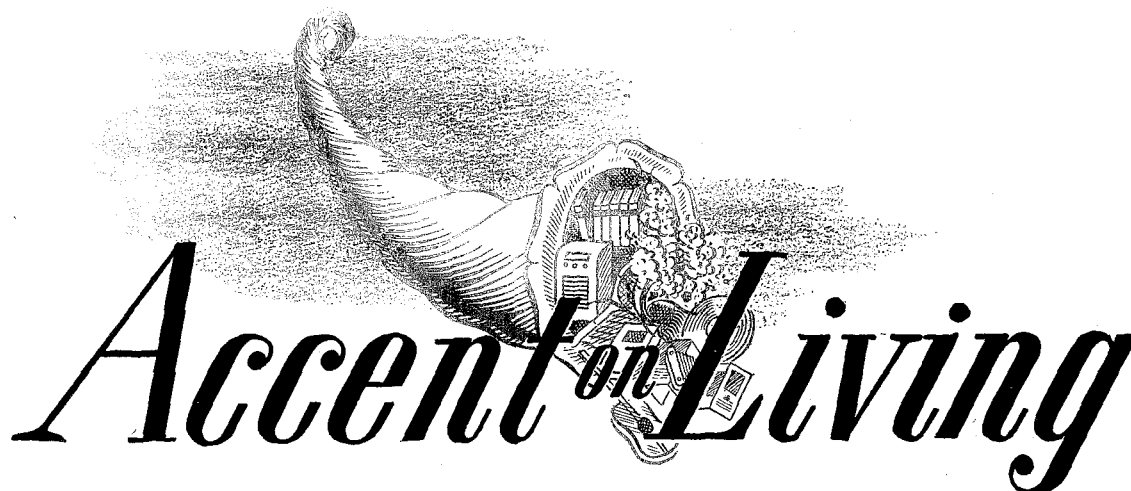
The solemnity of these miles was in keeping with the natural melancholy of one side of a boy's mood. Akin to the more buoyant side was the relief (after sufficient swamp and shadow) of emerging into the bright bay again and hearing from over the sunny dunes the breakers of the open sea.

Fire has repeatedly swept the pines since those days. As for the Pineys, some years ago Princeton University sent an expedition into the barrens to make a study of them. I do not know what happened to the Pineys. Perhaps they became Ph.D.'s.

At another university recently, a candidate for the Ph.D. in English presented as his subject: "English Poets and the Sea." Naturally, this was deemed far too large, and he narrowed it down to "The Poet Swinburne and the Sea." It was pointed out to him that he would be wiser to limit his research to some aspect of the poet Swinburne in relation to some aspect of the sea. Exasperated at last, he scribbled on his subject-blank:—

"Dactylic Components of a Globule of Sea Water."

A puzzled secretary, arriving early the next morning, scribbled on it: "To Eng. Dept. by error. Refer to Chemistry Dept."



Accent on Living

This Month

A radio expert was clearing away some of our misconceptions about radio in general. He did a brilliant job on them, shredded them up and tossed them to the winds. It left us adrift and reaching for a new mooring, something to tie to while we got used to the facts.

We had ventured to tell the expert of our distaste for "daytime" radio programs. Their output of family bickerings, conjugal suspicions, shrill accusations, and perpetual misunderstandings seems to us, we told him, insufficient. Could not a great industry, radio, think up a slightly less disgusting troupe of personalities to serialize? Must every husband be a dupe, each wife a mindless nuisance, and each judge — most of these people are regularly in and out of the courts — crooked?

The radio expert heard us out politely. He had heard it all before, the same kind of uninformed complaint, he said. It came from listeners who had no knowledge of radio. They did not realize its purpose, its method, or its true dimensions. Turning on a radio, such people made the mistake of turning on at the same time their mental processes; they listened for ideas and they allowed themselves to react, even thoughtfully, to what they heard. This was all wrong, had nothing whatever to do with the case. Radio was not intended for such listeners, and anyhow they could be measured only in several decimal places in the mass audience. The expert then warmed up to his main subject — the mass audience.

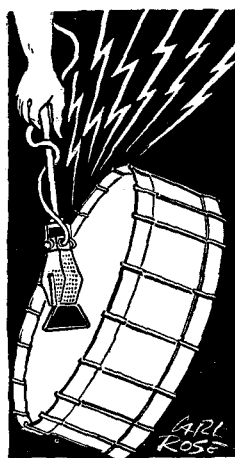
The great lump of radio listeners, the expert explained, simply turn the thing on in the morning and let it run all day. It makes a noise. In the course of time the noise becomes a familiar part of their daily background. It becomes a habit, part of the scene, like the engines' drone in a transport plane or the

clatter of a machine shop. The radio's noise undergoes nominal changes as new voices and bits of music are mixed in, but it remains substantially the same noise all day — a radio noise.

The importance of postulating this essential noise should not be minimized, the expert said. On it depends the state of hypnosis, a kind of chronic suspension of the normal uses of mind and ear, which accomplishes the real purpose of American radio — namely, "impulse buying" on the part of the mass audience. As the term suggests, "impulse buying" has to do with small odds and ends — pills, powders, lotions, breakfast foods, biscuit mixes, and scalp restorers with which the mass audience preens and feeds itself and often wards off dangerous radio diseases as well. Careful tests in retail stores, the expert said, showed a staggering percentage of sales caused solely by "impulse buying," and certain products were always bought impulsively. These are incontestable facts, he said.

To get back to the noise. It goes on and on. It has no particular meaning. The listener ceases to give it any conscious attention. Hypnosis sets in; in millions of homes the noise continues. But carefully distributed throughout the noise — and at this point the expert was again speaking as one backed by the best of facts — are various crucial Words. These are key words, seed words if you please, words to be repeated again and again.

"Get them good and groggy and then hit them again," was the way the expert put it. If hit often enough with the candy-bar word, the breakfast word, or the word that means an end of unsightly skin discolorations due to external causes, the listener, or half-listener, will subconsciously store up the word. On the listener's eventual arrival, still in a trance, at a drugstore or any other of the shops dealing in Words, he will do the "impulse buying" which radio



requires. He will then go on back home to the Noise.

At the risk of seeming a bit stubborn about radio, and in spite of the expert's pronouncement, we shall continue to deal with the subject as part of Accent on Living. It's a hard one to cover: writers won't, as a rule, listen to radio, and the hypnotized listener

doesn't hear it. By long pursuit, however, we have finally caught up with several people who know radio from the inside and who have done some thinking about the ingredients of the Noise. We shall be stringing along with this subject for some time to come.



RADIO

The Fairly Merry Widow

By EDWIN O'CONNOR

THOSE who have been wondering from what direction their next quota of grief and misery was coming will be happy to learn that the radio industry has no intention of revising its present program of daytime entertainment.

The war altered so many things that a lot of people had been afraid that radio's "soap-opera" programs would fall victim to the changing times and be replaced by some good musical or variety shows or by a comedian with funny material. The heartening news is that all such novelties are out, and that post-war radio will do its best to present every snide lawyer, grief-crazed widow, and embezzler who ever succeeded in creeping into the heart of the pre-war radio public. Of all these popular favorites, the widows are easily the most important, partly because of their great numbers, but mostly because of the essential hopelessness of their position.

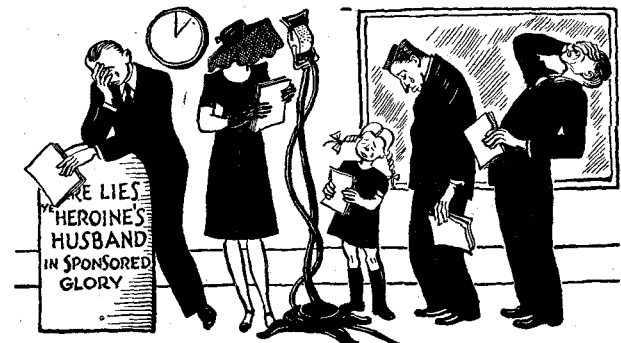
As a preview of things to come, I have jotted down a few notes on some daytime favorites selected at random. I regret to say that I did not hear these programs under ideal conditions. Usually, the people who listen to them are simultaneously washing children, slicing vegetables, beating rugs, or doing light laundry — diversions which are the breath of life to the average soap-opera. No such distractions were available during my experiment, so I heard the programs in what you might call their naked state.

Ground was broken officially at ten o'clock in the morning with the program called "Valiant Lady." The Lady in question is Christine Jeffrey, a widow who lost her husband at Salerno. As this episode began, she had made a special trip to a port of disembarkation to welcome home Cliff, a returning soldier. Cliff participates in the joyful ceremony by secreting himself in his hotel room and refusing to see her. Christine, saddened by this lack of co-operation, seeks the truth from Matthew Logan, Cliff's soldier buddy. It is Matthew who fills her cup of happiness by telling her to move along, as Cliff has expressed the desire to avoid her at all costs, and,

more than that, is by no means in the best of health. On this buoyant note, Matthew leaves her flat, and there is nothing for the Valiant Lady to do but go in and soothe her turbulent emotions by eating a hearty meal.

The "Lora Lawton" program is also about a widow. In the words of its announcer, who is heard from immediately following a few bars of "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss," this program is "the story of a girl who, after years of marriage, was left alone, and of her struggle to win the happiness that every woman seeks." When I heard it, the struggle was not going too well. Peter, Lora's fiancé, was treating her like a child. Just as Lora was doing her best to justify this treatment, the door opened and in walked Iris Hamilton, a haughty woman who despises Lora. After a few practice snarls at Lora, Iris asks Peter to arrange for the arrest of a woman who has insulted her at a party. Peter, who knows his law, refuses this commission. "Well," twinkles Iris, "this is a peculiar kind of loyalty when my father was the only man who believed in you when you tried to steal \$25,000 from the Company's funds!" This gives the listener a new slant on Peter, and some idea of the rocky road still ahead of Widow Lora Lawton.

The principal difference between Phyllis Dineen, the widow in "Young Dr. Malone," and the preceding widows is that Phyllis is convinced that she is going crazy. She is in bed, in bad shape, under the care of Young Dr. Malone, who comforts her by telling her that just because her mother died in an institution it does not necessarily follow that she too will wind up insane. Phyllis thinks this over and counters by telling the Young Doctor that she has decided she is in love with him, to which he replies gruffly that there's nothing doing. Before he leaves the Dineen house, he informs old Mr. Dineen that



A Rhode Islander who was graduated from the University of Notre Dame in 1939, EDWIN O'CONNOR served in the Coast Guard during the war and now lives in Boston. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

Phyllis is "living on the razor edge of psychological balance" — a remark that gives the old gentleman the shakes. Having taken care of all this, the Young Doctor returns to his wife, a normal woman, who coyly asks him how his home looks to him after a day spent among the mink coats of the Dineen household. He retorts, in a sharp burst of social criticism, that "people like the Dineens *have* to wear mink coats to cover up what's underneath!"

It was in the "Ma Perkins" sketch that the first note of undiluted happiness crept into the day. This happiness, shared by Ma and her friends, was grounded in a rather unusual circumstance. Ma had just received a letter from the parole board, containing the gleeful tidings that Bert would be out of jail for the holidays.

The scene of "Road of Life" was a laboratory in a neuropsychiatric institute, where a white-coated figure, seated at a desk, is mumbling to himself: "No! No! No!" The white-coated figure is Dr. Jim Brant, who is merely examining some unpleasant data on little Tommy Sinclair's tumor. From a subsequent conversation between Dr. Jim and a woman doctor named Carson McVickers, it is learned that Dr. Jim is soon to perform an operation of extreme delicacy on little Tommy, with no positive results guaranteed. Dr. Jim, who is in an understandable state of perturbation, is further encouraged when he is reminded that not another doctor in the hospital agrees with his diagnosis.

"Just Plain Bill," the day I listened to it, was concerned largely with a girl named Bessie, who, although not a widow, technically speaking, manages to come up to the customary catastrophic standards. The title of this program, augmented by such homely melodies as "Darling Nellie Gray" and "Pollywolly Doodle All the Day" might lead one to expect a simple tale of kindly folks leading everyday lives. Unless Bessie's being struck down and knocked unconscious, having valuable securities stolen from her, and going blind as the result of the assault is considered as particularly folksy, I'm afraid the expectation falls short of realization. The Bill of "Just Plain Bill" is Bill Davidson, a lovable old arbiter whose job it is to patch up the quarrels of his neighborhood, and in this installment he was having a normally busy day.

"When a Girl Marries" is announced as "the story of Joan and Harry Davis," but on the afternoon I heard it neither Joan nor Harry put in an appearance, thus proving that the Davises are nobody's fools. The plot revolved around Irma Cameron, who, much to my surprise, turned out to be a widow! If Irma has a fault, it is her tendency to become so absorbed in one person that she loses sight of all others. For example, her romantic interest in Steve Skidmore grew to such proportions that she forgot all about her daughter Kathy, who retaliated in the simple, direct manner of children everywhere by running away from home. Now that Kathy has returned, Irma goes in for such a bout of maternal devotion that there is some danger



Mr. Skidmore will run away, and just imagine all the heart-aches that would cause!

Prudence Barker, the heroine of "A Woman of America," is a woman whose husband has died, leaving her with two children, and unless my calculations are wrong, this qualifies Prudence as a widow. Her chances for renewed bliss are no better than those of her sisters in bereave-

ment. If anything, they are worse, because the man in her life, though straight as a die, is a man of cautious passions. He informs Prudence that he would like to say the all-important words to her, and hold her in his arms, but he concludes this confession rather glumly. "I may never do either," he says. This is not much of a promise for the future, but it is all that Prudence Barker, A Woman of America, has.

The widow featured in "Portia Faces Life" is Portia Blake, who seeks to find happiness with a man named Walter Manning. At the moment of my listening, the trouble was that Walter was about to be court-martialed on charges of military desertion, and his chances for acquittal were dependent upon favorable testimony from one Norman Byron. Portia's expressed belief that Norman will do everything, short of breaking his neck, to get Walter acquitted are backed up by the following facts: —

1. Norman hates Walter.
2. Norman is secretly in love with Portia himself.
3. Norman numbers among his pleasant recollections the fact that he once talked a man into killing himself.

At the present time, these therapeutic quarter-hours and similar entertainments which differ from them neither in theme nor in quality are available to the public each day, Monday through Friday, Saturday and Sunday being spared for the same reasons that professional boxers are allowed rest periods between rounds. The American people are a reasonably hardy lot, capable of taking their widows and other disasters in wholesale bunches, but occasionally they do like a little time off for good behavior.

Sea Gulls

By BARBARA TRUE

SEA gulls sweep across the sky
 And hang there white and glistening;
 Sparrows simply flutter by,
 Sea gulls sweep across the sky.
 Robins bounce, but seldom high,
 Their heads cocked earthward listening;
 Sea gulls sweep across the sky
 And hang there white and glistening.

Vicuña

By HARMON A. HARRIS

THE vicuña is one of the most graceful animals in the world. You can forget that it is a member of the camel family; for except as a scientific classification, the vicuña-camel comparison is completely misinforming. A vicuña resembles a small, slender llama, having the same aristocratic neck and head. But its archaic habits, its nervous temperament, its manner of life, so unlike that of any other animal, leave it completely isolated in the animal kingdom.

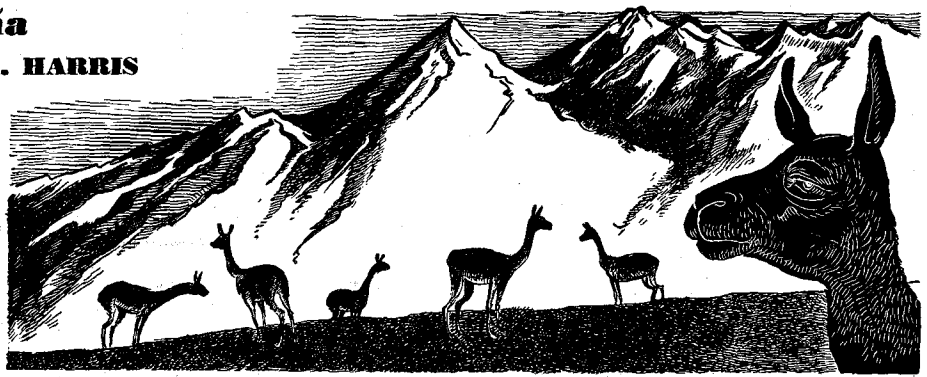
The Strook Weavers, dealers in fine wools, have called vicuña wool, "the finest of all the world's textiles." Unfortunately, there is precious little to be had in the world. To begin with, the vicuña is small. It stands only about three feet high and weighs about a hundred pounds. Sheared, it gives about half a pound of the warmest, softest, and most durable wool a princess ever wore. A good sheep, raised for the purpose, will give about twenty pounds. Except under the belly, where it is white, vicuña wool is brown. It is extremely difficult to dye it any other color and not have the brown show through.

To see a vicuña requires a journey to South America. From Ecuador to the extreme northwest of Argentina, and in the Andean part of northern Chile, on the cold, bleak mountain plains, herds of vicuña are still found.

In that rarefied air, at an elevation of fifteen thousand feet, their food grows close to the ground. In eating, their teeth are filed on the earth to small sharp stumps. At the presidential palace in Lima, where a few were kept as pets, their teeth were filed artificially, and that may account for the success of the palace in keeping them alive. Most domesticated vicuñas are short-lived, and overgrown teeth may well be a contributing reason.

In the hills, a single male is in charge of a harem of about twenty females. He guards the herd, leads them, and puts them to flight at the approach of danger. Should he see you approach (and concealment is difficult in that barren land) he would whistle—a piercing, childlike sound of terror and alarm. Then, like a flock of bouncing balls, the vicuñas would be off with amazing speed and grace.

Hunters, long since barred by law, made a practice of trying to shoot the male who led the herd. Immediately, the group would stop and return to the body, sniffing and mourning. They would not leave their sire, and it was then possible to catch them alive by



lasso. If the hunter killed a female, the herd would stop only long enough to identify the fallen one, and would then continue its flight. However, their utterly female temperament leads them to the suicidal practice of halting the flight now and then to stare curiously at the hunter.

The vicuña was hunted, of course, for its beautiful and luxurious wool, which is much like cashmere. Among the Indians, a poncho of vicuña wool is a highly prized possession. It is phenomenally warm and virtually waterproof when tightly woven. The highly civilized Incas made many of their clothes from this wool, and declared the animal national property, reserved for Inca royalty. The wool has many uses and forms, but it is best when used in the form of a spun fiber.

The legal aspects of vicuña wool are somewhat confusing, the situation being much like that of intoxicating liquors in our prohibition era. The Peruvian government, which controls most of the source, bids you not to buy, sell, or possess vicuña wool. But the high sierras are a wild land, and the plain fact is that you can buy pounds of the wool in the mountains for what amounts to just a few dollars. Strook, which imports vicuña under government license, buys all it can possibly obtain, and that's just a dribble. You see handbags and rugs in South American shops, but legitimate pieces bear a government stamp. In Bolivia, vicuña is legal traffic and some over-the-border smuggling probably takes place.

The vicuña has not only been protected by governments from Simon Bolivar's to those of modern South America: the female is equipped to fight a battle to the death. Her small hoofs, pointed and sharp, together with her razor-like teeth, speed, cunning, and temper, make her a very dangerous adversary. In battles with the larger and stronger llama, the vicuña has succeeded in disemboweling her foe. In the rare instances of captivity, she has expressed her feelings toward her protector, Man, by spitting in his eye.

She reproduces during the summer and autumn months. Her kids, with devastating charm and beauty, walk and even run when they are only a few days old. They suck for about six months. At the end of a year, if they are so unfortunate as to be males, they are kicked and persecuted until they leave the herd. Only one male, the toughest and most virile, remains. The selection is usually accompanied

When HARMON A. HARRIS left for South America last year, we asked him to find out something about vicuña for *Atlantic* readers. His article reaches us from Lima, where he is associated with Pan American-Grace Airways.

by considerable struggle and bloodshed. The exiled males form themselves into masculine herds which are an extremely wild and bad-tempered lot.

In spite of these strange, wild habits, attempts have been made to domesticate vicuñas and herd them like cattle. Most have been complete failures. But in the Puno district of Peru a Señor Paredes has had considerable success. He has a herd of 320 vicuñas and confidently expects to double it in a couple of years. His methods are a matter of great professional secrecy.

If you have your heart set on a blanket or an overcoat of vicuña wool, the chances of getting it are pretty small. Unless you happen to be shopping around in the sierras at the moment, you'll have to depend on exports — and only a few hundred pounds leave South America to supply a world market. Before the war a New York department store offered a yard of vicuña wool for seventy dollars. And that was before the war. . . .

A Patron for Pater

By DAVID McCORD

Shelley's a trademark used on sheets.

— SIR J. C. SQUIRE

THE poet Morris is a chair,
Lord Kelvin's now a Kelvinator;
Lister is a mouthwash. Where
Is honor done to Walter Pater?

Burns' ashes stick to his cigar,
The name of Pasteur's writ in milk;
Chief Pontiac's a damn good car.
Why isn't Pater of their ilk?

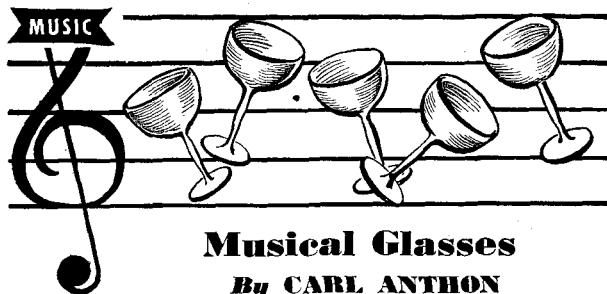
Beatty and Nelson — both hotels;
Grant's a tomb; Lee, half a college;
Bell's a system. Nothing sells
Us Walter Pater to my knowledge.

Audubon? He's a feeding ground;
Lindbergh a light, a canyon Bryce;
La Guardia's a field; but round
The world, poor Pater! Still no dice.

Lincoln? a highway; George? a lake;
McKinley? mountain; Jackson? park;
Franklin? an institute. Why stake
Old Walter out there in the dark?

Fame beckons. One becomes a dam,
A bridge, a watch, a kind of cheese,
A process, or a safety pram.
My client — he is none of these.

Industry! Public Works! Whose fault?
The sacred cows are *all* in clover.
Is Pater worth his attic salt?
It's just an idea . . . think it over.



Musical Glasses

By CARL ANTHON

TO THE music-minded the world is full of music. Tissue paper, combs, rubber bands; bottles, nails, saws — all have been made to disclose their musical nature. Dripping water faucets provide exquisite staccato tunes, and the boiling teakettle is the very soul of the kitchen orchestra. One can even improvise melodies to the deep hum of an electric motor in the same way the bagpipe plays its tunes to a steady drone produced by one of the pipes. And who has not been tempted to line up the wineglasses on the dinner table until all the notes of the scale were represented? Glasses have the advantage of being amenable to tuning by simply increasing or decreasing their contents until the desired pitch is reached.

While a set of glasses makes an admirable xylophone, their true musical character has not yet been exploited. Not by rude percussion will a glass yield its innermost musical secrets. But try rubbing the rim of the glass with your moistened finger tip and you will soon discover a new kind of musical tone. The sound thus produced is unusually pure and has an unearthly character, worthy of the gods. Perhaps you have never heard the celestial music of the spheres, but the harmony emanating from a few wineglasses comes as near to it as anything that man has invented.

Already in the early seventeenth century this parlor trick was familiar. In a work entitled *Mathematical and Philosophical Pastimes*, the German poet Harsdörfer gives the following directions for the performance of this music: —

To produce a merry wine-music, take eight glasses of equal form; put in the one a spoonful of wine, in the other two, in the third three, and so on; then let eight persons, with fingers dipped in wine, at the same moment pass them over the brim of the glasses and there will be heard a merry wine-music that the very ears will tingle.

In the middle of the eighteenth century an Irishman named Richard Pockrich conceived the idea of making a regular musical instrument out of tuned musical glasses. He undertook concert tours in England and Ireland, and within a few years musical glasses became the rage of society. Oliver Goldsmith in *The Vicar of Wakefield* describes English ladies as talking of nothing but "high life, and high-

Assistant Professor of European History at Colby College, CARL ANTHON is also an amateur of music and has written several articles for the *Atlantic* in that field.

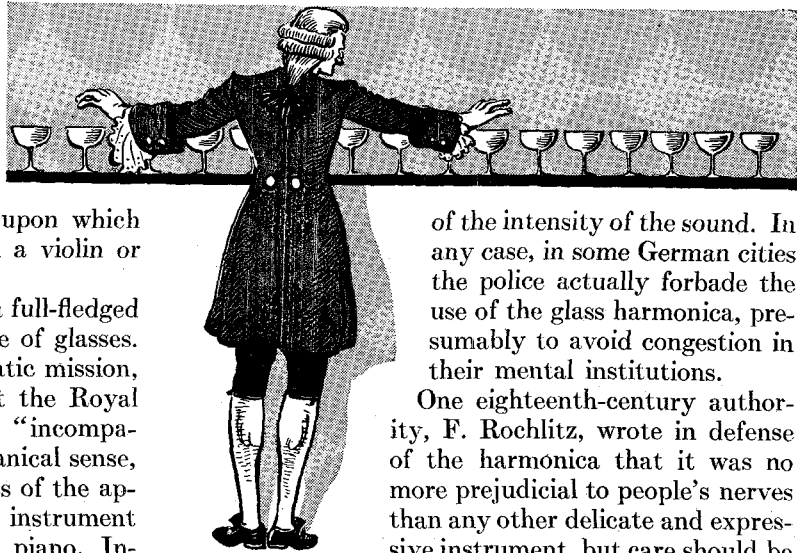
lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses." No less a composer than Gluck appeared in England and in Denmark performing "a concert upon Twenty-six Drinking Glasses, tuned with Spring water, accompanied with the whole Band . . . upon which he performs whatever may be done on a violin or harpsichord."

It was Benjamin Franklin who made a full-fledged instrument out of this crude assemblage of glasses. When he went to England on a diplomatic mission, he heard the musical glasses played at the Royal Society, and he was captivated by the "incomparable sweetness" of the tones. His mechanical sense, however, was outraged by the clumsiness of the apparatus, and he decided to construct an instrument that could be played more or less like a piano. Instead of beer glasses he took about three dozen specially blown glasses in the shape of hemispheres of varying size, and mounted them on a horizontal spindle which was made to revolve by means of a treadle — very much like an old-fashioned sewing machine. In turning, the glasses dipped into a shallow trough filled with water and vinegar which moistened the rims. The player merely passed his finger tips over the glass rims and could play chords and arpeggios as on any keyboard, but much more slowly, of course, and with greater stretching of the hands.

The harmonica, as musical glasses came to be known on the Continent (not to be confused with the modern harmonica), became a real fad for the next thirty years. English virtuosi like Marianne Davies toured the European courts, and in Vienna Marie Antoinette became one of her pupils. Perhaps the most famous harmonica virtuoso was the blind Marianna Kirchgessner, for whom Mozart — ever alert to new musical possibilities — composed two delightful pieces in the last year of his life. One of them is scored for glass harmonica, flute, oboe, viola, and cello — a possible indication of the relative volume of the instrument.

Something about the tone of the harmonica appealed to an age that was fast becoming romantic. It had a sustained, penetrating quality, which could be swelled or softened by varying the pressure of the finger tips. The purity of the tone was unlike that of any other instrument, with the exception, perhaps, of the recorder. Goethe, who probably had heard his friend Angelica Kauffmann play the instrument in Rome, seemed to detect "the heartblood of the universe" in its ethereal harmony, and romantic fiction featured sensitive heroines swooning at its sound.

This somewhat mysterious aspect of the instrument was perhaps a cause for its disappearance in the early nineteenth century. Supposedly much playing of it made the performer a nervous wreck — some would say because of the irritating contact of sensitive finger tips with vibrating glass rims; others, because



of the intensity of the sound. In any case, in some German cities the police actually forbade the use of the glass harmonica, presumably to avoid congestion in their mental institutions.

One eighteenth-century authority, F. Rochlitz, wrote in defense of the harmonica that it was no more prejudicial to people's nerves than any other delicate and expressive instrument, but care should be

taken to select pieces "that touch the heart, and softly animate the feelings." Even this apologist felt it necessary to caution against "indulging in its soft and pleasing tones too much at night"! Mendel's dictionary of music, a nineteenth-century pillar of authority, claims that the effect was so intense, especially on women, that one single tone "produced with the utmost feeling" might send the listener into the realm of the unconscious.

Obviously, this was exaggeration, and these facts do not seem to be borne out by the experience of modern players with the glass harmonica. But whether exaggeration or not, eighteenth-century Germans wanted an emotional workout, and regarded the harmonica as an ideal medium for their intoxication. After all, the late eighteenth century was the dawn of the modern movement known as romanticism, from the effects of which we are still suffering. It was the period of *Werther* and *Héloïse*, of morbid Mesmerism, and of pietism dripping with sentimentality. Significantly enough, Mesmer, the prophet of animal magnetism (which turned out to be the stuff psychoanalysis is made of), used harmonica music as a background for his frenzied séances to increase the susceptibilities of his patients.

But glass harmonicas belong to a bygone age — an age that indulged in a great deal of experimentation with new effects and new instruments. Composers were not averse to trying out new devices. Even Beethoven wrote a piece for the glass harmonica. Perhaps we might reconstruct the dilapidated harmonicas in our museums (all of them are smashed up), and find out whether the sound might not be worth while resuscitating.

What chances would the glass harmonica have today? In the early nineteen-hundreds musical glasses of the pre-Franklin variety were featured in American vaudeville. It was frankly a stunt and the effect on the ear was hardly edifying. The days of vaudeville are gone and so are the musical glasses. But might not an instrument based on the same acoustic principle have certain possibilities?

True Story

By JOHN HOLMES

A FEW years ago I worked on the book review page of a famous old metropolitan paper. The literary editor discovered, rightly, that too many reviews were being written by too few people, mostly the staff. We needed an extra by-line. In one of the weekly meetings we invented one. There were several tries, facetious and baffled, before the secretary came up with Preston Gurney. It was a combination, she said, of her middle name and the middle name of the girl who did the murder mysteries. It sounded all right — distinguished, plausible, safe; and for months thereafter Gurney did all sorts of books for us, and even conducted a librarians' column.

Now and then we would run his name in with lists of authors. We would ask at staff meetings why Gurney never showed up. Someone dug out an old photograph of a man in a checked waistcoat and walrus mustache, signed it "Affectionately," and we tacked it up. I found I liked to talk about Preston Gurney in my column fairly often, and eventually I turned him into a poet. I remember that once I said I doubted if the unpublished letters of any New England poets would ever turn up a word from him.

Another time I topped off a somewhat impatient review of a book on the life of a modern Greek imitator of Byron by saying that poets nearer home, and far more neglected, namely Preston G., might just as well be the subject of research. I went on to say, with what now seems a brazen ambiguity, that one wondered, etc., etc., what could be thought of a poet who wrote lines like the following, and I proceeded to write them. And why was Gurney so completely forgotten? By this time I had built him up. Or built him down.

The secretary wrote a letter thanking me for remembering her great-uncle, or whatever he was. We printed it. This was all very well, and a lot of fun, and strictly a newspaper office joke.

One afternoon I stepped into a bookstore to pick up some books I had ordered, and the clerk, who knew me, produced a *book of poems by Preston Gurney*. My first thought was that the boys at the office had gone to a lot of trouble. I must have had an odd look for a minute. Blank, maybe, or maybe shrewd. She said, "Well, you do want it, don't you?" I said, "Yes,

but — but it's impossible. He — There isn't any such person." And she replied, "Why, you're always writing about Preston Gurney in your column, so when his book turned up, of course I saved it for you."

I took the book home and read it very carefully. Preston Gurney was a real man and a real poet. He lived uncomfortably near me, and might still be alive. He was rather a bookish fellow. A son had been born to him, and died an infant. No funny business from my whimsical colleagues could have invented this evidence. I could not find anything more about him, and I was worried. I'd made a ghost, and the ghost had come to life. I'd made him a poet, and he was already a poet.

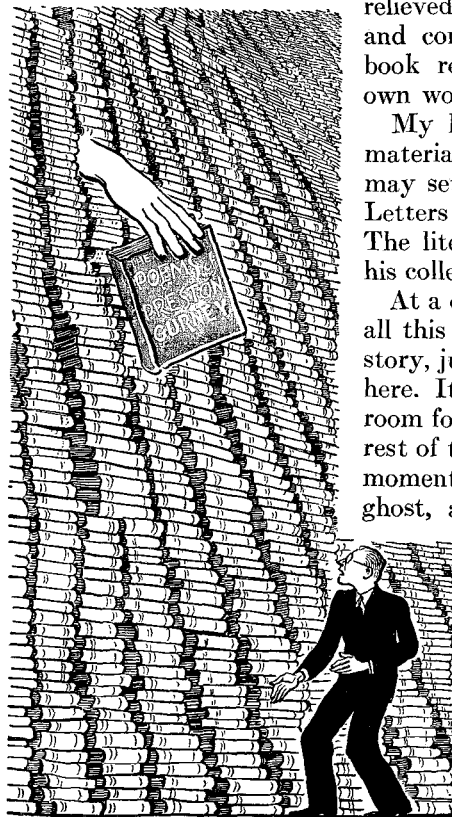
I wrote town clerks, libraries, colleges. Then, when a few clues came in, I summed it all up in one of the columns. The paper was scarcely on the street when my phone rang at home and a man's voice said, "Would you care to learn something more about Gurney?" I thought it was Gurney. But I said yes. It was the son of the bookseller whose clerk had sold me the volume of poems by the revived ghost named Preston Gurney.

Preston Gurney was a Baptist minister. He had independent means and a large library, he appreciated Emily Dickinson early, liked Emerson very much, and books, and evenings with friends who liked the books he liked. He had a sense of humor. He was shy. Seeing a member of his flock coming toward him he would cross the street rather than risk a meeting. He had died. Secretly I was relieved when I learned that. I'm not quite sure why I felt relieved, but I thought about Gurney and confusion, and decided that all book reviewers ought to sign their own work.

My locked files contain far more material on Preston Gurney than I may set forth here. His other book. Letters from people who knew him. The literary prizes he established at his college.

At a dinner party a few weeks after all this had come to light, I told the story, just about as I have set it down here. It was time to go into the living room for coffee, conversation, and the rest of the evening. I had had my big moment. I had never raised but one ghost, and Preston Gurney was his name. No one moved.

"Yes," remarked my host when I had done, "Mr. Gurney was good company. He has given me many pleasant hours sitting at this table. He was a quiet man, but he talked well. That was his favorite chair."



Poet, critic, and teacher of English at Tufts College, JOHN HOLMES is well known to *Atlantic* readers.

FILMS

Morning After the Lost Weekend

By GORDON KAHN

MOTION picture fundamentalism, long in dubious battle with the younger heterodox forces, is now found out to have a glass jaw, gutta-percha feet, and a clapper from *The Bells of St. Mary's* for a tongue. *The Lost Weekend* had demolished the pious malarkey which held that a consummately adult picture is destined to expire in a thin gust of Cheyne-Stokes breathing for lack of box office plasma.

That, Bwana, was the thunder on the left. And the drums spell out that the Weavers of Dreams are falling back to prepared positions on the Culver City escarpment, chanting "Gable's Back and Garson's Got Him." An elite corps of Harvey Girls, lady psychiatrists, and National Velvet Dragoons on intelligent race horses jog behind Donald Crisp playing "Clang! Clang! Clang! Goes the Trolley" on the pibroch.

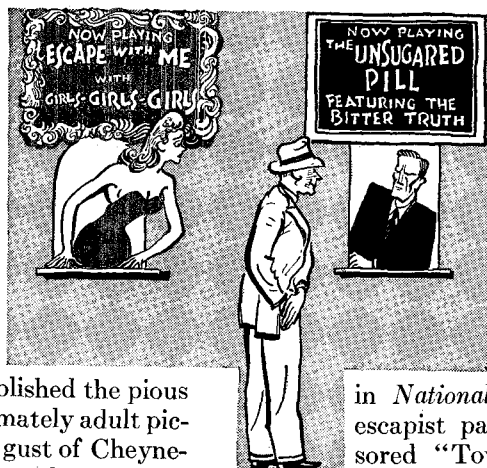
Should *Weekend* fetch only five of the six million dollars predicted for it, it has already touched a dab of 40-rod turpentine to the sluggish withers of the Hollywood unicorn. That old campaigner has never let a trend outrace him — by much — and this time he scents something deeper. Possibly an orientation away from the doctrine that unless a motion picture titillates it is downright subversive.

Masterworks based on the interlocking-weenie are being jettisoned. Triple-whimsies with the coy dradle go to the bottom of the heap of scripts on the production executives' desks. Literary agents with a "drunk story" are plied with aromatic perfectos.

The papers have not yet been inked, as *Variety* says, but one film company has already pinned down the title *Alcoholics Anonymous* from the organization of that name, for the bargain price of \$50,000.

Signs and portents of the movement away from the film theater as a Punch and Judy shadow box are blossoming like the crocus. Two major companies are promising that their films about atomic energy will show what it augurs for the world instead of who gets Prue Beauregard, modest instructor in the double-entry abacus, who, as Lili von Huehnebrust, wormed her way into the position of chief code clerk at the *Reichskanzlei*, working under J. Edgar Hoover all the time, natch.

At Warner Brothers, Paramount, Twentieth Century, and four juicily financed independents, they are looking around for properties with which they aspire to deal with a condition of material existence in the forthright way that Brackett and Wilder handled the human economy of Don Birnam, drunkard.



in *National Velvet*, loudly advocated the escapist path on a *Reader's Digest* sponsored "Town Meeting of the Air" last September.

MR. MCGUINNESS: Mankind is starved for laughter, for joy, for beauty, for escape from tragedy. Motion pictures can supply these great balms for the spirit. Hollywood can give hope that the simple joys of peace shall flourish again. On the screens of the world Hollywood can help humanity. Let us not preach at our fellows, but let us give them back the boon they have been so long denied. Let us do our part to restore laughter to the world.

[Motion pictures made in Hollywood] do influence public opinion. They have to if they are to be effective. . . . This has come about because Hollywood and the motion picture industry have always upheld in their pictures the basic principles of morality which form our Western Civilization. These principles are the religious and moral concepts of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount.

MR. CRISP: Keep the theatre a house of illusion, keep the screen free of alleged messages from any group of self-constituted leaders. When we go to the movies let's have fun and let's remain free to think for ourselves.

It all boils down to whether the American people can decide what they like or want, or whether the few folks who happen to make pictures in Hollywood should decide for us. . . . It was fitting that when we saw Lana Turner or Betty Grable we should also be fed a documentary film on the war and a government short urging us to save waste fat. That was Uncle Sam's way of arming us, hardening us, bolstering our morale and showing what a tough fight we had on our hands. But that necessity no longer exists.

Mr. Crisp busted a final lance meant to impale not only *The Lost Weekend* but some of its notable predecessors like *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Ox-Bow Incident*, *The Black Legion*, and *Zola*. He said, "The thing is, you pay your money to see the picture. You should see it without anything being forced down your throat. You should have entertainment — entertainment one hundred per cent!"

The Lost Weekend neither entertains nor amuses in that sense. It shocks, but with considerably less voltage than Charles Jackson's novel from which it was adapted, because of the taboo about the true cause of the subject alcoholic's behavior. Still, it has gone as far into that as the French production of *The Puritan*.

GORDON KAHN is a frequent contributor, from Hollywood, to the *Atlantic*.

dared, even without any wowers at its elbow. It has ignored most of the paralyzing vetoes of the Hays Code. Where "brutality and possible gruesomeness" are prohibited under the section headed "Repellent Subjects," Billy Wilder gave horror its head in the Doré-esque alcoholic ward scenes.

Not since a character in *Carnet de Bal* threw a hideous wing-ding has there been anything on the screen so grisly as Don Birnam's epic brannigan and his scream as the stricken mouse bled on the wall.

Where *Weekend* hewed to the line of the novel it was superb. It carried unqualified conviction of the booze-fighter's torment when he hasn't that nip of elixir in the morning as a pistol shot. It is distinguished for the realism of its acting throughout and for its fidelity to the physical Don Birnam.

Brackett and Wilder ignored those in Hollywood whose minds were hermetically sealed to new forms and who said, "You can't make a picture *all* about a fellow drinking." With astonishing skill they did precisely that.

In its most flagrant divergence from the novel, the picture misstated the profound truth that neither his girl's devotion nor his brother's despairing threats could cure Don Birnam of his alcoholism any more than aspirin can help a brain lesion. It is clinically misleading to say that by his own resolution he could do himself any good at all.

It would have been useful to say in the picture that alcoholism is suicide by flagon and that the Don Birnams of the world need expert help — the doctor, the psychiatrist, *and* the community.

In a major sequence of the film — and not because of any apprehension of censorship — one of the most moving scenes in the book is gratuitously vulgarized into a Teacher-and-Johnny joke. The passage in the book reads: —

He fought for breath afraid that he would break into a wail if he didn't hang on hard. He yanked at the door-knob (the glass shook and rattled) and gave way: "Why aren't you open, what's going on, why are you all closed!"

The two glanced at each other, incredulous, and then one darted his head farther out of the dark stairway and snarled, "What's the metter with you, it's Yom Kippur!"

There the encounter ends. But in the picture it was done this way: —

FIRST MAN: What's the matter with you?

DON: Why are they all closed? They're all closed, every one of them.

FIRST MAN: Sure they are. It's Yom Kippur.

DON: It's what?

FIRST MAN: It's Yom Kippur, a Jewish holiday.

DON: It is. (*That makes sense to him. Or does it?*) What are you talking about? How about Kelly's? How about Gallagher's?

FIRST MAN: They're closed too. We've got an agreement. They keep closed on Yom Kippur and we don't open on St. Patrick's. (*The two men stand grinning.*)

DON (*almost weeping*): That's a good joke. That's funny, that's very funny.

Despite Don's last line, instead of the rustle of irony's passing, there is the thwack of the bladder. Nobody rolls in the aisles, a fact which saves *The Lost Weekend* from becoming Mr. Crisp's kind of entertainment — entertainment one hundred per cent! — thank heaven.

Charles Jackson's Don Birnam ends by putting the stuff where the flies won't get it and buckling down to the business of getting fried on both sides this time.

Brackett and Wilder's man, on the other hand, is saved from another attack of the ork-orks by a Seventh Cavalry finish.

With all its imperfections, *The Lost Weekend* is big enough to stand being chipped at. Only a very great fool would destroy a milestone. For if *The Lost Weekend* heralds a new kind of motion picture, in which antagonist and protagonist are in the same man and the conflict is internal, the day of *Hamlet* on the screen is not very far off.



Lovely Is the World

By JULIA McGRANE

LOVELY is the world today
Swaying on so slight a stem.
Joy as fragile as a sigh
Petaled round its hem.

Man may pluck it if he will,
Man grown clever now to learn
How to snap the stalk with one
Quick, emphatic turn.

MAN is not measure of the earth.
Though he destroy it if he must,
Unnumbered light-years, ether-wise,
Its incandescent dust

Would spell a star to shepherds camped
On hills untutored worlds away
Or guide men sailing wooden barks
Into a candid bay

And on some artless sphere a child
Across millenniums would say
Her wish upon the world we loved
And threw away.

Plan now for the Orient

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The tide has turned. It's tugging at ships. And pulling at men. At the other end of this tide is the Orient. Waiting to be visited. Wanting to be understood. Sharing with us the trusteeship of future peace.

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A NEW LUXURY FLEET

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We are asked: "What are the ships in your new fleet to be like?"

We answer: "They are fast (19 knots) and comfortable (beds in every stateroom and every stateroom outside). Our later ships will be even faster and more luxurious. We call them 'express liners.' They will be air-conditioned throughout. With swimming pools for every Class, smart shops, a cafe-grill, theater, gymnasium and cabinet baths, and many other innovations, they surpass any service ever offered before in trans-Pacific or 'Round-the-World' schedules."

'ROUND-THE-WORLD EVERY 2 WEEKS

We are asked: "What routes will your ships travel?"

We answer: "First to be reopened will be our trans-Pacific service via Honolulu to China, Japan and the Philippines. Four other services will follow, including our famed 'Round-the-World' regular tours touching 14 countries and 23 ports of call (see below)."

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We answer: "As always, you may stop off as long as you please at any port and resume your trip on a later ship. We pride ourselves on the flexibility of our service and the experience of our representatives in the Orient."

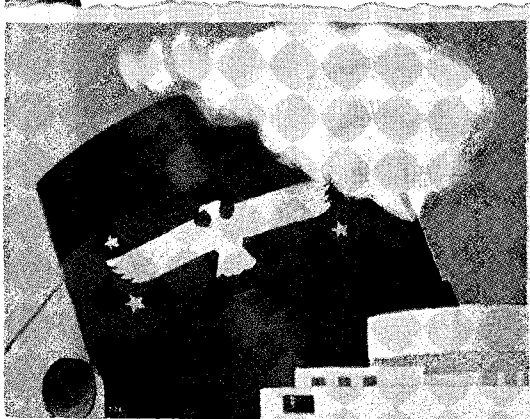
So we conclude: "Whether your trip is business or pleasure—whether you simply want to know and understand our world neighbors better—your American President Lines' representative or your own travel agent is the man to talk it over with and help you plan now for the Orient."

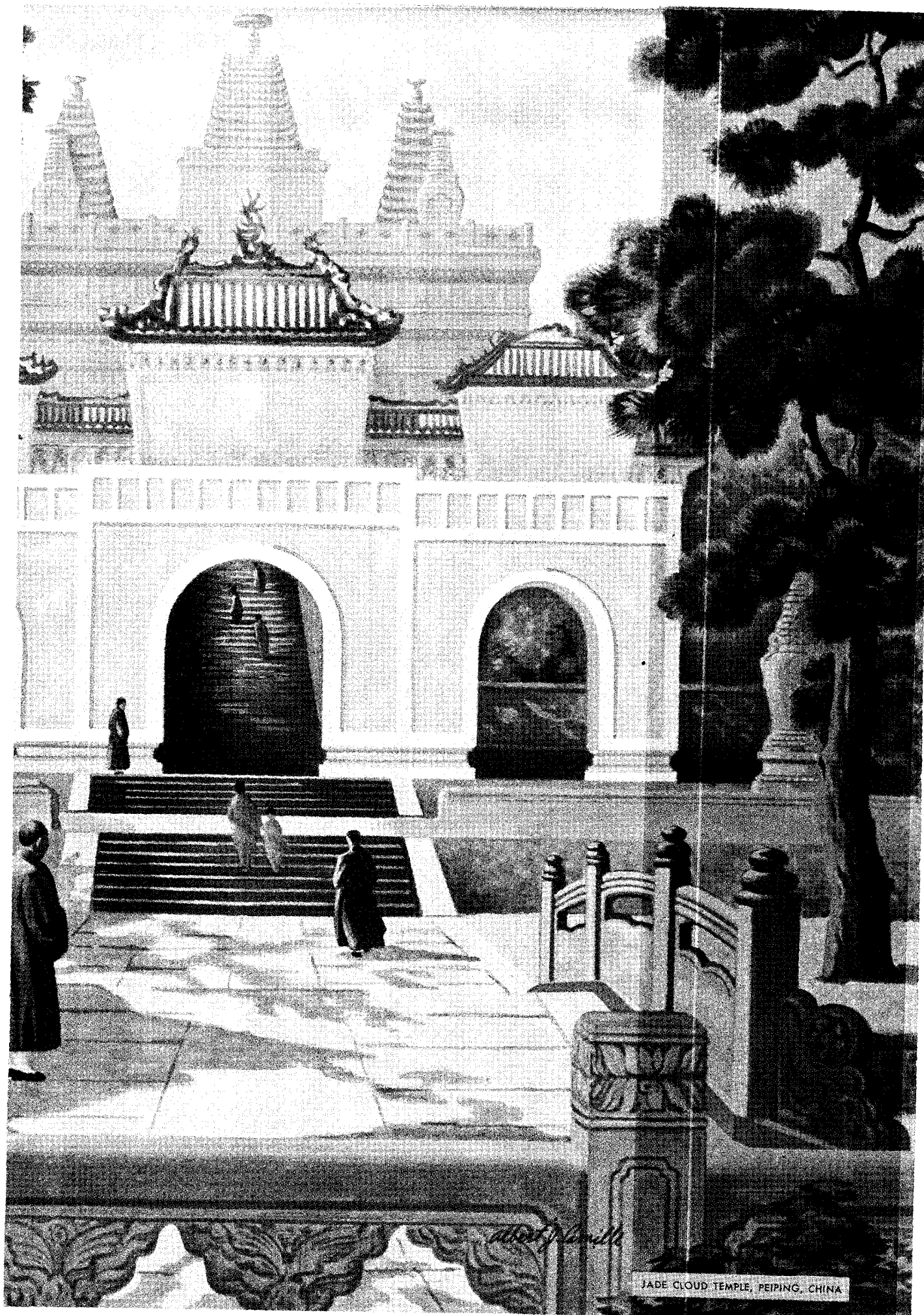
Or write or call on us at 604 Fifth Avenue, New York 20; 177 State Street, Boston 9; 716 Transportation Bldg., Washington 6; 110 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 3; 226 Henry Bldg., Seattle; 510 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles 14; 311 California Street, San Francisco 4 (Head Office).

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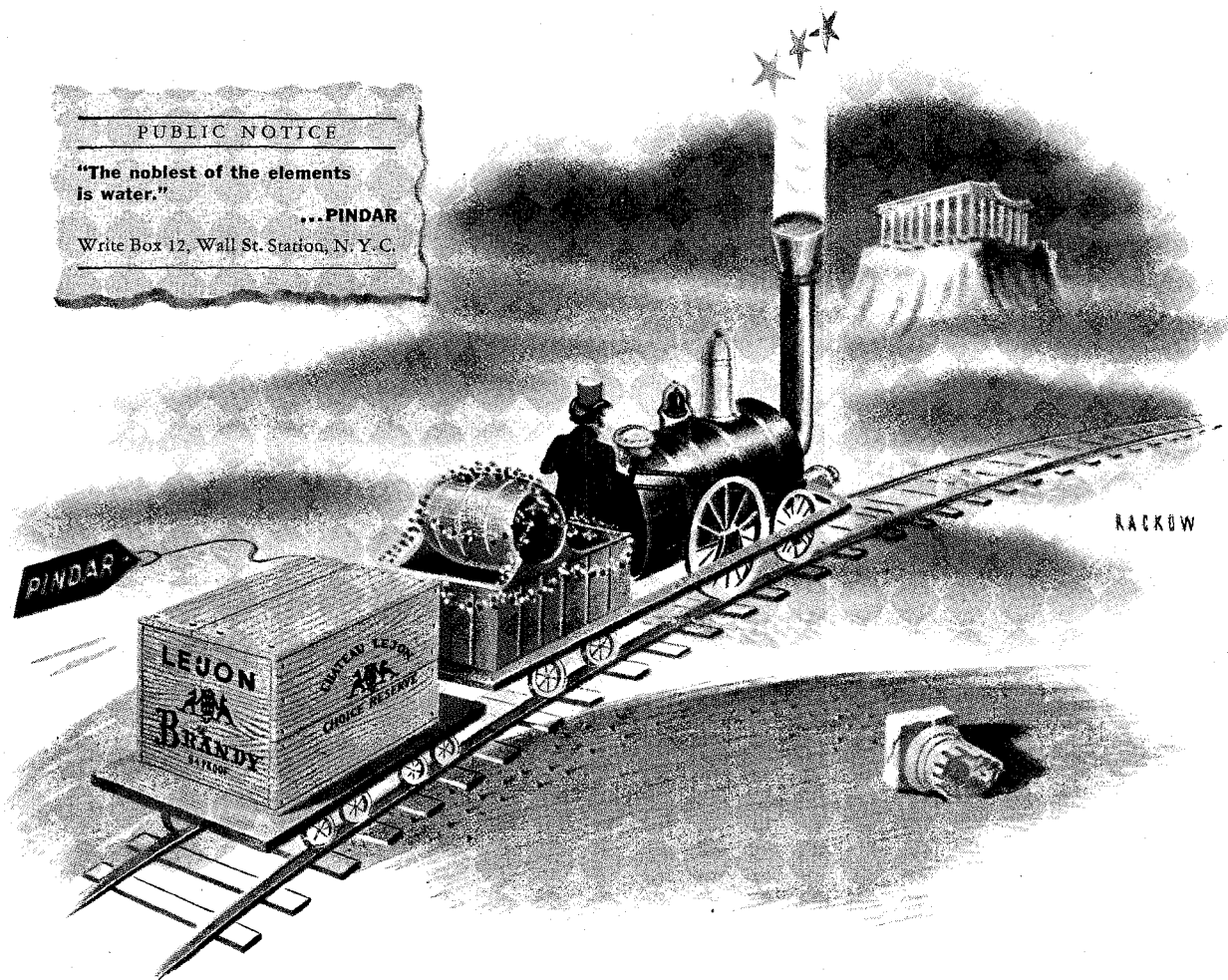
JADE CLOUD TEMPLE, PEIPING, CHINA

PUBLIC NOTICE

"The noblest of the elements
is water."

...PINDAR

Write Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y. C.



Oh come now, Lyricist Pindar—not the noblest. Would you compare the plainness of an unimaginative raindrop with the noble beauty of a snowflake? Are common stones nobler than diamonds and rubies? In all frankness, how can anything that's run-of-the-mill be nobler than that which is choice? Not that we at Chateau Lejon don't have a measure of respect for the useful liquid of which you speak, but if you will only taste the sampling of LEJON Brandy now on its way, you will surely discover what is truly the nobility of nectars.



LEJON

*For Brandy Connoisseurs: We have a booklet, "The Spirit of the Grape".**
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Offstage

By RUSSELL MALONEY

Terribly, Terribly Hurt

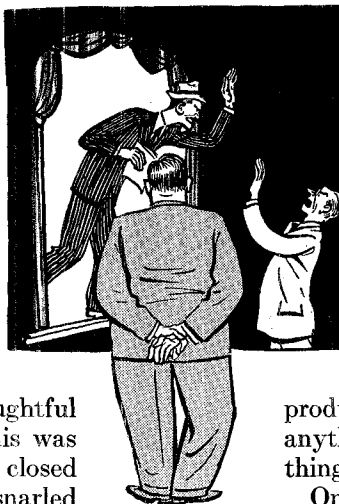
Several months ago, during the dreadful interval between the close of the gripe season and the first sticky steps of approaching spring, while the last snows of winter lay melting in Shubert Alley, the Playwrights' Company, in association with Elia Kazan, presented *Truckline Café*, a sort of thoughtful melodrama by Maxwell Anderson. This was a mistake, as it turned out. The play closed less than two weeks after its opening, snarled at by the critics and mourned by few.

Among the mourners, naturally enough, were Mr. Kazan, co-producer, and Harold Clurman, the director. Nor was their mourning silent. They took space in the morning newspapers to denounce the critics — "a group of men who are hired to report the events of our stage and who more and more are acquiring powers which, as a group, they are not qualified to exercise — either by their training or by their taste."

The Messrs. Clurman's and Kazan's manifesto went on to say, in a low, trembling voice, "The sorriest aspect of the situation is that the mass of professional theater people, including some of the most talented men in America, are impotent in the situation, and can do nothing more about it than bemoan the state of affairs privately and talk vaguely about doing 'something.' Nothing is ever done, no opposition point of view is ever expressed. There is a black-out of all taste except the taste of these men."

Well, well.

Here's Frankenstein complaining that the monster is getting boisterous. Who turned the unassuming little theater-news reporter into a "critic" — who but "the mass of professional theater people, including some of the most talented men in America"? Will Clurman and Kazan look me in the eye and tell me that, if the notices about *Truckline Café* had been favorable, they would not have quoted them in their advertising? Had they not engaged a press agent, at a salary of some hundreds of dollars a week, to butter up the newspaper boys, feed them gossip and feature stories, and send them free seats for the New York opening? Among the actors they hired for *Truckline Café*, is there a single one who has not pasted into a scrapbook every newspaper review in which his name is mentioned? In a word, has any professional theater person ever conducted himself in such a manner as to give a newspaper critic even a faint suspicion that he is not the personal spokesman of Almighty God?



A Plain Yes or No

When a man decides to stand up for his principles, the actual issue involved is, more likely than not, so fragile that the armor-clad defender of the right looks kind of silly. But certainly it is illogical that a handful of writers should be in control of the American theater — or even that they or anybody else should *think* they are in control. It leads to a situation in which everybody is always looking over his shoulder. Critic and producer alike will soon be unable to keep anything on their stomachs, let alone do anything creative for the American theater.

One solution offered freely by various managers and actors with whom I have talked over the problem is to eliminate critics altogether. This takes only ten years. It was done in Vienna some time ago. As I got the story, it was managed as a gigantically scaled snub: the Viennese theater just pretended that the Viennese critics weren't there. If the critics praised a play, the managers ignored the praise; if the verdict was unfavorable, they ignored that, too. The critics got no seats, no attention, no prestige, no bribes. And after ten years there were no critics.

I am not sure that the critical fraternity in New York City deserves this dismal fate, although it would certainly be fun for an outsider to watch. The opening of a play is a news event of some importance to a considerable number of people, and a signed expression of the reporter's opinion ought not to harm an adult intelligence: reason enough for the existence of critics. It is a little alarming, perhaps, that these arbiters have to return to their offices on the dead run — those, at least, who work on morning papers — and write their story in little more than an hour; still, it is hard to avoid the suspicion that more leisure might not necessarily produce a more illuminating or entertaining critique.

As for their banding together as "The Critics' Circle" and announcing an annual prize play in competition with the Pulitzer Prize, this is merely touching. I don't know quite what adjective to attach to the fact that one producing company found it necessary, a year or so ago, to announce publicly that, the next time they spotted a tipsy critic at one of their openings, there would be affidavits signed by witnesses and general hell to pay. It would, of course, be unfair to talk this way without noting that within the Critics' Circle there is an inner circle composed of obviously sound writers.

The big question is, then: Which comes first, the flop or the critic? Does the critic make or merely report the flop? As we consider this question, we must remind ourselves that these days there are only two kinds of plays — hits and flops. Producers as a class are merely financial megalomaniacs who have for some reason taken to producing plays instead of playing the horses. What they and the backers they

This is the third of a series of theater notes from New York by RUSSELL MALONEY.

recruit for their productions regard as the type of sound, conservative investment in the theater is *Life with Father*, now in its seventh year. As soon as it becomes evident that a play, however ingratiating, *isn't* going to run seven years, it is tossed out into the alley to make room for a new candidate. All that the average manager wants is a plain yes or no — has he got a hit or a flop?

Now a hit or a flop is usually pretty obvious. Nevertheless, the hit-or-flop psychology probably constitutes a critical bottleneck. Unconsciously the critics have been turned into judges instead of appreciators. *Variety*, the trade journal, even keeps a "box score," in which the critics are graded, to three decimal places, solely according to their success in separating the hits from the flops. To be sure, some of the critics have protested against the implications of this box score, but obviously not hard enough. It goes on from year to year.

Blueprint for Critics

The tide is rising; no critic is safe. Irwin Shaw, in an introduction to *The Assassin*, recently published as a book after a quick flop in New York, has some things to say. The Shuberts, who have a finger in more productions than you would believe possible, have never liked critics. The voices are becoming articulate. The critics are soon going to have to explain their conduct; and since their conduct is now and then preposterous, they had better begin to act differently.

Let them — as the editors of *Time* used to say — let them remember that they are just one member of an audience, and not necessarily the most cultured one at that. Let them be subjective instead of objective. "I cried when the social worker took Gwendolyn's illegitimate baby away from her," "I laughed when the fat man's pants fell off," "I think So-and-So is an awfully pretty girl even if she is a bad actress," "I had such a hang-over I hardly cared *what* was going on" — these simple statements are a fair sample of a permissible critical attitude.

What's Wrong with the American Theater?

All such discussions as these inevitably lead to the old, old question: What's wrong with the American theater? Well, let's go back to the Clurman-Kazan manifesto, which says perhaps more than the writers realized they were saying. It addresses itself, in a large-type headline, "To the Theater Going Public." It was published in two New York morning newspapers.

The trouble with the American theater, then, is that it is geographically limited to a fifteen-block area lying due west of Broadway, in the City of New York. Mind you, I'm not saying that it is feasible to distribute dramatic entertainment any more fairly among the hundred and thirty-odd million people of this nation. It is quaint, though, isn't it? There



the American theater is, a sitting duck. Decentralization would solve the critic problem and the atomic-bomb problem at the same time.

Tad Sale

By FREDERICK PACKARD

LOTTIE FARNUM didn't go to pieces all at once. It took several years for her to become what psychiatrists call a "damaged personality." No one was ever certain what brought it on. Her relatives and friends simply became aware that what had begun as a rather deplorable conversational habit had developed into a sort of psychosis, and they avoided her as they had never done in the days when she was just a mild, rather attractive young woman with a taste for Spoonerisms.

It is thought, but not established, that reading Beerbohm to excess touched off some mental spring. Marked passages were found in her books. One was about a speaker who unintentionally said, "Three cheers for the queer old dean!" instead of "Three cheers for the dear old Queen!" Another concerned a man who had been "bored to death by a gull." In time she became unable to speak the English language without Spoonerizing all the words in the sentence.

It was at least bearable when she said things like "He put the heart before the course," speaking of a student who had left college in order to marry, but after a while she began to slither and slide and utter unintentional and meaningless horrors like "stews nand" for "news stand," "trewery bruck" for "brewery truck," and "one swell foop" for "one fell swoop."

Even when darkness was closing in she managed occasionally to bring forth one with at least some point. One day she found an old newspaper somewhere and came cackling up to one of her remaining friends. "Look," she said, beside herself, pointing to a headline which read: "HOOVER FAILS TO CONVINCE SENATE, Betrays Indecision in Speech." "Look," she cackled. "He was Hesident Proover. Hahaha! Hesitant Prover. See?"

It was shortly after this that her family arranged for her to live in the country, in a nice quiet place. She was given a book called *1000 Choice Spoonerisms*, and a patient elderly woman was retained at substantial wages to listen to her and look after her wants. She is quite happy. When loyal friends come to visit, she greets them with "Fello, holks. Thow are hings in the cig bity? Query viet hound rere." Sometimes people understand her.



Six mornings a week at 6:15 the voice of Jesse Buffum, Columbia's New England firm director, enters a WEEI microphone and takes the northeast passage from Boston to the Kennebunkport home of Kenneth Roberts, his friend and favorite novelist. For years the two have kept up a warm radio relationship, so the other day when "Buff" completed his 2,107th broadcast marking his sixth anniversary on the air, Roberts switched his pen from his latest manuscript to a telegram form and wrote to WEEI as follows:

"Please convey my heartiest congratulations to Jesse Buffum for a miracle of achievement. In the time it takes a seedling pine to establish itself and develop a few meager spills, Jesse has instructed us, amused us, made us familiar with the celebrated Buffum voice, the endearing Buffum stammer, and by his words of advice, exhortation, and cajolment has improved our land, our crops, our tanning processes, our livestock, daubed thousands of farmers with dormant spray, pink spray, DDT, and every other form of spray. At the psychological moment introduced us to Lew Webster, Fred Garrigus, Carl Dickerman, and a dozen friendly WEEI voices...and in many ways enriched our dreary early morning hours. Only God can make a tree, but only a break of luck can bring us a Jesse Buffum."

★

Up to a few weeks ago one of the frequent objections raised by critics of Columbia's high-frequency full-color television was that the pictures could not be transmitted along the coaxial cable that presently carries the low-frequency black-and-white pictures. Thus, it was stated, a city-to-city network transmitting color pictures was impracticable.

Then on April 19, as you may have read in the newspapers, CBS sent a series of color pictures along a coaxial cable stretching between New York and Washington. The pictures made a complete round trip of 450 miles, starting on the 10th floor of the CBS building on Madison Avenue, thence to the television studios at Grand

Central, from there to the A. T. & T. building on the Avenue of the Americas and finally to Washington via Philadelphia and Baltimore. In Washington they turned around and came back by cable to the CBS high-frequency transmitter in the Chrysler Building which transmitted them over the air to a receiver at CBS.

The whole trip took less than three-thousandths of a second and the pictures looked just fine, having lost none of the quality of their vivid colors. In Hollywood a man who had applied for a license to transmit black-and-white television changed his mind. Walt Disney said he'd rather wait for color.

★



On April 23 Puerto Rico's favorite news broadcaster died of a heart attack soon after finishing an evening report on WKAQ, the CBS affiliate in San Juan.

Next day, the *New York Times* suggested how great and how useful a radio reporter's influence can become in ten years of service to his community:

"...Francisco Acevedo's voice was heard all over the Caribbean. Islanders would come down from the hills or out of their poor huts each night to cluster around radio sets owned by more fortunate neighbors, to hear his news comment.

"His appeals, made chiefly for philanthropic causes, inevitably brought a deluge of small coins from humble listeners.

"Surveys indicated that he had more listeners than any other program..."

★

A radio station with an active sense of public duty enabled Florida's voters to go to the polls in the recent Democratic primaries with a pretty thorough notion of the qualifications of the candidates. For more than a month station WDBO, the CBS affiliate in Orlando, has been giving free, comparable time on the air to the six candidates for election to the U.S. Senate and House, and to the three

candidates for the State Legislature from Orange County. The station donated a total of 17 hours and 45 minutes over a period of 24 days toward keeping the electorate properly informed. It pointed out with hard logic that this was perhaps the only fair way for each of the candidates to have equal opportunity to be heard regardless of his financial ability or that of his backers. It further pointed out that in the past many worthy candidates because of financial handicaps couldn't obtain air time as easily as others perhaps not as well qualified, but far better heeled.

★

Royce Williams, a Cornell undergraduate just out of the Navy, told his wife and daughter to leave it to him—he'd find them a place to live in Ithaca in no time. They left it to him, and at the end of three weeks they were still living with relatives 75 miles away in Avoca, and he was thoroughly frazzled from tramping Ithaca's streets. Mrs. Williams said now it was her turn. So that same morning she went straight to station WHCU, the CBS affiliate, got chatting with Gertrude Grover, the women's editor, and Gertrude told listeners to her early morning home-making program about the Williamses. Before she was through talking, the phone rang with an offer. Then the phone rang again and kept it up steadily for about an hour. Altogether 23 calls came in offering shelter. Mrs. Williams picked out one, visited it, and moved in. Everybody, including Williams, was surprised, except Mrs. Williams. She used to be a radio advertiser back home in Seattle.

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Bitter Almonds

By NEWMAN LEVY

CRIME detection, real and fictional, is not difficult if a simple but infallible rule is kept in mind: in real life, if all the evidence points to the guilt of a person, it proves that he is guilty; in fiction it proves that he is innocent.

For instance, if six people see A point a pistol and fire it at B (we crime addicts like to refer to our *dramatis personae* alphabetically), and if B thereupon drops dead with a bullet in his heart, it is not unreasonable to suppose that A killed B. Many judges and juries would, I believe, come to precisely that conclusion.

If the same thing takes place in a detective story, however, we can promptly cross A off our list of suspects and turn our attention to some other less likely candidate. It will undoubtedly turn out that the bullets were secretly removed from A's gun and blanks substituted, and that the fatal shot was fired simultaneously by somebody concealed in the house across the street. Moreover, Ellery Queen, Philip Marlowe, or Sir Peter Wimsey, as the case may be, who invariably is hanging around the neighborhood where a crime is committed, will detect the odor of bitter almonds on B, thus proving that he was not shot at all, but died of a rare South American poison.

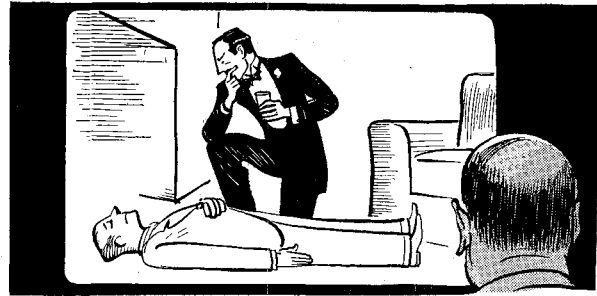
Let us suppose, however, that there were no witnesses present and that B's inanimate body has been found under the conditions described. This presents a problem in detection that illustrates the difference between the methods employed in real life and in fiction.

Sherlock Holmes would gather up cigarette ashes from the rug and, after playing a short solo on the violin and giving himself a shot in the arm, would deduce that the murderer had been smoking a strange, exotic tobacco, pre-toasted and flavored with apple honey. This would demonstrate conclusively, of course, that A, who smokes cigars, could not possibly have shot B; and therefore C, who up to that point had not come into the conversation, was the guilty scoundrel.

Poirot would use his little gray cells. Father Brown would meditate mystically in the purple twilight and would pop up after a lapse of time, and for no apparent reason, with C's name, address, and Social Security number. Nero Wolfe, after insisting upon payment of his fee in advance, would drink a case of beer and, somehow or other, arrive at the identity of the offender.

Our crude but efficient real-life sleuths would do none of these things — except perhaps drink the case of beer. It has been my fortune to be steeped in crime for many years, and I have observed that 95 per cent of the cases are solved in just one way — by information given by informers.

A native New Yorker, NEWMAN LEVY is a lawyer, a versifier, and the author of much lively writing about opera, movies, and the theater.



Our police, following their customary method, would round up a number of suspects (usually indicated to them by stool pigeons) and subject them to the genial method of interrogation for which our constabulary is justly celebrated. This technique, though lacking literary sanction, ordinarily brings results. If it fails, another batch is gathered in. If this second attempt does not do the trick, the case is then generally filed away in the limbo of unsolved mysteries.

I do not mean that scientific methods of crime detection exist only in mystery stories. They are valuable and frequently used. Fingerprinting, ballistics, chemical and microscopic analysis, are important instruments in building a case. For the greater part, however, they are important in proving guilt after the offender has been arrested. In most cases he is arrested because someone has told the police about him.

It has occurred to me that this dependence upon tips from informers and stool pigeons is one of the reasons why many of our best murder mysteries are never solved. If I were to list the ten best murders that a connoisseur would want to take with him to a desert island, I should certainly put the Hall-Mills case near the top. The Elwell case, the Starr Faithful case, the strange assassination of Dr. Elliott Speer, headmaster of the Mount Hermon Academy, and the recent Marigny case would also be included. Also, the mysterious murder of Carlo Tresca, with its overtones of international intrigue, surely belongs to this group. And if I were to delve into less recent history, I should find the Molineux case, the Nan Patterson case, and the Lizzie Borden case — all unsolved to this day.

These cases had to do with people who lived outside the borders of the criminal world, and with whose associates the police did not have the routine police contacts. Witnesses were examined, of course, but the police were hampered in applying the traditional technique of persuasion. This, it seems to me, is why, although most professional crime is quickly cleared up, the non-professional or amateur crime frequently goes unsolved.

The fictional detective is not limited by time, expense, or logic. Charlie Chan, on a hunch, can jump on a steamer in Honolulu and pursue his suspect to London without worrying about the strain on police department finances or the fact that he is going to look pretty silly if his hunch turns out to be wrong. This gives the fictional detective something



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
AWARDS
FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In the next two years many men and women will have their first try at writing fiction. Some of them will have returned to college from the services; some of them will be in business; some will be venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. In 1946 and 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

January—June, 1946

First Prize of \$1500 awarded to

CORD MEYER, JR.

for his story "Waves of Darkness" in the January issue

Second Prize of \$750 awarded to

THOMAS HEGGEN

for his story "Night Watch" in the April issue



of an edge on his brother in real life. Peter Wimsey, Ellery Queen, and Philo Vance are not interested in money or what the boss will say, since they pay their own expenses, but I have never run across that kind of detective.

The police method is cruder but it stands up better in court. There is nothing like a good voluntary confession — and all confessions are voluntary by the time they reach the courtroom — to convince a stubborn, hardheaded jury.

I have often wished that I could have an opportunity to cross-examine one of the detective story maestros — Father Brown, let us say.

“You have told us, Father Brown, that you knew the defendant was guilty because —”

“Because he was wearing his hat turned the wrong way.”

“Precisely. Now haven’t you ever put your hat on the wrong way?”

“Yes, but —”

“And haven’t you known lots of other people to do the same thing?”

“Well — er — yes. But there was something sinister about this hat; something wicked and sinful.”

At this point most judges, if not deterred by respect for the cloth, would hurl the judicial gavel at the witness and direct the jury to acquit. I believe it is because of this kind of evidence that fiction detectives often permit their prey to commit suicide at the end of the book. They know that their evidence will not stand up in court.

Many of the famous detectives in literature are private detectives. They engage in a variety of occupations apart from their sleuthing, such as schoolteaching, raising orchids, collecting ceramics, and ornamenting the British peerage. My experience with private detectives has been fairly extensive, but I have yet to meet one who can quote Euripides in the original Greek, or who has more than a cursory acquaintance with pottery of the Ming dynasty.

The hard-boiled school of detective literature, of which Dashiell Hammett is the dean, bears a closer resemblance to the real thing than does the orchid-collecting Picasso-fancier variety. Raymond Chandler’s Philip Marlowe, for instance, looks like a detective, and, in fact, frequently acts like one.

The private detectives I have known all have certain engaging traits that are so universal that I fancy

they must be incorporated in the canons of ethics of their profession. Their one common characteristic is a magnificent artistry in fashioning an expense account. If you engage one to shadow or, to use the technical term, to tail a person, the trail will invariably lead him into the most expensive eating and drinking places.

It matters not that the habits of the subject (as the tailee is called) were previously frugal and abstemious. As soon as he becomes the object of espionage, his tastes expand and he develops a yearning for the fleshpots and the glittering places. The sleuth, who must remain unobserved, finds it necessary as a slave to duty to consume a seven-course dinner, topped off with Napoleon brandy, to allay suspicion.

In a case I had some years ago, it was necessary to hire a detective to follow a man who was taking an extended trip down South. Each day I received detailed reports revealing that my sleuth, undaunted by the dangers of acute indigestion and delirium tremens, was doggedly pursuing his quarry into the Southland’s most fashionable restaurants and bars. Neither Chicken à la Maryland nor twenty-year-old Bourbon stayed this courier from his appointed round or caused him to flinch from the full performance of his duty. After two weeks of highly enlightening reports, I discovered by accident that the man I was interested in had not yet left New York. My detective had been following the wrong man.

I believe that professional detectives could learn much by reading crime stories. A New York detective once told me of finding a dead body in a hotel room; the cause of death was not immediately ascertainable. “Did you detect the odor of bitter almonds when you entered the room?” I asked him. He looked at me in bewilderment. “I don’t know what bitter almonds smell like,” he said.

There you have it in a nutshell. What can you expect of a detective force that isn’t taught what bitter almonds smell like?

Song of the Phoenix

By RACHEL FELICITY BENÉT

HERE in my ilex tree I dine
On roasted nutmegs, sharp and fair,
On moly, rice, and fairy wine
Sweet as the rosy evening air.

Here on Mount Aeolus I sleep
And, sleeping, hear the cricket’s song
And dappled frogs cry “Creep, creep, creep”
And white cranes call the whole night long.

Here do I live, apart from hate
And grief and greed and vain desire.
Be good and wise, and perpetrate
My renaissance in golden fire.



Rumer Godden

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THE ATLANTIC *Bookshelf*



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHEN at last we emerge from the steam heat of winter quarters, we look and feel like something that has been living under a board. It takes time to adjust the antennae to the outer world. But as the leaf unfolds and green comes back into our sight, the chill expectancy of April is succeeded by the sunny awareness of May: the arbutus and the lady's-slipper in the brown woods, the flash of the bluebird, the dogwood, the shadbush, and the robin call us out of our old shells and, awake and uncovered, we begin to relish the good earth.

We seldom write down this rediscovery, since we have lost the habit of keeping journals. It is the rare fisherman like Bliss Perry, or the vigilant naturalist like the late Tom Barbour, who keeps the log of the spring and summer; and to read their words is to stir that anticipation which is so fragrant in June — the anticipation of good days, long days to come.

Every angler goes to sleep with anticipation, and with it in mind he needs no alarm clock to arouse him at 5.00 A.M. So this year, the night before I took my eleven-year-old and his friend on our first scouting of the trout brooks in Essex County, I picked up Mr. Perry's *Pools and Ripples*, and turning to his essay "On Fishing with a Worm," paused over this delicious picture: —

" 'The last fish I caught was with a worm,' says the honest Walton, and so say I. It was the last evening of last August. The dusk was settling deep upon a tiny meadow, scarcely ten rods from end to end. The rank bog grass, already drenched with dew, bent over the narrow, deep little brook so closely that it could not be fished except with a double-shotted, baited hook, dropped delicately be-

tween the heads of the long grasses. Underneath this canopy the trout were feeding, taking the hook with a straight downward tug, as they made for the hidden bank. It was already twilight when I began, and before I reached the black belt of woods that separated the meadow from the lake, the swift darkness of the North Country made it impossible to see the hook. A short half hour's fishing only, and behold nearly twenty good trout derricked into a basket until then sadly empty. Your rigorous fly-fisherman would have passed that grass-hidden brook in disdain, but it proved a treasure for the humble."

At the outset this spring the brooks in Massachusetts were uncommonly low, and Eleven and I, as we stooped and poked our way through the alders and chokecherry, had our excitement again and again deflated as what looked to be a deep pool or a dark undercut bank proved only to be shallow, laughing water. Our hope led us on and on in quest of those hiding places — or, as Mr. Perry calls them, "the best rooms in the hotel." ("Every trout fisherman knows that there are certain favorite places in a stream where the fish find the right food and shelter, and that these spots are moved into like the best rooms in a hotel. When one trout 'checks out,' either upstream or by capture, another promptly takes possession.") For an instant, as I saw the boy's tip go down in the shadow of a bridge, I thought we were in. But what came up — and it came up by hand — was a long wire, attached to the end of which was an eel trap, and in the eel trap the only speckled trout we were to see that day!

We came home, thoroughly skunked, and that evening, as we dampened fresh leaders and whistled up fresh hope for the brooks we had not yet visited, I encouraged Eleven to explore the cartoons by H. T. Webster in *To Hell with Fishing, or How to Tell Fish from Fishermen*. He read aloud slowly, giving his own pronunciation to the unfamiliar words, and as he discovered "How to Dispose of Dead Fish" his concentration dissolved and he burst into laughter. There are more ways than one to enjoy trout.

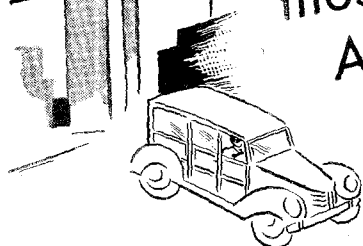
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tising and radio executive, wearer of *sincere* handpainted neckties, himself as good a huckster as any.

In Victor Norman's world America was two places: New York and Hollywood. In between and North and South were abstractions known as markets. Vic lived at the intersection of Sunset Boulevard and Wall Street.

One of the shocking facts about Frederic Wakeman's second novel is that this gorgeous picture of the radio-advertising-soap business is not a satire. It just sounds that way.

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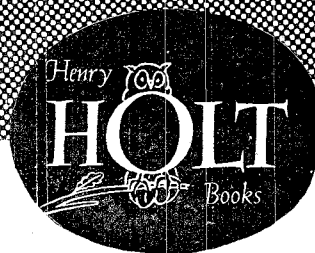
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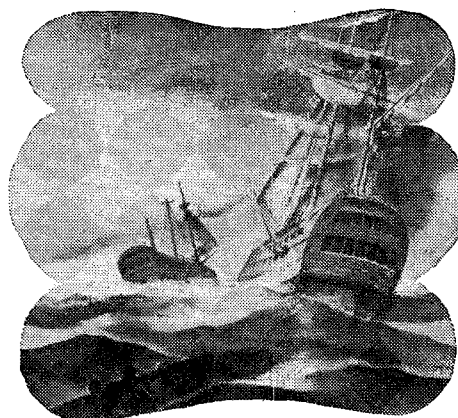
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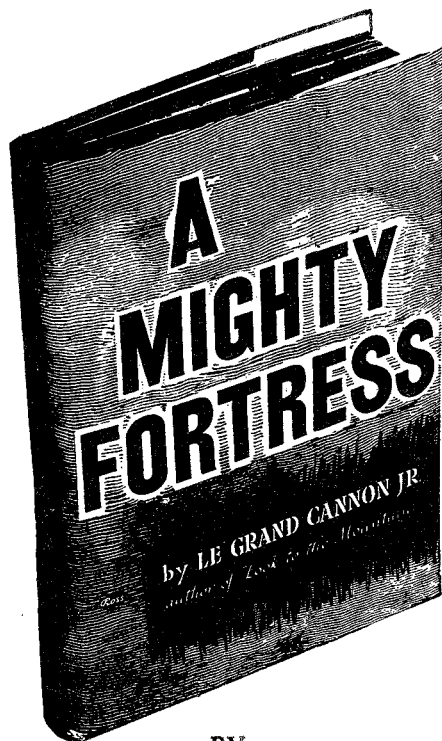
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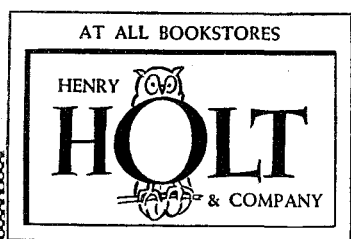
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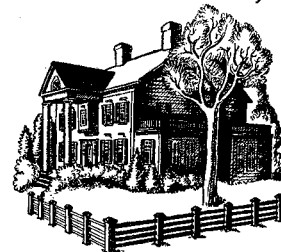
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They were the Northerners
 who opposed the Civil War

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The renewal

This feeling of renewal makes you alert to the adventure in your neighborhood. By preference you drive the little roads where through the budding branches you can see down the corridor of the trees and get the real lay of the land. The fish hawks' nests are black baskets against the sky. In the woodlot, you look for deer prints and find them clear and unmistakable in the pine needles. Deer feeding this winter within twenty-six miles of the State House. As you split pine kindling from the ripe logs and savor the resinous sheen of the cleft wood, your wife begins her annual feud against the bull brier. The big steel clippers and the spray go into action. Then with trowels and peach basket we head for the swamp to transplant a new stockade of ferns for our guest house; on the way we hear the fire alarm in the village and try to count the location.

Mickey comes with us, — Mickey, our fifteen-year-old spaniel, — nose to earth and gruffing his hunter's threats to all creation. He runs ahead and then pauses for us, head up, to make sure of our direction. As his hearing fades, I notice he is less venturesome. I notice how white is his muzzle and how the hindquarter trembles, and I feel, as only a dog's master can, the thrust of that question, Is this his last year?

A retriever by nature, Mickey is gun-shy: the very sight of Eleven's cap pistol starts him belly-ing out of earshot. But he will burst his heart to retrieve anything inanimate, anything like a stick in a brook, a cork skimming the sand, or best of all, now that his teeth are gone, apples in the October orchard. "Mick!" I call, and he watches me as I reach down into the grass. The short stick sails down the path and he after it, ears flapping. He retrieves it, tests it with his gums, rolls on it, and then at my approach he guards it between his paws, grinning, "Try and get it!"

On our way home we smell smoke. As we turn up the drive, there is Eleven, eyes smudged and the whole boy voluble. "Smell this," he demands and obediently I bend down and sniff his sweater. "Wood smoke. And embers! Boy, what a fire! The Chief said it might have spread through the whole woods. Must have been fifty of us fighting it. He said, 'Don't let it get underground: beat it out with anything.' Gee, Dad, once I nearly got cut off. And when I left he said I was O.K."

In such small adventures the nearness and mortality of what is dear to us come home — the oaks and beech that might have caught, the small frame shacks, the dog, the boy. Is renewal such as this, I wonder, possible for the Dutch as they drain the salt from their inundated land? Is it possible for the embittered Greek and the disillusioned Italian? Is it possible for the men and women rebuilding Stalingrad? Or has the fire of suspicion already eaten so far underground that men who are now boys will not be able to put it out?

Those who follow the woods

"The trouble with cooking," said a friend who had been doing the housework for her husband and three children, "is that it's so daily." We who are nurtured in the city like to imagine the rustic beauty of this country before it was cut and plowed. We picture the blazing hearth and the snug resourcefulness of the winter-bound kitchens, and we totally underestimate the fear and the labor which were the daily burden of those making a home in the wilderness. To recall this is the responsibility of the historical novelist.

A gifted and responsible narrator, **Conrad Richter** has spent years familiarizing himself with the outer aspects and the living core of early American life. Richter's roots go deep in Pennsylvania. He was born in a small town which his great-grandfather, the tavernkeeper and veteran of 1812, had helped to found. From family hearsay, as from his father, an itinerant preacher, young Richter acquired a knowledge of the village and mountain-side and the incentive to re-create the life and speech of those hunters and settlers who opened America. "My purpose," he once wrote me, "was not to write something lively with plot to sell on its own, but rather to start with an early American woods character who knows only a rude hunter's cabin and existence, and to take her, together with the great region in which she lives, from wilderness to cultivated fields to town, where in the end she dies, a leading citizen of her Ohio city and one who has seen all the historic changes."

In *The Trees*, which was published in 1940, he introduced us to the Lucketts, a family "that followed the woods as some families follow the sea": Worth Lockett the hunter, the father lightly and unwillingly bound by family ties; Jary his wife, already spent by childbirth and malaria; Genny, Wyitt, Achsa, and Sulie, their woods-wild children, and Sayward Lockett, the oldest girl, the ageless little reliant on whom the cares of the family descend when the mother dies and the hunter takes to the woods.

But these are not the woods as we know them, nor as their descendants might imagine them in the Ohio of today. These are the uncut, virgin forests, dark, massive, and fearsome, a forest so oppressive that the chopping and burning of a lifetime could hardly admit enough sunlight and security for the family cabin. Never has the power of the great trees been so well described in American prose, and when little Sulie, the young girl, disappears into their shadow (was she carried off by the Indians?) it is suggestive of the fate which befell so many a cabin.

In *The Fields*, Mr. Richter carries forward the story into the early 1800's. The Lucketts have won their first battle against the Trees, and now, on the claims staked out by the old hunter, Sayward is raising her own family. Her husband, Portius, is not a natural woodsman, but an East-

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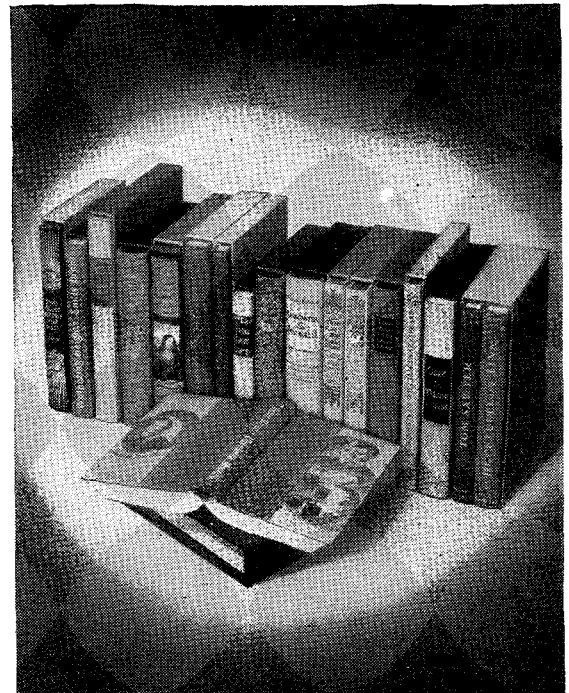
THE MEMBERS of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." They come into possession of books beautifully illustrated by the world's greatest artists, well printed in readable types upon fine papers, and staunchly bound.

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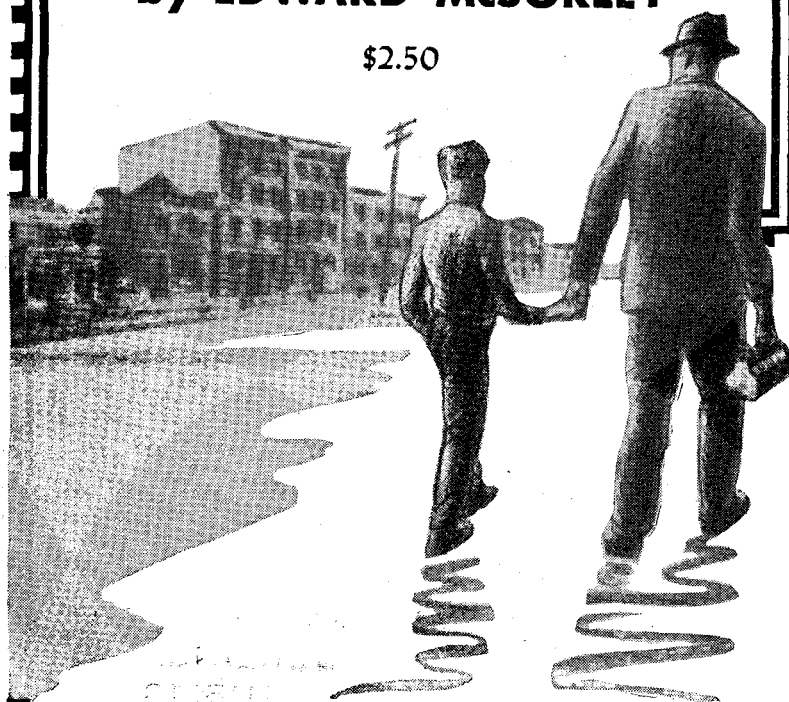
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erner, a lawyer and recluse drawn by the call of the new country, a man as skilled with his words as he is awkward with his hands, a man of ideas who, as the community takes root, becomes its spokesman in famine, in education, in town taxing. *The Fields* tells us of the backbreaking work it was to raise a large family, to plan for the sawmill church, bring food in when starvation stalked the winter, and still find time to establish Portius's school. The story acquires warmth and unity from Sayward's pulsing vitality; it gathers humor and fidelity from the pioneer speech which Mr. Richter has so skillfully assimilated, and it is sustained by the American strength of unceasing endeavor.

In this year of blowsy, loose-lipped fiction, the unspectacular truth of Mr. Richter's prose is like the restrained character of a New England meetinghouse. There is of course a calculated risk in publishing these two books—and the third to come—at such long intervals. To a degree our interest in the second generation of Lucketts depends upon our remembrance of the first; our feeling for Sayward's children is intensified if we remember what happened to Sayward's brothers and sisters when first they entered the gloom of the giant trees. But when the two books are read in sequence, as they should be, we appreciate the cause and effect, we salute the courage and respond to the heart which bound this little clan together.

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In the stimulated economy which we have devised for the United States, radio is at once the newest, the liveliest, and the most unashamed form of salesmanship. The industry has much to its credit—the swift spotting of news, the reproduction of good music, the mass production of vaudeville, and of education by debate, and all this credit is paid for by an advertising revenue which in some stations has jumped 3000 per cent since 1940. *The Hucksters*, by **Frederic Wakeman** is the first, clever, chromium-plated story of the boys in radio advertising who make the wheels go round and get fortunes, mistresses, and ulcers in the process.

The book has all the novelty of a new gadget. Here is the curious new tie-up between Wall Street, Main Street, and Hollywood; here is the new slang of a new theatrical profession; here is the new fraternity of the account executives and talent scouts, torch singers and ham actors, shuttling back and forth on the Super Chief. The business has plenty of blue chips. Because he would rather be a winner than a loser, Vic Norman, on his release from OWI overseas, decides, after a mild gagging, that he can name his own terms and be his own man in handling the twelve-million-dollar Beantee Soap account ("Love that Soap") for Evan Llewelyn Evans, the toughest tyro in radio. It takes three mistresses and a trip to Hollywood to convince him, in the trade lingo, that he is all loused up.

The clever *Variety* patter will carry most readers halfway through this story before certain questions become insistent. Those children Vic meets on the train. Cute talk and all, they are dreadful little caricatures. And Kay Dorrance, their mother, in whom Vic awakes the sleeping tigress. Tigress, my foot! Mr. Wakeman writes a biting line when he feels satirical, but when he is in earnest he gets soft. The love story is undevious and much too thin for any climax. Vic's final showdown with Mr. Evans is disappointing. What we come away with is a contempt for salesmanship that can be as noisome, as double-dealing, and as successful as that in which our hero took part. Even he was disgusted.

The Droll Story of Niccolò Machiavelli

Somerset Maugham, having passed threescore and ten, is getting ready, so he tells us, to close his notebooks. The most accomplished novelist now living, he is also one of the most indefatigable. The method by which he works and the books on which he feeds he has described for us in that illuminating volume, *The Summing Up*. I call it a must book for any beginning writer, and I am pleased to see that Penguin Books are reissuing it this spring. In a postscript to that book, an interview which appeared in the *New York Times Book Review* Section of April 21, Mr. Maugham tells us that he is now at work on his last novel, and also discloses the routine under which he has lived in this country:—

"Writing has become a habit with me. But I don't spend many hours a day at it. Only three hours each morning. . . . You see, a professional writer has a duty to himself, and wherever I've gone and whatever I've done I have kept in mind that for three hours each day I must write from 1000 to 1500 words. Fifteen years ago I set a pattern, or rather I recognized a pattern in my life, and I resolved to complete that pattern. With this book on which I'm now at work it will be completed. I don't want to leave any unfinished work."

On the Carolina plantation which has been his recent sanctuary, Mr. Maugham has passed the time by writing a Droll Story which would have beguiled Balzac as it will certainly beguile thousands of Americans. The book, to be called *Then and Now*, bears every evidence of lingering affection: it must have been fun to write. It is the saucy, worldly story of Niccolò Machiavelli, the shrewd, cynical diplomat of the Renaissance who represented the Signory of Florence at the French Court and later in some very shrewd scheming against Caesar Borgia, the *condottiere* most feared by the city-states.

We meet Machiavelli in the flower of his age, on the sunny side of forty, and now outward bound for Imola, which at the moment is Caesar Borgia's capital. Marietta, his newly married wife, he has left pregnant at home. But this doesn't concern

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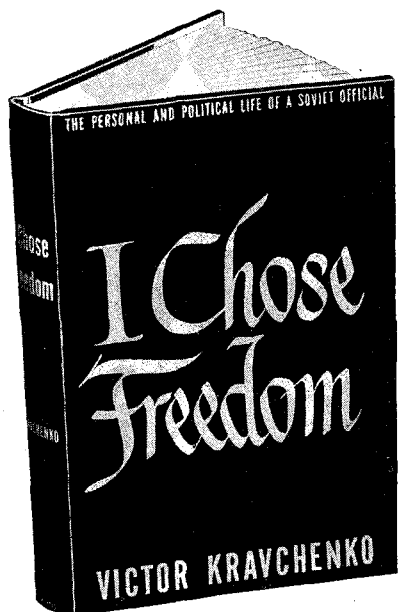
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him much. He is being sent on a most difficult mission, he has less than the purse he needs for a long and imposing stay, but he is in good voice, his wits are in order, he has a handsome young secretary to do the backstairs work, and women will be kind to him, as they always have been.

The first meeting with Caesar Borgia, still in his twenties, but as crafty as he is handsome, ends in a tempest when the military man discovers that Machiavelli has come to temporize rather than sign. But Niccolò has the long patience which diplomacy requires, and as he shifts his baggage from the gloomy monastery in which accommodations have been found for him to the cozy little cottage at the rear of the merchant's garden, we see that he has already noted the comely bosom of the merchant's young wife and that he intends to enjoy his visit. So the story takes you into its silken net. Mr. Maugham is the master of the seductive beginning, and this is one of his best.

It may be difficult for some readers to follow the initial intricacy of the Italian conspirators, but this is a small effort to make for such pleasure. Machiavelli is soon engrossed in two conspiracies: the one in which he is scheming for the protection of Florence, and the other and more seductive one in which he is contriving his self-satisfaction. The plots develop simultaneously and with a clarity and mystification delightful to behold. The dialogue is unstilted and as lively as if it had been spoken today, and the battle of wits in which Machiavelli imposes himself first on his eighteen-year-old secretary Pietro and then on Bartolomeo, whom he hopes to make cuckold; the guile with which he approaches the mother hen, Monna Caterina, and the audacity and control of his rapier work with Borgia — these are pages of consummately skillful writing. It is as if Mr. Maugham were reading *The Prince* in reverse, translating it back into the terms of Niccolò's own existence. It is as if he were nudging you, saying, "Here is why Machiavelli became the cynic; here are the adventures and the lessons which prompted him to write."

1 1 1

EISENHOWER, BRADLEY, AND MONTGOMERY

by EDWARD MEAD EARLE

Two books more divergent in spirit, content, and style than Captain Harry Butcher's *My Three Years with Eisenhower* and Lieutenant Colonel Ralph Ingersoll's *Top Secret* would be difficult to find. Paradoxically, though, they have a good deal in common. Both authors were civilians-in-uniform and both entered the service from journalism — Butcher from the Columbia Broadcasting System,

and Ingersoll from the daily newspaper *PM*. Both were highly placed staff officers at top-echelon headquarters: Butcher as naval aide and diarist to General Dwight D. Eisenhower; Ingersoll as a member of the plans section, operations division, of the ETO and subsequently of General Omar Bradley's Twelfth Army Group. Both had access to much the same military information but, of course, viewed it from different perspectives and prejudices. They share an admiration for General Bradley and a tolerant affection for Patton, and are highly critical of Winston Churchill and frankly contemptuous of Field Marshal Montgomery. In some important respects they confirm each other's judgments.

But these similarities are superficial compared to a great many basic differences. Essentially, Mr. Butcher's book is an unconscionably long military and political gossip column. You may learn here about such esoteric matters as how Churchill eats soup, and what it cost General Mark Clark to patronize a Mayfair "hairstylist." You will also become acquainted with the poker sharks at Spaatz's headquarters (and what sharks they were!), with Eisenhower's fondness for Westerns and dogs, with the snoring capabilities of certain multi-starred generals, and with a wide variety of other trivia. But you will find few disclosures of military secrets, almost no criticism of American military heroes, and little discriminating appraisal of the strategy of the war.

Occasionally Mr. Butcher demonstrates flashes of real reportorial competence — notably in the descriptions of the underground headquarters at Gibraltar when the North African invasion was launched. Mr. Butcher would not have been the author of this book had he not been a great admirer, almost an idolater, of Eisenhower; but the fact that he was these things limits the book's usefulness as history, however entertaining it may be as a diary. You will come away from these pages with a genuine affection for both the Supreme Commander and Mr. Butcher, but you will not know the full story of Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces (SHAEPF).

This is not to imply that there is nothing of permanent historical value in Mr. Butcher's volume. On the contrary. There is to be found in these pages, for example, the first account of Eisenhower's side of the Darlan controversy, as well as certain valuable sidelights on the Casablanca Conference. There are telling references to the complicated story of the Italian campaign. Eisenhower considered the long-drawn-out and costly Italian operation his most serious failure. In fairness to him, however, it must be pointed out that the decision to fight in Italy was made on the political rather than the military level, and that Eisenhower was merely the agent of higher authority. The complete story of the Italian campaign is so involved that a final judgment must be postponed until much more evidence is available. It is a great tribute to Eisenhower that, characteristically, he assumes sole responsibility for questionable decisions which were not altogether his own.



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The serious reader will be materially aided by an exceptionally complete index, a glossary of military terms and abbreviations, and a running commentary on world affairs by Lieutenant Colonel Frank Monaghan.

On the whole, Mr. Ingersoll's volume is made of sterner stuff. His idol is Bradley, not Eisenhower, but he is more concerned with acidulous criticism than with high encomium. He is an old hand at viewing-with-alarm, and this volume is in some respects as strident and bilious as a *PM* editorial. On the other hand, Ingersoll is a superb reporter. In his earlier books, *Report on England* and *The Battle Is the Pay-Off*, he proved that he could handle the raw stuff of which combat narratives are made. *Top Secret* contains some of the most exciting military journalism of the war. The story of the development of our great military base in Britain, of the long and painstaking and complicated preparation for the invasion, and of the anxious days at the end of the long period of waiting, recaptures the elusive mood of that historic time.

The account of D Day itself — the embarkation, the perilous crossing of the Channel, the thrill of setting foot on French soil, the first precarious hold on the coast, and the tenuity of the beachhead — is full of suspense, emotion, and color but devoid of rhetorical pyrotechnics. The tribute to the Allied air forces is the most reasonable and the most eloquent yet written by a ground officer. And Ingersoll's high praise of the French and Belgian undergrounds for their role in the Allied victory is a much needed corrective to some of the carping criticism which has been directed at them.

But Ingersoll is concerned more with headquarters than with the battlefield, with the staff rather than the shooting soldier, with strategy rather than tactics. And there is abundant evidence in this book that he knows how things are done and are not done in the higher echelons of command. Captain Butcher may have known, too, but his book does not demonstrate as much. The reporter in Mr. Ingersoll is irrepressible, but it is as a military critic that he is trying to establish a reputation.

The controlling thesis of his book is that the capabilities of General Eisenhower as a strategist and commander have been vastly overrated. He thinks that, in his deep-rooted desire to create a unified Anglo-American force, Eisenhower conceded entirely too much to British concepts of strategy and showed marked favoritism to certain British commanders. (Butcher reports that among the personnel of Patton's Third Army Eisenhower was described as "the best general the British have.") Ingersoll considers that from the very start Eisenhower was a semi-political figure, "elevated to so high an altitude that he would have little effect on strategy in the field." He was compelled in North Africa to handle a number of "hot political pokers"; and "when he succeeded without fatal scandal, he was made."

But, says Ingersoll, Eisenhower was essentially a

"front man" or "chairman of the board." "By nature he was a conciliator and arbitrator" and lacked the initiative and courage to make decisions and to make them promptly. He gradually lost the confidence of his associates in the American Army, says Ingersoll, because of his own shortcomings and because of his "cold disinterest" in anything but serving General Marshall and "the strange British characters" whose advice he so often took. Had General Eisenhower had the firmness and ruthlessness of other great captains in history, the war would have been over in the autumn of 1944; this, in essence, is Ingersoll's general indictment.

To all the foregoing Mr. Butcher would enter a general denial. He hotly resents the charge, so frequently made, that Eisenhower was a high-level coördinator and little more. He asserts, on the contrary, that Eisenhower was the "master and director of the grand strategy" of the war in Western Europe and quotes with approbation Marshal Zhukov's toast at a victory banquet in Berlin: —

General of the Army Eisenhower has given the most magnificent performance of any general in the current time. His great strides in the West helped me in the East. I raise my glass to the greatest military strategist of our time — General Eisenhower.

And Butcher's record of the day-to-day activities of SHAEF indicates that Eisenhower was not the procrastinator and compromiser which Ingersoll accuses him of being. On the contrary, he showed initiative and boldness and did not avoid making decisions. "He has had to do things," says Butcher, "which were so risky as to make some of his subordinates think him overbold, if not crazy." And some of the responsibility devolving upon him was terrifying in its ramifications — such, for example, as postponing D Day in Europe for twenty-four hours and then gambling on the weather rather than risk a further postponement of two weeks or a month. There was no timidity or shirking here.

Ingersoll's principal grievance against Eisenhower grows out of what he considers the Supreme Commander's coddling of Montgomery at the expense of Bradley. In Ingersoll's opinion — which will probably be confirmed by the unfolding of military history — Bradley was the ablest field commander of the Allied armies in Western Europe. At the head of the Twelfth Army Group, he won victories which would have done credit to Napoleon and which outshine the German conquest of France in 1940.

Bradley's "opposite number" on the British side was Montgomery, the victor of El Alamein and the man who had run Rommel out of Egypt and Libya. Beginning with the Sicilian campaign, however, Montgomery began to show signs of excessive caution and, as a result, lost the imagination and dash of his North African days. He knew how to use armor in the desert, but not, apparently, in the hills of Italy or in the *bocage* country of France. As his successes became fewer, less spectacular, and more costly, his sense of personal grandeur became more highly devel-



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oped, so that, as Churchill is quoted as having said, he became insufferable.

Mr. Ingersoll does not point out the obvious parallels with George B. McClellan — an earlier general who was brilliant but vain, flamboyant, bad-mannered, opinionated, arrogant, insubordinate, and overcautious (qualities which Ingersoll, with a good deal of justification, attributes to Montgomery). Although Montgomery had personal qualities which frequently suggest Patton, he was not Patton's equal as a tactician, especially in the exploitation of armor. Nor was he Patton's equal in dash and daring.

Ingersoll is scathing in his denunciation of Montgomery, whether as a man or as a soldier. Although Butcher is more restrained in the use of adjectives, it is apparent that he, too, holds Montgomery in low esteem and considers him perhaps the principal cross Eisenhower had to bear. And he points out that high-ranking British officers (especially Air Marshal Tedder, Eisenhower's deputy commander) became fed up with Montgomery before the Normandy campaign was well under way. And since Butcher's views usually mirror Eisenhower's, it would appear that the latter likewise became increasingly suspicious of Montgomery's behavior and dubious concerning his value to the Allied armies. Ingersoll cannot understand why Eisenhower so frequently favored Montgomery over Bradley. He will understand even less after reading Butcher's book.

Specifically, Ingersoll is bitter because Eisenhower lost what he calls the Great Opportunity of mid-August to early September, 1944, to destroy the Wehrmacht and thus to end the war. What the situation called for at that time, he says, was undivided support of Bradley's victorious forces, by giving them all the supplies, transport, and air cover available to the Allies. No matter how fast Bradley's command moved, it could have been fed from the air — the Air Forces having demonstrated unforeseen ingenuity in flying supplies to the front lines. The Germans were demoralized. On the other hand, "the morale of the American troops at the front was almost exuberant. This was [for them] the end of the chase, the kill — this was the quick way home."

Here was the opportunity, says Ingersoll, for a Supreme Commander of bold, forceful, and inspired leadership. But with the German armies disintegrating, "General Eisenhower reacted as consistently with his character as any chemically pure reagent acts in a chemical formula. His job was to be cautious and open-minded — and he remained cautious and open-minded on the subject of what to do next."

The devil in the piece was Montgomery. He also saw the Great Opportunity, but as beckoning to him, not Bradley. He demanded all the available support, so that he could drive on Berlin. Now, as Butcher conclusively shows, Eisenhower never considered Berlin his primary military objective, and he resisted all representations from Churchill and others to make it such. The mission of the Allied armies was to destroy the Wehrmacht. And, by any set of criteria

(such as prisoners captured), Bradley had demonstrated superior ability at cutting German armies to pieces and rounding up the remnants.

Montgomery, on the other hand, was the cautious slugger, the perfectionist who never considered the conditions quite propitious for an attack — again recalling McClellan. Montgomery's case for all-out support looked weak — very weak — and Bradley's case strong — very strong. In these circumstances, says Ingersoll, Eisenhower violated basic military principles: he divided his resources between Montgomery and Bradley so that neither had the strength to deal the *coup de grace*. As far as the facts themselves are concerned, Butcher confirms Ingersoll, although he does not draw conclusions from them. He simply records that Eisenhower rejected Montgomery's demand for *all* the supplies and transport.

Ingersoll thinks, also, that Eisenhower made a similar mistake in the "Battle of the Bulge," by assigning part of Bradley's forces to Montgomery's operational command. As it was Bradley, rather than Montgomery, who fought the fight and reduced the salient, the error seems all the more egregious to Ingersoll. Thereafter, he says, Bradley — and his subordinates Hodges, Patton, and Simpson — lost confidence in the Supreme Commander and considered themselves on their own. They virtually ignored SHAEF, taking pains only to report what they did *ex post facto*.

According to Ingersoll, Bradley seized and exploited the bridgehead at Remagen without previously consulting Eisenhower. On the other hand, Butcher reports a telephone conversation between Bradley and Eisenhower on March 11, 1945, during which Bradley apparently asked and received permission to "get right on across with everything you've got." But Butcher heard only Eisenhower's end of the conversation. And he says he was so excited listening that it was difficult for him "to record Ike's exact words." (Future historians are going to tear their hair at Butcher's inability to distinguish between the trivial and the vital. A man trained in the use of historical evidence would not place dogs and poker on a par with material of this sort.) If Ingersoll is correct in asserting that Bradley misinformed Eisenhower and sabotaged his directives, explanations are required from them both. It would be the part of wisdom to remember, however, that all the evidence is not yet in hand and that Mr. Ingersoll is given to subjective judgments.

There is, of course, another side to all this. Coalition wars are the most difficult of all wars to wage. They require the nice balancing of a great variety of forces and interests — economic, political, moral, psychological, as well as military. They cannot be won without mutual concessions; and in waging them, the better must sometimes give way to the worse reason. Coalition armies cannot be ruled with an iron hand, without regard to considerations of national prestige and personal sensitivities. The qualities of an Eisenhower are of necessity those of a

CLUES *in the search for* The Lost Americans



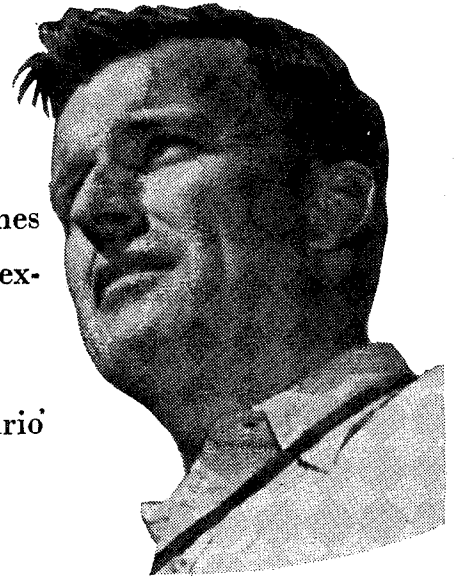
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diplomatist or statesman, not those of a drill sergeant or a conventional brass hat. (Mr. Ingersoll, indeed, grudgingly admits as much *en passant*.) Nor can conflicting national strategies be easily reconciled. As both Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Butcher emphasize and reiterate, there were fundamental and deep-rooted differences between Britain and the United States concerning the means by which Germany might be laid low — differences which were exacerbated by the eloquence and tenacity with which Mr. Churchill defended every British contention.

The wonder is not that Eisenhower conceded so much to the British, but that he conceded so little. The British were reluctant, for example, to invade Germany by way of France. They suffered from recurrent nightmares which recalled the Dardanelles and the Somme and suggested that the Channel might run red with English blood. They looked down into the awful chasm of possible defeat and naturally enough recoiled. Being relatively young and fabulously rich, we could afford to risk more; we felt that, come what may, we would somehow recover. We were confident that the invasion of the Continent would succeed. The British were not sure. Hence they were more easily deluded than we by such escapist slogans as “the soft [shades of the Apennines!] underbelly of Europe.” But once they accepted an invasion of France as a regrettable necessity, the British supported it loyally, as both Ingersoll and Butcher agree.

Mr. Ingersoll's depreciation of General Eisenhower should not, then, be accepted without strong reservations. The pitiless processes of history will doubtless reveal that Eisenhower made mistakes, and he probably would be the last to deny the possibility. But Eisenhower obviously was not the genial incompetent, the procrastinator, and the trimmer which Ingersoll adjudges him to be. Nor was he quite the paragon portrayed by Butcher. He was indisputably a great commander, probably one assured of a permanent place in the military hall of fame. To borrow and paraphrase one of Mr. Ingersoll's chapter headings, “The Victory Is the Pay-Off.” After all, under Marshall and Eisenhower we did win the war.

THE BEWILDERED HISTORIAN

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

“In case,” as Mr. S. J. Perelman once postulated, “you’ve been spending the last couple of weeks under water,” you may not have realized the extent of the flood of historical works now pouring from the presses. They are of all kinds, although, naturally, the greater part are concerned with the recent war, its causes, events, and sequelae. We are living in history and, as Lincoln said, we cannot escape it. But the urge to write in an historical vein is by no means confined to telling the tale of recent or con-

temporary matters. History is in the air, like germs. Lady novelists just cannot refrain from writing about fair but robustious ladies of the Restoration or Regency periods. A gentleman novelist will turn naturally to the Civil War or the Whiskey Rebellion or the French Revolution. Even the cloak-and-sword novels are creeping up on us again.

To the conscientious reviewer facing the present mass assault by the historians, one thought about the writing of history quickly assumes the proportions of a general truth. This great truth — and I state it without fear of contradiction — is that nobody knows how to write history. Every historian as he takes pen in hand finds himself surrounded by flocks of dilemmas. Examples are of little use to him, however helpful they may be to the sonneteer or the playwright. There are no rules for the historian. He can try any method he likes, and he probably will.

Every historian is, in a sense, a schoolmaster. He writes primarily to inform. Literary elegance alone will not suffice. He must add to the sum of human knowledge, or wisely reduce the areas of human ignorance, if his product is to merit the designation of an historical work. However, his audience does not consist of adenoidal adolescents, forced against their will to face a pedagogue. He must contrive to please a reading public — his paying customers — which is at liberty to buy his output or reject it. Therefore he must use his utmost ingenuity to coat a bitter core of exact information, which will bear the closest and most searching scrutiny, with the sugar of grace, suavity, and wit which, in themselves, will attract a large number of general readers.

The exact information, the barren fact, is the historian's first and greatest grief. Jestling Pilate was wise when he decided not to stay for an answer to his famous question. It takes a long, an indefinite time for facts to establish themselves and acquire a genuine validity. Here the World War II historians are at a grave disadvantage. As eyewitnesses or merely contemporaries, about all they can do is to provide source material for future historians to assess and use.

Take, for example, the case of the “Battle of the Bulge” as seen by three competent, on-the-ground observers, each in a position to follow the thinking and doings of High Command. Trial lawyers, those omniscient men, are fully aware that no two witnesses ever observe even the simplest incident alike. In his admirable review in this issue, Mr. Earle shows how Captain Butcher, General Eisenhower's aide and diarist, saw the battle as a triumph for the Supreme Commander's strategical sagacity. To Colonel Ingersoll, in *Top Secret*, the battle was magnificently won by General Bradley, whose genius was sorely handicapped by the delays and blunders of Field Marshal Montgomery. Now comes Mr. Alan Moorehead, a competent British journalist, whose book on the latter stages of the war, *Eclipse* (Coward-McCann, \$2.75), is excellent reporting; he sees it quite otherwise. According to him, the Battle of the Ardennes



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MACMILLAN

fighting of isolated and surrounded American units; and, secondly, by whose genius? One guess! Montgomery's? Right the first time. Thanks to the surrounded soldiers, "Montgomery was able to fight what I believe to be his greatest battle." And there you are.

So the writer of history must struggle to determine the fact — as well as he is able — in the knowledge that probably his findings will be wrong. But if he does his job as well as he can, — to be called a sloven for his pains a generation later, — he still has nothing but a World Almanac calendar of events. So he turns this way and that, and tries one method after another to relieve the gloom of his *X begat Y* narrative. Generally he relies on Background. Background is the historian's football, as modern instances demonstrate. I have seldom seen background kicked more forcibly into the foreground than in the case of a recent history, Mr. Fletcher Pratt's *Empire and the Sea* (Henry Holt, \$3.50). For the bulk and body of his work, Mr. Pratt trots safely along under the cloak of Captain Mahan and gives us a condensed and modernized *Life of Nelson*. But, instead of insinuating his background, weaving it into the web of his chronicle, his new method is to present background in packages. To each chapter he adds either one or both of two sections called "The Worm's Eye View" and "Wrong End of the Telescope." The former is made up of extracts from letters and other writings by minor actors on the Nelsonian stage, the latter of clippings from newspapers of the period, published for the most part outside of England. These are intended to present a lively picture of how the historical events and personages appeared to their contemporaries.

The same effect has been attempted by many and more stately historians who have introduced contemporary opinions to illustrate and support their own contentions. Historians of our Civil War — Rhodes, Ropes, Freeman, and others — have relied largely on contemporary newspapers to tell us, not what took place, but what people at that time thought about what they thought was taking place. It is somewhat confusing, but it is better than a mere calendar, good only for reference purposes.

To come back to Mr. Alan Moorehead of *Eclipse*, who confesses the historian's dilemma in his Foreword. At first, he says, he planned to tell the story "of the collapse of German Europe sociologically and politically, psychologically and even emotionally. I was after atmosphere more than fact. . . .

"I had not written fifty pages before I realized that my fine Tolstoyan scheme was entirely out of reach. Even if one had the talent you cannot write a book about war like that — not at least while you are still living in the war or immediately after it. You can write a novel like *A Bell for Adano*. You can write a straight history which, at so short a perspective, is not much more than a catalogue of events. Or you can write a book of your own personal thoughts and adventures.

"And so as I went on I found that I was falling between two — or rather three — stools." This reminds one vaguely of Mr. Dali diving from his fur-lined bathtub through the plate-glass window — a

scene of strange confusion. "More and more I was forced to hang my story on the framework of the actual military events; all my ideas and impressions, all my atmospherics, could never make a pattern of themselves. The story itself was too big. But having gone so far one had to persist, and now that the thing is finished and done with I am not sure what you would call it. A commentary, possibly."

Thus the bewildered historian. The professional critics will leap with glee if they find him wrong by as much as a day in his chronology. Two such mistakes and he is damned. The general public, on the other hand, cares little or nothing about accuracy within a decade or two, but delights in picturesque detail and vivid description; the life and the society of the times, the kind of wigs or togas they wore, who was the mistress of whom, which courtier made the sly remark about This One, whether or not the noble deathbed speech of That One was ever made, the burning question as to the absolute poltroonery of X, known in History as The Peerless Hero. Particularly they want a well-written commentary on the *humanity* of times past. They seek amusement; and if they receive instruction, so much the better.

I have no idea where the balance between fact and amusement background lies or should lie. Certainly bare fact is a dull body. A boy or girl, or adult, for that matter, would learn some history and some "literature" painlessly in seeing the superb movie, *Henry V*: a visit to the Liberty Bell or Williamsburg might start a slight rustling and agitation in dormant brain cells. Pure background, if well presented, often leads us to seek out the facts for ourselves. Facts alone seldom encourage further research.

Recently I have seen some background pieces which illustrate the power such documents have in stimulating the imagination so that historical characters cease to be lay figures, so many stuffed shirts, mere costumes in a book, and become people who lived, breathed, felt as we would have felt in their places. These are the *Edwards Lithoprinted Facsimiles*, Series A, Documents of the American Revolution in Six Parts (J. W. Edwards, Ann Arbor, Michigan. The Set, \$6.90). These are splendid facsimiles of originals in that extraordinary collection of Americana which is owned by the Clements Library at the University of Michigan. As a visitor to that library, I have had the pleasure of holding many of the original papers in my hand, priceless documents from the Gage Papers, the Papers of Sir Henry Clinton, those of General Nathanael Greene — and from many other collections dealing with the period of our Revolution. Not everybody can go to the Clements Library; so at least a portion of the library is brought to the public in these facsimiles. The various sections consist of papers admirably reproduced, covering:—

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Two world wars have been started by the hatreds generated in nationality conflicts of east-central Europe. In 1914, a few pistol shots fired by a fanatical youth in distant Sarajevo set Europe ablaze, while the truculence of Germans in Sudetenland provided Hitler with the excuse for the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia; which in turn led inexorably to the Second World War. On each occasion most Americans felt secure in their isolation, and showed little concern about national squabbles in remote parts of the world. Yet Americans who had not heard of Sarajevo or the Jugoslavs, and who could not locate the Sudetenland on the map, have twice become embroiled in war. If we are to have security, the way must be found to harmonize economic unity with the legitimate claims of nationalities and minorities in east-central Europe, a task which can be undertaken only when the peculiar nature of nationalism in that region is understood.

As a solution to this vital problem, Oscar I. Janowsky suggests the formation of multinational economic units on the pattern of Switzerland and the Soviet Union, in which the minority groups are allowed full cultural autonomy.

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By Oscar I. Janowsky

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MACMILLAN

of the time "cipher" letters from Arnold to André, written in a "book" code as yet undecoded, and letters in the clear from André to Arnold, together with clear copies of some of Arnold's letters, one of them written by Arnold with his left hand, in which the whole miserable business is disclosed. You feel uncomfortably near to that bold, proud, venal man as you read these letters in which he rationalizes his treason as a service to his country and his King.

André, you feel, was a guiltless intelligence officer serving his cause to the best of his ability. The last of the papers in his folder is the letter which he wrote to Sir Henry Clinton, his commanding officer, before his execution. The letter is, of course, well known to students of the period, as is the pen-and-ink sketch of himself which the condemned man drew at the same time and which is at present in the Yale University Library. Yet I think that those who see it in this form will note the firmness of the writing, the even lines, as well as the courtesy and courage of the text. And André will mean more to you if you have seen his unfaltering penmanship than if you have merely read the words in bold print. This is the kind of background material which might induce the more phlegmatic reader or student to inquire further into the facts of an historical incident which had been heretofore only hearsay.

Here is Major André's letter: —

SIR:

Your Excellency is doubtless already apprized of the manner in which I was taken and possibly of the serious plight in which my conduct is considered and the rigorous determination that is impending.

Under these Circumstances I have obtained General Washington's permission to send you this letter, the object of which is to remove from your Breast any Suspicion that I could imagine I was bound by your Excellency's Orders to expose myself to what has happened. The Events of coming within an Enemy's post and of changing my dress which led to my present situation were contrary to my own Intentions as they were to your Orders and the circuitous route which I took to return was imposed (perhaps unavoidably) without alternative upon me.

I am perfectly tranquil in mind and prepared for any Fate to which an honest zeal for my King's Services may have devoted me.

In addressing myself to Your Excellency on this occasion, the force of all my Obligations to you and of my Attachment and Gratitude I bear you, recurs to me with all the Warmth of my heart. I give you thanks for Your Excellency's profuse Kindness to me, and I send you the most earnest Wishes for your welfare which a faithful affectionate and respectful attendant can frame.

I have a Mother and three Sisters to whom the value of my Commission would be an object as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this Subject; I am persuaded of Your Excellency's Goodness.

I receive the greatest Attention from His Excellency General Washington and from every person under whose charge I happen to be placed.

I have the honour to be with the most respectful Attachment,

Your Excellency's

Most obedient and most humble Servant

John André Adj. Gen.

His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, K. B.

Pierre van Paassen

DIAL PRESS

THERE is magic in Pierre van Paassen's pen — the kind of magic one does not expect from the usual run of today's writing. Beauty and suppleness of prose are wedded, in these pages, to rare gifts of observation of human character, a powerful and highly sensitive imagination, humor, and such devotion to human kindness and intellectual integrity as one seldom encounters amid the scurry and rush of post-war publications.

Earth Could Be Fair is, as its author says, "A Chronicle." In fact, it is the story of Pierre van Paassen's boyhood and youth in Holland; but, though written in the first person, the narrative is concerned more with the little Dutch town of Gorcum, its picturesque character, and the rich variety of its people, than with the author himself. In a very real sense, also, this volume is a contribution to history — the history of the terrible first four decades of the present century, which began for Pierre and his schoolmates with idyllic days and fantastic adventures, and ended in the terror of the Warsaw Ghetto, in the barbaric isles of the Pacific, in a Europe reduced to shambles.

Gorcum at the turn of the century, Gorcum watching the sweep of history beyond its ramparts as the First World War came and went, Gorcum eyeing the slow approach of the ultimate disaster of Nazi conquest, Gorcum as a microcosm of the civilization of the West, reflecting the pettiness, the nobility, the heroism and the weakness, the failures and the stubborn hopes of a world irretrievably shattered — all this Pierre van Paassen has caught into the pages of *Earth Could Be Fair*.

Were that all, the performance would merit applause. But this astonishing wayfarer through our contemporary world, who springs from a long line of Dutch clergymen, who migrated to Canada in his young manhood, who fought in World War I, toured the United States, and wandered in far places as a roving newspaperman, observing men and events, probing the dark recesses of diplomacy, war, and human nature, carries with him a blazing torch of conviction.

That faith blazes in every page of his latest volume. It illumines the drab corners of the Gorcum of his boyhood and shines like a conflagration through the ruin of the recent war. For it is a faith not in theorems, but in the essential kindness and spiritual grandeur of the human heart.

JAMES H. POWERS

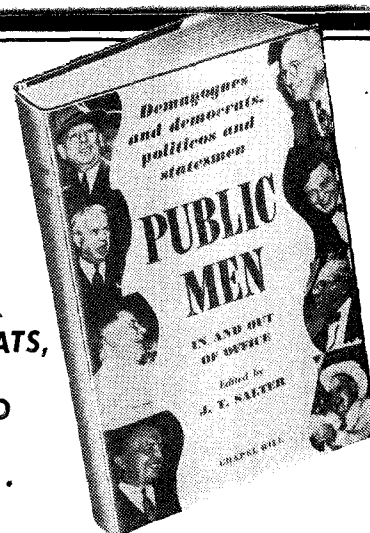
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tion was no longer any more hazardous than a land operation" — Normandy, for instance?

In interpreting Patton the soldier, Mr. Wellard does not miss, as indeed he could not, the amazing qualities of that leader—the general "who fought his battles with the strategy of the 'impossible'"; the success of movement and of surprise; the ability "to live off himself." But those are things many commanders have striven to accomplish, the brilliant, the more difficult feats in the art of war. To explain Patton's mastery of them, the author has little more to offer than his insistence on the general's "violent passion for war"—an explanation that goes no deeper than Lee's battlefield reflection: "It is well that war is so horrible, else we should grow too fond of it."

Of Patton the man, Mr. Wellard understands still less. The West Point days are drawn from data from a single classmate. The author misses completely the building of an athlete, horseman, swordsman, and sailor by virtue of character, not through natural gifts. The book swings violently from spleen to praise, and back again. Patton was, in fact, a man of parts in the true meaning of that old phrase; but simple withal, unswerving in his consuming devotion to his mission. The author attempts to interpret such a man in the light of the Jekyll-Hyde reactions which he himself sustained from war. Even Patton's poetry (and here the author would have us count him a sure critic) both attracts and repulses him. So it is not out of character to find him summing up the slapping incident, with all its best-forgotten national hysteria, thus: "In the philosophy of history, it was more significant than the success of a prosaic campaign"—the Sicilian Campaign, which destroyed an army and gave us our first foothold in Europe!

Before the end, the fascination overcomes the repulsion. The author is caught up and carried along, in the sweep of Patton's great campaigns on the Continent, to full, albeit reluctant, praise. But the spleen returns: Winfield Scott is branded "an obscure general," and George Patton is hurled from Mr. Wellard's heaven to his hell—"from the front pages of newspapers to the footnotes of history books"!

One would like to read those "footnotes." For here was a man who devoted his life to his belief that America would need his sword (and God knows she did); who served his country as few men have served her; who typified the warrior, facing foursquare to all obstacles—a quality of moment in peace as in war.

SHERMAN MILES

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UNEASY MONEY

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Edward H. Faulkner

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EDWARD H. FAULKNER wants city people to shun the corner grocery. He wants farmers to shun high prices. Against both of these orthodoxies in our food philosophy, he squares off with obvious relish.

In his first book, *Plowman's Folly*, this impulse resulted in a sale of some 500,000 copies. It was, moreover, a useful book with a great cutting edge, whittling down the stature of the plow in a country which has been overplowed. In the case of *Uneasy Money* the impulse is the same but the result is not so happy.

Faulkner tries to shock city people into growing more of their own food, without giving a clear reason. It won't be lack of production on farms, he insists. On the contrary, he embraces the orthodoxy of future food surpluses with a lack of skepticism which is disappointing.

Yet in the midst of what he thinks will be mountainous surpluses, city people had better grow their own food. The author says darkly that it is a matter "strictly of

adventures in that field, is often abstruse. And that's how the matter remains.

When he moves into agricultural practice, he becomes again the Faulkner of *Plowman's Folly*. Increase yields and reduce costs, he argues, by disking "green manure" crops into the soil. Whether you agree with him or not, this is the sort of thing which made *Plowman's Folly*. But the author leaves tillage and soil — where he is at home — for another foray into economics. The interested farmer will be as confused by his attempt to justify lower prices for agriculture in the interests of a "tight money" era as city dwellers will be by his argument as to why they should grow their own food in the midst of surpluses.

The too few pages he devotes to farming practice indicate that we have not heard the last of Faulkner as an original agricultural thinker of great power. But *Uneasy Money* does not measure up.

ARTHUR MOORE

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MARTHA KELLER catches the romance and humor and pathos of pioneering life and of historical figures because she is a true ballad writer in her selection of one episode.

A poet who can, for example, build serious tragedy out of an event in the early life of President Buchanan commands our awe. The book is crowded with characters, famous or obscure, who perform one act indelibly before our eyes. The backgrounds are no less remarkable. In such a poem as "Foreclosure" she gives us that sense of antiquity older than Egypt which we feel in coming across the tree-grown cellar hole of some vanished house or some ancient headstone too often deciphered by the inquiring weather.

Yet she is also a learned poet, well-read and accomplished. Much of the book is not in the folk manner. The more conventional lyrics are sometimes as good as the ballads. Miss Keller does not flaunt direct influences, but here a phrase or there an angle of inspection brings to mind one of a diverse company of poets: Longfellow, Lindsay, Masters, Kipling, Hardy, Housman, Stephen Benét. In some of the ballads, especially "Brady's Bend," we feel the desirability of reading aloud, as we do in Lindsay's work. "Brady's Bend" is an experiment the effect of which will be lost if each accent is not stressed hard in staccato beat and set off by pauses. The accents must come like hammer blows and strict attention must be paid to the tempo. The more contemplative poems suggest Hardy or Housman; Housman seems to be a direct influence in some of the elegiac war poems — "Firing Squad," for example.

The poems are not all on the same level. Miss Keller can write badly. "Drum Music" is very poor; it is in that synthetic soldier-talk which makes a former soldier feel embarrassed. Sometimes she overdoes alliteration or indulges a rather annoying trick of half-pun, half-echo. These faults glare in such a monstrosity as "Innate, inborn, inbred itinerancy," a line whose ineptitude throws one into a rage. However, all the ballads and character sketches provide ample recompense, as do such lyrics as "Funeral March," "Headstone," "Small Choice," "Hemlock, Hawthorn, and Juniper," "Wreath," "Love Knot," "Foreclosure," "Dead March," "Second War," "Manhattan Project." The long poem at the end, "Search for Tomorrow," is an uneven philosophical ode and would warrant more discussion than a brief review affords.

Taken all in all, *Brady's Bend* is indubitably an important book.

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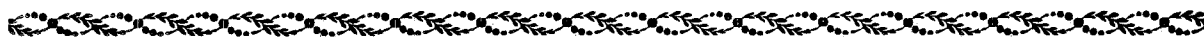
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THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Leo Tolstoy



THE LATER YEARS



BY

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

CHAPTERS I - XXI

Foreword

Five years ago, after extensive research, Ernest J. Simmons began his two-volume life and appraisal of Russia's great writer, Leo Tolstoy. In the first half of this biography, chapters of which were serialized in the *Atlantic* in 1945, he traced the gusty, exuberant career of the young Tolstoy. Leo was the fourth son of Count Nikolai Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman. Leo's mother died before he was two; and he knew little of his good-natured but ineffectual father, who died when the boy was eight. Leo, his three brothers, and a sister were brought up by their aunts in a golden age on the family estate, Yasnaya Polyana, with its thousands of acres and hundreds of serfs.

For the future novelist the road to wisdom lay through the valley of excess. Intensely passionate, vain, hypersensitive, Leo loved society and yearned to be *comme il faut* like his brother Sergei, but his coarse peasant features and his awkwardness did not make him popular with students and the well-bred girls of Kazan when he matriculated at the university there in 1844.

Young Tolstoy took pride in his physical strength. Studies interfered with his gymnastic exercises, and with sudden contempt he broke away from the university and returned to his estate, where for a time he played at being a bucolic philosopher and at reforming the serfs. But the serfs objected, and in the face of their recalcitrance the fleshpots of Moscow and Petersburg seemed more inviting.

In the city the eligible young man had more invitations than were good for him. His love of cards and his conviviality endeared him to the other young bachelors, who introduced him to the shady restaurants, the haunts of the gypsy singers.

He struggled against these temptations, mercilessly flagellating himself for weaknesses of the flesh. With sudden resolution he left the city wasteland and accompanied his Army brother, Nikolai, who was returning to his battery in the Caucasus. There, in the intervals of frontier life, Leo found time to write his first book, *Childhood*, which was widely acclaimed on its publication in Petersburg. But in the rough-and-tumble life his spiritual resolution was as hard as ever to sustain.

During the Crimean War, Leo received a commission in the artillery and fought gallantly at Sevastopol. He wrote a series of *Sevastopol Tales*, and on his return to Petersburg after the war he was welcomed as a literary hero by Turgenev and other contributors to the magazine *Contemporary*. But Leo was too strident to fit with ease in a literary coterie. He would argue at the drop of a hat, and a dispute with Turgenev led to an angry challenge to a duel. Turgenev averted the duel by apologizing, but the estrangement between the two lasted seventeen years.

Again Tolstoy returned to Yasnaya Polyana with reforms in mind. With great zeal he plunged into the work of educating peasant children. In 1861, as he approached his thirty-third birthday, Tolstoy reached the point in his struggle between spiritual perfection and material happiness when neither education nor work nor literature could satisfy the urge within him. A passionate affair with a peasant girl, Aksinya Bazykin, forced him to a decision: he would try to find in marriage (though not with her) a happiness and a salvation which thus far had escaped him.

It is at this point that we resume Mr. Simmons's definitive work.

LEO TOLSTOY: THE LATER YEARS

by ERNEST J. SIMMONS

1

FROM his early youth Tolstoy had been searching for family happiness, not yet recognizing it as one aspect in his endless struggle between good and evil. On several occasions in the past he had played with the idea of marriage, but only now did there exist for him that favorable conjunction of forces that appears to determine the ascendancy of marriage in a man's life. For some time he had been weighing in the scales every eligible girl who crossed his path, but all had been found wanting. About the latest of these, Ekaterina Tyutchev, he wrote to Granny (a distant cousin, Alexandra Tolstoy) immediately after his return from abroad in May, 1861: "The excellent girl E. is too much of a hothouse plant, too trained in 'fool-proof enjoyment' to be able to share my work or even to sympathize with it. She is occupied with the preparation of moral sweetmeats, and I have to do with soil and manure."

Here, as in all other cases, he unconsciously demanded perfection to compensate for an absence of love. The experience with his peasant, Aksinya Bazykin, who seemed so much like a wife to him, had failed to teach him that there was no substitute for love. At this crucial time his attention centered on the Bers family, with which he had been on familiar terms for several years. Madame Bers, only two years older than Tolstoy, had been his childhood playmate. She had grown up on an estate some twenty-five miles from Yasnaya Polyana. When only sixteen she had married the thirty-six-year-old Dr. A. E. Bers.

They settled in Moscow, where both the doctor's practice and his family flourished. His engaging manner with the ladies, and perhaps his medical skill, gained him many patients among wealthy aristocrats, and he was eventually appointed Court Physician with quarters in the Kremlin. Here his five sons and three daughters grew up.

Liza, the oldest daughter, was a beautiful girl of nineteen, tall, with fine features and serious, expressive eyes, but with a cold, unsociable nature. She held herself aloof in the household. Eternally with a book in her hand, she scorned the customary games and amusements of a large family and gave herself up to things of the mind. Tanya, four years younger than Liza, was a striking contrast to her sister. Affection-

ately nicknamed "Tatyanchik the Imp," she was her father's favorite and the spoiled tyrant of the household. Her passionate, artistic nature bubbled over with enthusiasm and excitement on the slightest provocation, and although she was something of an egotistical little show-off, her warm heart was always filled with irrepressible love for everyone and everything around her.

The nature of eighteen-year-old Sonya (Sofya Andreyevna), a healthy, rosy girl with great brown eyes and dark braids, was in a sense a mean between the two extremes of her older and younger sisters. Despite her lively disposition, she affected a sentimentality that easily slipped into melancholy. Her father remarked that she could never be completely happy, and she once admitted to Tanya that she could always find sorrow in her joy. A fondness for children and domestic tasks appeared in Sonya even as a young girl, and she early exhibited a curious miserly trait.

Expansive hospitality reigned in the Bers household. The girls were constantly entertaining crowds of young people with games and music, and often they put on plays. The gelid Liza maintained a decorous deportment amid these carefree gatherings, and her stern mother always held her up to her sisters as a model of correct behavior. But Sonya and Tatyanchik the Imp secretly yearned to turn the heads of the uniformed students whom their oldest brother, a member of the cadet corps, brought home on vacations. One of them, Mitrofan Polivanov, had already turned Sonya's head. They whispered eternal devotion to each other, but Mitrofan, with the magnanimity of a boyish lover, graciously granted her complete freedom to break her plighted word should she fall in love with another. The little firebrand Tanya, who still played with her favorite doll, Mimi, shared Sonya's secrets of the heart, and in turn confessed her own romantic passion for her cousin Kuzminski. Here was a merry society of Moscow girls with their ribbons, calicoes, shy coquetry, and all the poetry and stupidities of youth.

When Tolstoy renewed his visits to the family after returning from abroad he was struck by the change in the sisters. Awkward girls had been transformed into attractive young ladies. Liza and Sonya had

finished their schooling, wore long dresses, and did up their hair in the latest coiffures. He grew more interested. With the bookish Liza he discussed literature, and urged her to write articles for his pedagogical magazine. Duets on the piano or a quiet game of chess delighted the sentimental Sonya. With Tatyanchik the Imp, he played the schoolmaster, set problems in arithmetic, obliged her to recite verses; and when success crowned her efforts, he triumphantly carried her around the room on his back. Tolstoy quickly became a favorite in the family. Even the numerous servants, whom he regaled with jokes and stories, loved him, and the merry household grew still merrier when he was present.

2

THESE frequent visits to a family with at least two marriageable girls soon set tongues to wagging. Gossip represented Tolstoy as the suitor of the oldest sister. His own sister, a lifelong friend of mother Bers, favored Liza. Such a solid, serious, and well-educated girl, Marya told him, would make an excellent wife. The solid Liza was indifferent at first, but the persistent gossip began to arouse her from her books. All noticed that she paid more attention to her appearance, and soon she was madly in love.

From the very first, however, the serious Liza left Tolstoy quite cold. The spirited Imp was more to his liking, but she was still a child. On the other hand, he began to observe that Sonya grew more attractive with every passing day. Her young cadet, Polivanov, was away in Petersburg. She wept over him and eagerly read to her younger sister the letters this delicate lover sent.

Somehow Tolstoy as a lover had not at first dawned upon Sonya's consciousness. She had known him when, as a little girl, she had gone into raptures over his *Childhood* and *Boyhood*, copied pages of them into her diary, and memorized whole passages. She regarded the author through a prism of poetic ecstasy. He became her shining hero. She tied ribbons to the chair on which he sat, and even wrote out from *Youth* several lines that she wore next to her heart as a precious jewel. Sonya was then a child of eleven. Now she was eighteen, and a furtive mouse of an idea crept into her mind that she was not unattractive to this man almost twice her age. His face was common, almost ugly, but there were a strange charm and spiritual power in his piercing glance. He was also a count, a famous author, and the possessor of a large estate. It was a challenge to win the love of such a man. The more her thoughts dwelt upon him, the paler grew the image of Polivanov at his military studies in Petersburg. And suddenly Sonya was almost ready to confess to herself that she was in love not with Polivanov but with Tolstoy.

Mother Bers decided to take her three daughters on a visit to Ivitsy, the estate of their grandfather. On the way she planned to stop over at Yasnaya

Polyana in order to see her childhood friend, Marya Tolstoy. No doubt this ambitious mother also had in mind the fact that her friend's brother was being much talked of as a suitable match for her eldest daughter.

The party arrived at Yasnaya Polyana in the early evening. Tolstoy tried to conceal his agitation over all this charming feminine company by indulging in gestures of fussy hospitality. It was discovered that one bed was lacking. He suggested a huge armchair, and Sonya at once elected it for herself. With awkward, unaccustomed movements he began to spread the sheets, and these preparations filled her with a pleasant sense of intimacy. That night she fell happily asleep in the armchair, her young heart gladdened by the thought that *he* had prepared this bed for her with his own hands.

The guests continued their journey to Ivitsy two days later, promising to call again on the way home. Lively grandfather Islenev received them joyfully, pinching the fresh cheeks of his granddaughters and ordering up all manner of old-fashioned entertainment for these "Moscow ladies" as he called them. Shoals of neighbors were invited, and there were rides, picnics, and, at night, dances for the young people and whist for their parents.

The day after the arrival of the girls, Tolstoy suddenly appeared on his big white horse. Liza blushed, accepting it as a compliment, and so did Sonya, who immediately became unnaturally lively. But it was Sonya that he singled out for his special attention.

At the dancing the following evening Tolstoy preferred to play cards or talk with the mothers and fathers. He was too old, he told Tanya and Sonya, when they teased him to dance. After supper the capricious Tanya was asked to sing. She refused, and to escape her petitioners ran into the drawing room and hid under the piano. Suddenly Tolstoy and Sonya entered. They seemed agitated. Tanya did not dare to move. Sonya wished to leave, for her stern mother had already ordered her to bed.

"Sofya Andreyevna, wait a moment," pleaded Tolstoy. "You must read what I'm going to write for you."

"All right," she agreed.

"But I shall write only the initial letters and you must guess what the words are."

"How so? But that's impossible! Well, write."

Tolstoy wrote with a piece of chalk on the surface of a card table the letters "Y.y.a.n.o.h.r.m.t.s.o.m.a.a.t.i.o.h."

Sonya read with some prompting from Tolstoy: "Your youth and need of happiness remind me too strongly of my age and the impossibility of happiness." (The initial letters of the Russian words, of course, are different, but the translation is an exact rendering of the Russian sentence.)

Her heart beat loudly, her face burned. She felt that something she had hoped for and dreamed of was about to happen, and she was both eager and

afraid. All her senses were sharpened to a point of miraculous comprehension.

Then Tolstoy wrote further: "I.y.f.e.a.f.o.a.m.a.y. s.L.D.m.w.y.s.T."

Again Sonya read with a bit of help: "In your family exists a false opinion about me and your sister Liza. Defend me with your sister Tanichka."

At the conclusion of the second sentence, Sonya, hearing her mother calling her to bed, ran out of the room. Before she fell asleep that night, she wrote the sentences in her diary. She fully realized that something serious and significant had taken place between her and Tolstoy, something that would not cease there. Only to Tanya, a witness to the whole scene, did Sonya confide her hopes and misgivings.

Tolstoy departed the next day. Once again he saw the Bers family at Yasnaya Polyana on their return journey to Moscow. When they were saying their farewells, to the surprise of all he announced that he would drive to the city with them. His simple excuse was that it would now be boring and empty at Yasnaya Polyana. The sisters were delighted.

For most of the journey he contrived to sit with Sonya alone, somewhat to the indignation of the now jealous Liza. During the long hours of the trip he told her the story of his life, of the beauties of the Caucasus, and of his adventures there. Perhaps like Othello he hoped to win this credulous girl by an account of the dangers he had been through. Unlike Desdemona, however, she fell asleep before his story ended. But until the fatigue of the journey had taken its toll, she had been a most enraptured listener to this real tale of her favorite author.

3

THOUGH it was the middle of August, Tolstoy could not tear himself away from Moscow. Passion gambled with reason and his future destiny was the stake. The Bers family moved to their summer house at Pokrovskoye, only eight miles from the city. Here Tolstoy was almost a daily caller, often walking the distance. His frequent visits began to embarrass him as well as the members of the household; yet he could not stay away. The parents were confused as to his intentions and began to treat him with some restraint. Sonya, tortured by his uncertainty, received him with conflicting emotions, one day gay and bright, the next sad and gloomy. Why did he not declare himself?

At Pokrovskoye there were long walks together on beautiful moonlight nights, but no romantic scenes took place. Once Sonya sat in her father's carriage, from which the horses had just been unharnessed. She called out to Tolstoy in a merry mood: "When I'm an empress, I'll be driven about in such a carriage." He impetuously seized the shafts, and with an unusual show of strength wheeled her around the yard, shouting: "This is the way my empress will ride!"

Throughout all this period of indecision, Tolstoy kept his diary, and it is a sorry record of confusion and struggle. His calm was murdered the moment Sonya entered his thoughts, and he could not keep her out of them. Two days after his thirty-fourth birthday, he busied himself with work and visits, and refused to be disturbed. But a "bouquet of letters and flowers" from the Bers family arrived. Sonya's brief contribution to the family's collective congratulatory epistle — her first letter to him — set him off once again on the treadmill of his emotions.

He tried to draft a reply, but the words would not come. Then he sought to regain tranquillity by reminding himself in the diary: "Ugly mug that you are! Think no more of marriage; your calling is something other, and for that, much has been given you."

September arrived and the family returned to Moscow. Tolstoy diligently continued his vigil at their house. In a moment of misplaced confidence, Sonya confessed to her mother that she expected a proposal from him. She was testily ordered to forget such nonsense and to cease imagining that everybody was in love with her. Meanwhile, father Bers began to grow angry with the ubiquitous Tolstoy for not making an offer to Liza.

On his next visit Tolstoy noticed that father Bers sat angrily in his study. The whole family was grave and stern. He knew what they were waiting for. As he looked at the cold Liza, all he could think of was what a dreadful misfortune it would be if she should become his wife. He took refuge in Sonya's blushes and obvious agitation in his presence. "Oh . . . don't dream!" he cautioned himself in the diary. "Again I departed anguished, remorseful, but happy at heart. Tomorrow I shall go as soon as I arise and tell all or . . ." He added "shall shoot myself" but crossed this out. "Four o'clock in the morning. I've written a letter; I'll give it to her tomorrow, i.e. today, the 14th. My God, how I fear to die. Happiness, and such a happiness, seems to me impossible. My God, help me!"

On the evening of September 16 Tolstoy called on the Bers family again. He seemed agitated. The letter he had written for Sonya three days before still nestled in his pocket.

Ill at ease, Tolstoy asked Sonya to play a duet with him and then decided not to. They sat quietly at the piano. She gently fingered the accompaniment to the "Il Baccio" waltz that she was learning for her sister. His agitation quickly infected Sonya. Nervously she called to Tanya to sing the piece.

Tanya agreed, but she noticed that the request seemed to displease him. She was in voice that night. Standing in the center of the room, she soon forgot them both in her rapt concentration on the song. Sonya stumbled on the accompaniment and Tolstoy slipped into her place and took it up, at once giving new life to Tanya's voice and the words of the song. He promised himself that if Tanya took the final high note well, he would give Sonya the letter. The little singer soared to the final note with perfect ease.

"How you sing tonight!" he exclaimed in an excited voice.

At this moment Tanya was called from the room to help with the tea. They were alone.

"I wanted to speak with you," Tolstoy began, but he could not continue. "Here is a letter that I've been carrying around in my pocket for several days. Read it. I'll wait for your answer."

Sonya seized the letter and ran downstairs to her room and locked the door. She opened the letter with trembling hands and read: —

"This is becoming unendurable. Every day for three weeks I have been saying: today I shall tell all, and I have been going away with the same anguish, remorse, fear, and happiness in my soul. And every night, as even now, I examine the past, torment myself, and say: why have I not spoken, and I tell myself how and what I should have said. I have taken this letter with me in order to give it to you if I again find it impossible or lack the spirit to tell you all.

"The false opinion in your family about me, it seems, arises from the belief that I am in love with your sister Liza. This is unfair.

"At Ivitsy I wrote: Your presence too strongly reminds me of my age and the impossibility of happiness, and just you. . . .

"But even then and afterwards I lied to myself. Then even more so I could have given over everything and again gone into my monastery of lonely work and become absorbed with affairs. Now I can do nothing of the kind, and I feel that I have made a mess of things in your family, that having grown cold, my dear relations with you, as with another honest person, are ended. But I cannot take my leave, and I do not dare remain. You, an honest person, and with hand on heart — without haste, for God's sake, without haste — tell me what to do. He who laughs may in the end suffer. I would have died with laughter if a month ago I had been told — that I could suffer as I now suffer, and happily suffer. Tell me, as an honest person, — do you wish to be my wife? Unless you can boldly say yes with all your soul, then you had better say no — if there is a shadow of doubt in you.

"For God's sake, examine your heart carefully.

"It will be dreadful for me to hear 'no,' but I foresee it, and I will find in myself the strength to bear it; but if as a husband I shall never be loved as I love, it will be terrible."

The ecstatic Sonya did not pause to read through this confused analysis of a heart enthralled. Her eager eyes quickly discovered the question: "Do you wish to be my wife?" That was enough. On the other side of the locked bedroom door she heard Liza's frightened voice: —

"Sonya, what has the Count written to you? Speak!"

Sonya remained silent, tightly gripping the precious letter.

"Speak at once! What has the Count written you?" cried Liza again, a hysterical note in her voice.

"He has proposed to me," Sonya, with an effort, calmly answered.

"Refuse!" screamed Liza. "Refuse at once!" And she burst into sobs.

Tanya called her mother to quiet Liza. Sonya told her mother what had happened, and she was ordered to give Tolstoy her answer. She flew up the stairway, shot by the dining room, the drawing room, and ran into her mother's apartment. Tolstoy stood there, leaning against the wall in the corner of the room, waiting for her. He took both her hands.

"Well, what?" he asked.

"Of course, yes."

In a few minutes the whole house knew what had happened.

4

CONGRATULATIONS in the household were not unanimous. The news threw father Bers into a rage. He refused at first to give his consent, for he had expected Tolstoy to propose to his eldest daughter. But the mother's tactful diplomacy, Sonya's tears, and even Liza's generous pleading won a begrudging blessing from him.

Tolstoy's choice of Sonya, however, caused some embarrassment. The day after the proposal, the name-day of Sonya and her mother, was turned into an occasion for announcing the engagement to many visiting relatives and friends. Sonya and Liza, as usual, were dressed alike — lilac gowns with white *barège* trimmings, open collars, and lilac bows at the waist and on the shoulders. Both girls were pale and received the guests with tired eyes. To the customary name-day felicitations, the mother at first made the mistake of announcing to the guests that her daughter must also be congratulated on her engagement to Tolstoy. Many promptly turned to the crimson and suffering Liza with the customary exclamations. One of her old professors, even when apprised of the mistake, naïvely remarked: "It is a shame that it was not Liza; she was such a good student."

Horror chilled Sonya when she saw in the throng the happy face of young Polivanov, resplendent in his new Guards uniform. Her brother perhaps prevented a scene by taking him aside and telling him the fatal news. Later, Sonya sought him out in an effort to explain. Her letter to Petersburg had not reached him.

"I knew," the unhappy Polivanov declared with tears in his eyes, "that you would forsake me; I felt it."

The only solace Sonya could offer her childhood sweetheart was that she could forsake him only for one man — Tolstoy.

"Bridegroom, gifts, champagne," was Tolstoy's sole comment in his diary on this day of celebration. In his bliss he did not forget to write to Granny, that faithful friend whom he might have married if she had only been "ten years younger." He informed her of his approaching marriage, and then with the

pardonable exaggeration of the insensate lover, he added: "I would have to write volumes to give you any understanding of what she is like; I have never been so happy since I was born."

Whatever sense of personal loss Granny may have felt over this announcement, she rose nobly to the occasion, expressing her delight at the thought of acquiring "a charming granddaughter," and concluding: "There, now, our prodigal son is bound forever. I rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!"

Over the strenuous objections of mother Bers, Tolstoy demanded that the marriage take place as soon as possible. The trousseau and various other preparations he impatiently brushed aside as needless delays. Finally, a date just one week after his proposal was decided upon. Every day he visited Sonya. With the conviction that there should be no secrets between them, he turned over his diaries to her, and with the unwisdom of a girl of eighteen she allowed herself to peer into this history of his past excesses and moral lapses. "I remember," she wrote later, "how terribly shocked I was by the reading of these diaries that he gave to me before my marriage out of a sense of personal duty. I wept much upon glancing into his past, but to no purpose." Sonya forgave all, though she now feared to lose the love of this man.

Tolstoy had his own fears and doubts, the doubts that had tormented him from the moment he fell in love with Sonya. On the morning of his marriage day, September 23, he violated all proprieties by suddenly appearing at her home. He at once overwhelmed her with questions and doubts about her love for him. It seemed to her as though he were afraid of marriage. Sonya began to weep. Her mother scolded him for his behavior and he immediately left.

The marriage was to take place in the evening in the Court church of the Kremlin. Sonya's attendants dressed her in her wedding gown and veil. Then they awaited the arrival of Tolstoy's best man to tell them that the bridegroom was at the church. The minutes passed and still no news. A terrifying thought flashed into Sonya's mind, that he had actually run off. Finally, instead of the best man, Tolstoy's faithful valet arrived with the agitated explanation that his master had no clean dress shirt. Everything had been packed and sent to the Bers house. A clean shirt was finally procured; and after another long wait, the news came that Tolstoy was at the church.

The bridal party set out. Many people crowded the church, which was brightly illuminated for the wedding. The priest in his sacerdotal headgear and vestments of heavy silver cloth met Tolstoy and his bride at the door and led them to the pulpit. Sonya's thin arms and shoulders emphasized her extreme youthfulness. Spectators whispered comments on it and on her weeping. Perhaps some said, as they did of Kitty in *Anna Karenina*: "What a darling the bride is, like a lamb decked for the slaughter." The beautiful Russian Orthodox ceremony, enhanced by

the lovely music of the invisible choir, lasted a long time. After the marriage the party drove back to the bride's house, where guests were provided with a bountiful repast and much champagne.

The new *dormeuse* (sleeping carriage) that Tolstoy had bought for the occasion waited outside. He was impatient to be off for Yasnaya Polyana. The tearful farewells between Sonya and her family were painfully prolonged. Finally tearing herself away with difficulty from her sobbing mother, Sonya entered the carriage and they began their journey. Burying herself in a corner, the bride, worn-out from weariness and grief, did not cease to weep. Tolstoy was a bit hurt. An orphan for most of his life, he found it difficult to understand Sonya's copious tears on parting from her parents. He wrote cryptically of that night in the diary: "She is weepy. In the carriage. She knows everything and it is simple. . . . But she's afraid."

On the evening of the next day they arrived at Yasnaya Polyana. Tolstoy's brother Sergei welcomed them with the traditional hospitality of bread and salt, and Auntie Tatyana with an icon of the Virgin. Bride and groom bowed, kissed the image and then Auntie Tatyana. Their long and eventful life together at Yasnaya Polyana had begun, and under the most auspicious circumstances. The next day Tolstoy jotted down in his diary: "Incredible happiness! . . . It cannot be that all this will end only with life!"

5

BACK in Moscow Tatyanchik the Imp impatiently awaited news from her married sister, and when the letter arrived it was filled with the self-satisfaction of a happy bride. There were exclamations over the gracious reception accorded her by all and praise for the charming appointments of her new home. Sonya no doubt exaggerated for effect, for no special bridal furnishings had displaced the Spartan simplicity of the large bare rooms of Yasnaya Polyana.

As for her husband, she only discreetly hinted at the immensity of his love for her, as though it had already become a hallowed subject. But she added a sophisticated touch for the benefit of her younger sister: "I'm afraid to think about the future, for now one does not dream as a virgin, but directly knows one's fate, only it is terrible to think of spoiling it. Being still a little girl, you do not understand this; when you are married, you will understand." Then putting aside the mystery and the burden of marriage for a moment, she asked Tanya to send her the warm boots and face powder that she had forgotten.

Tolstoy tacked on a humorous postscript. "You see," he wrote to Tanya, "how all this is fine and touching, especially the thoughts about the future and the powder. . . . Farewell, darling, and may God give you such happiness as I now enjoy. More does not exist."

A lyric ecstasy filled the letters and diaries of the

happy couple during their honeymoon days. The new feelings that Tolstoy was experiencing defied his passion for analysis. He tried to take an inventory of the reasons for his sensations and reactions, but he succeeded only in reducing them to trifles that in turn added up to something beyond his immediate powers of comprehension.

In his diary he wrote: "I love her at night or in the morning when I awake and see: she looks at me and loves. And no one, especially not I, prevents her from loving me in her manner, as she understands it. I love her when she sits close to me and we know that we love each other, as only we are able to, and she says: 'Lyovochka,' and then adds: 'Why are chimneys built so straight?' Or: 'Why do horses live so long?' etc. I love when we are alone, and I say: 'What are we to do? Sonya, what are we to do?' She laughs. I love when she gets angry with me, and in the twinkling of an eye, her thoughts and words sometimes sharp, she says: 'Let me be, you bore me.' In a moment she smiles timidly at me. I love when she does not see me and does not know that I love her in my fashion. I love her when she is a little girl in a yellow dress and sticks out her lower jaw and tongue at me. I love when I see her head tilted backwards, her serious, frightened, childish, and passionate face."

The honeymoon ardor ran its course rather soon, and the disillusioning period of adjustment set in. Hardly a week had passed after their arrival at Yasnaya Polyana when the first tiff took place. Others followed in alarming succession, for both husband and wife were extremely sensitive, and each seemed bent on creating more than the usual number of difficulties that complicate early married life.

Sonya was immensely flattered with her title of Countess and with being mistress of a large house. But even in these attractive circumstances, existence in the country soon became a trying matter. She was a city girl, only eighteen, accustomed to the theater, music, balls, and to merry parties of young folk. There was none of this at Yasnaya Polyana. Almost the only people she saw, besides the members of the household, were provincial neighbors and the uncouth wayfarers her husband liked to bring home or the peasants he often took delight in talking to. Tolstoy tried to amuse her in the long autumn and early winter evenings. They read *Les Misérables* together, and he taught her English.

Although Sonya was eager to take an active part in her husband's work in the country, she found it extremely difficult to adapt herself to this new way of life. Frequently she was left alone with no resources of her own to fall back on. Tolstoy would shut himself up in his study, or go hunting, or more often busy himself with the affairs of his estate. For at this time, perhaps because of the feeling that he would soon be a family man, he experienced anew a desire to expand and improve his property. He began the cultivation of bees, bought a herd of sheep, planted numerous fruit trees, and planned to set up a distillery, to which Sonya and even her father objected as immoral. He

plunged into these new enterprises with zeal, and Sonya tried to share his enthusiasm. She bravely declared her desire to work in the dairy, but the smell of the cowshed nauseated her. Tolstoy was annoyed by her city-bred squeamishness.

Over these first months of marriage after the honeymoon, the diaries of both husband and wife were turned into frank confessions of their quarrels, reconciliations, and painful efforts to build their love on a foundation of mutual understanding and self-sacrifice. This fact is all the more surprising since, by agreement, each had free access to the other's diary. There is a marked difference, however, in the uses to which they put their respective records. Tolstoy, as formerly, made his an impartial history of events and an inventory of his thoughts and feelings; Sonya, by her own admission, took to her diary when things went wrong, when she felt the need of seeking relief by pouring out her dissatisfactions and sorrow in its pages. The result is that her diary more frequently presents a dark, one-sided picture of her existence.

About two weeks after her marriage, Sonya expressed the gloomy conviction in her diary that Tolstoy did not believe in her love, and that she could not forget, as she ought to, her stupid, childish dreams of an ideal husband. Intellectually and emotionally jealous of Tolstoy's capacity for self-sufficiency, she was too young and inexperienced to accept him as she found him. It was hard to surrender her storybook notion of married love for the commonplace reality of daily life on a country estate. Then, too, her penchant for seeking misery in her happiness, her fondness for sitting, like Stephen, melancholy upon a stool, complicated the simple adjustments that any young bride has to make.

Complaints about her inability to fill up the hours of the day ran like a litany through the early pages of her diary. Rather bitterly she wrote: "It is not difficult to discover an occupation; there are many of them. But one must first develop a liking for these trifling matters — winding up the clock, banging on the piano, reading many stupid things and very few fine ones, and pickling cucumbers. All this will come about, I know, when I manage to forget my idle girlhood life and get accustomed to the country."

6

TOLSTOY was fully aware of the trying period his young wife was going through, but he was not disposed to make many concessions. In his long bachelor existence he had fallen into ruts that were now not easy to climb out of. He had grown accustomed to being alone with his thoughts and work and could not, like a lovesick young swain, attach himself everlastingly to the skirts of his girl wife.

The disturbing doubts that tortured Tolstoy before his proposal returned more than once. "Today there was a scene," he wrote in his diary only a week after marriage. "I was sad at the thought that we behave

just like others. I told her that she had offended me in my feeling for her; I wept. She's charming. I love her even more. But is there not something false?" A few days later he listed two more disputes, but his love, he insisted, was stronger, though now different.

The ubiquitous ghosts and even the living images of women in her husband's past haunted Sonya and were the cause of much of their quarreling. She struck a note of protest on the very first page of her diary after marriage, and she continued to strike it with morbid persistence. "All his past is so awful for me," she wrote, "that it seems I shall never become reconciled to it." A precious part of him — his golden youth with its eager passion — had been forever lost to her. Her reactions were natural enough for a girl of eighteen: her own purity had been polluted by the many women who had preceded her. And her imagination insistently conjured up these predecessors: "He kisses me, and I think: I'm not the first to attract him. . . . I also have been captivated, but only in my imagination, whereas he has been fascinated by women, real, pretty, with characters, faces, and souls of their own, which he loved and by which he was captivated, just as he is captivated by me, at least for the present."

No doubt Sonya had in mind a particular woman — Tolstoy's recent peasant love, Aksinya. By chance, less than three months after the marriage, Aksinya was ordered to wash the floors of the manor house, and she was pointed out to Sonya as "that woman." The ardent lines devoted to Aksinya in Tolstoy's diary had stuck in Sonya's memory. That day she jotted down a few venomous ones of her own. "Sometimes I think I'll put an end to myself from jealousy," her diary reads. "'I'm in love as never before!' [A line in Tolstoy's diary about his love for Aksinya.] A simple wench, fat, fair; it is horrible! With what satisfaction I just now looked at a dagger, a gun. One blow — easy. While there's yet no child. [Apparently Aksinya was pregnant by Tolstoy at this time.] And she is right here, several steps away. I'm simply like an insane woman. I'm going for a drive. I can see her at this moment. How he loved her! If one could only burn his diary and all his past."

Here was the stuff of tragedy and a theme worthy the creative powers of her husband. One can sympathize with the young wife's fury, although she knew that her husband had severed all relations with Aksinya shortly before his marriage. If only she could kill him and create him anew, Sonya reflected, she would do it with pleasure.

Aksinya continued to stalk her thoughts. She saw her in a terrible dream that she described in her diary. The peasant women of the village appeared in the garden, all dressed up as ladies of fashion. "The last to enter was Aksinya in a black silk dress," wrote Sonya. "I talked with her, and such a vicious feeling came over me, that I at once seized her child from somewhere and began to tear it into bits. In my fearful rage I ripped off feet, head — all. Lyovochka came; I told him that they would send me to Siberia.

But he gathered up the legs, arms, all the parts, and said that it was nothing, only a doll. I looked, and in fact instead of a real body, there was only cotton-wool and leather. And this vexed me."

One need be neither a medieval necromancer nor a modern Freudian to read the proper interpretation into this horrific farrago from the world of dreams. However excusable was Sonya's jealousy of Aksinya, there was little sense to her childish fears about other women at this time. She complained bitterly because her husband liked to play duets with Olga Islenev, her cousin, who visited them at Yasnaya Polyana, and there were moments when even her younger sister Tanya fell under suspicion. Perhaps just because of her intense love, she was jealous of everyone and everything that surrounded him. Her diary clearly shows that she tended to be hostile to any interest of her husband that did not immediately serve their mutual affection. Even the inner world of creative fancy that he liked to retire to often caused her qualms, for she feared he would find there support and sustenance independent of her love.

7

FOR the first three months at Yasnaya Polyana the Tolstoy family rarely visited and had few callers. Late in December the couple packed themselves off to Moscow for the Christmas holidays. To her delighted sister Tanya, Sonya seemed pale and thin. She was already pregnant.

After the solitude of the country, the resumption of her former gay Moscow existence was not an unmixed blessing for Sonya. She had to visit and be visited by Tolstoy's friends, often people she had never met before and of some of whom she stood in awe. It was a trial for the young bride. There were fashionable clothes and hats to buy, and a fastidious husband to please, for Tolstoy had very definite opinions about female attire, as he had about nearly everything. He came into the room suddenly when she was trying on a new hat, a modish creation, very high in front, covering the ears, and adorned with a chin strap.

"What!" he exclaimed in horror. "Is Sonya going to visit in this Babylonian tower!" She stuck to her choice. The visit was made. Sonya felt ill at ease, timid, and got cross with him for not paying sufficient attention to her.

In the end Sonya preferred to let Tolstoy visit without her. She had become self-conscious about her pregnant condition. One evening he went off to call on the Sushkovs, and promised to return at twelve as usual. The irritated Sonya remained with her mother and Tanya and whiled away the evening with an account of her life at Yasnaya Polyana. With the natural instinct of the happy bride, she garnished her narrative with glamour and gladness. But here and there a peevishness peeped through. "You know, Tanya," she complained, "I sometimes

get bored with being 'grown-up'; the silence in the house vexes me, and I feel an irresistible need for jollity and action. I leap about, run and remember you when we used to cut up, and you used to say that I was 'off my head.' And then Auntie Tatyana laughs good-naturedly, and, looking at me, says: 'Be careful, softly, my dear Sonya; think of your baby.' "

The hours wore on with this chatter till midnight. But no Tolstoy. Sonya grew quiet, then angry, and was somewhat hysterical by the time one o'clock struck. She imagined all manner of accidents that might have happened, and was afraid that he might have met a former lover. With difficulty her mother restrained her from returning to her hotel alone. Soon after one, Tolstoy entered. Sonya, her nerves at the breaking point, burst into tears. In consternation he tried to comfort her, begged her pardon, and fell to kissing her hand.

Sonya was heartily glad to leave Moscow and return to Yasnaya Polyana. By now the purging fire had badly singed, if not utterly destroyed, some of her fine-feathered notions of married life. There was nothing in the world dearer to her than Lyovochka, she told herself. Only to be alone with him in the country, away from his exacting Moscow friends — that would be heaven. She now saw no reason why she could not create happiness for herself at Yasnaya Polyana. Thoughts of the coming child banished her former restlessness.

If quarrels were less frequent and love less strained, a worm of discontent did not cease to gnaw at Tolstoy over most of the period of his wife's pregnancy. He was an active, passionate man, and the passivity, even frigidity, of Sonya, now accentuated by her condition, preyed upon his mind. Not unlike many young brides, she evinced fear and disgust for physical relations. About two weeks after marriage, she wrote in her diary: "All physical manifestations are so repugnant." And this common difficulty, requiring sympathetic understanding and delicate adjustments, was apparently magnified by his inordinate demands.

The tension increased with the months of pregnancy, evoking a desperate protest from Sonya. "Lyova deserts me more and more," she noted in her diary. "The role of the physical side of love plays a great part with him. And that is awful. For me, on the contrary, it means nothing." At times she grew frantic at the thought that she would lose him. "I feel that I have become unendurable to him; now I have only one purpose — to leave him in peace, to take myself out of his life as much as possible. I can bring him no pleasure now because I'm pregnant."

Tolstoy curiously connected this sexual coldness with Sonya's pronounced inactivity and general lack of interest in everything that went on around her. He called her a doll, and in a letter to her sister Tanya he betrayed in a psychic manner his intense emotional dissatisfaction. The letter was a joint effort, indicating his intention that Sonya should

read what he wrote. His part amounted to a short story, to which has actually been given the title, "The Tale of the Porcelain Doll." Although on the surface it claimed to be nothing more than a joking performance, composed to amuse Tanya and her parents, it was executed with all his literary skill and concealed a profound meaning.

In a seriocomic vein he told how he fell asleep, and suddenly his wife entered the room. "I opened my eyes and I saw Sonya, not the Sonya whom we know, but a porcelain Sonya!"

Tolstoy ended the story by relating that the next day Sonya became her own live self, but that every time they were alone, she turned into porcelain. "She is not dismayed by this," he concluded, "nor am I. To put it frankly, however strange it may be, I'm glad of this, and despite the fact that she is porcelain, we are very happy." It is difficult to believe that Sonya missed the point of the story, but she naïvely added to this letter to Tanya: "He has invented this that I am porcelain; such a rascal! But what does it mean — God knows."

Whatever amusement was intended,—and the Bers family regarded the story only as a pleasantry,—the letter unquestionably reflected a serious difficulty in the intimate relations between husband and wife. Yet it would be a mistake to construe his tale of the porcelain doll as evidence of a permanent lesion in their physical life together. Uneven as this was at the time, their life together was essentially a happy one. Only the day after his letter to Tanya, he noted in the diary: "I love her always more and more."

8

As Sonya's time approached, the couple were drawn still closer together in that mysterious community of feeling evoked by the unknowable future that they both awaited. "I, happy man, still live," Tolstoy wrote his sister. "I listen to my child's kicking in Sonya's belly." He planned the education of his unborn child, read medical books, and, as Sonya put it, "continually examines my abdomen" in an effort to determine exactly the eventful day. He would suddenly enter the room after reading an authority on obstetrics and abruptly announce to his wife: "He already has toenails," to which Sonya would be on the point of replying: "Who?" before she recollected herself.

The eagerly expected first-born arrived on June 28, 1863, and was christened Sergei. One of the greatest scenes that Tolstoy ever wrote, the birth of Kitty's first child in *Anna Karenina*, was directly inspired by his emotional reaction to the birth of Sergei. How close his art could be to reality may be observed by comparing this scene in the novel with the rather full record of his experience in his diary. "At the crucial time," he wrote in this detailed account, "I was both agitated and quiet, occupied with trifles as before a battle or during a moment close to death. I was an-

noyed with myself that I felt so little." He held Sonya during her labor pains, "and I felt how her body trembled, stiffened, and she grimaced; and I never before experienced the feeling that her body conveyed to me, not even before marriage." He prepared for her the huge divan on which he himself had been born. "But in me," he continued, "there was always the same feeling of indifference and of self-reproach for it, and of irritation."

The birth of Sergei ended Tolstoy's preparatory period for the enjoyment of family life. There were some immediately stormy scenes, for his mother-in-law had descended on Yasnaya Polyana to be on hand for the arrival of her first grandchild. There were the usual sharp differences of opinion, which sometimes developed into three-cornered battles on the care of infants. Sonya's mother and father took her side in the controversy that raged on the nursing of little Sergei. Because of Sonya's illness, the physician ordered her not to nurse the child herself. Tolstoy had obstinate and unreasonable ideas on this score, perhaps long ago suggested to him by his reading of Rousseau, and he demanded that the young mother should take complete charge of her infant. Although his son-in-law might be a master of language and literature, Dr. Bers angrily declared, he had no understanding of practical matters, and accordingly a wet nurse was engaged. But soon one could see the father trying to quiet the crying child by sticking a funnel in the infant's mouth and pouring milk into it with his large, trembling hand.

These tempests in the teapot, however, quickly passed. Despite his firm intention to share equally in all the cares connected with the bringing-up of little Sergei, he soon manifested a father's indifference to his child in the infant stage. The baby interested him only as an essential part of the world that he dwelt in with his beloved wife. And that world at last began to pay its premiums in family happiness. "Whoever is happy is right," he observed, and if thinking could make it so, he was happy now with his wife, his child, and with that golden vision of an ideal family life illuminating the path before him.

9

TOLSTOY was fond of saying that writing was just like childbirth: until the fruit had ripened, it did not emerge, and when it did, it came with pain and labor. Yet he was as happy in producing novels as Sonya was in bringing forth children. In a creative ferment, six months after his marriage, he was impatient to rid his mind of all other concerns. In his letters and diary at the end of 1862 and the beginning of the next year, he threw off various hints that he was contemplating a new novel. And in a letter to Granny in the autumn of 1863, his intention for the first time was declared in more definite language: "I have never felt my mental and even all my moral faculties so free and so ready for work. And this

work now exists. It is a novel covering the years from 1810 to 1820, which has entirely occupied me since autumn. . . . Now I am an author with all my soul. I write and meditate as never before." He had at last embarked on the arduous creative path that led to *War and Peace*.

The gestation period of Tolstoy's great masterpiece was long and severe, and its birth was attended by much pain and labor. It is clear that his final design comprehended an extensive trilogy, of which *War and Peace*, centered in the year 1812, was to be the first novel; the other two, connected but complete works in themselves, were to deal with the Decembrist Revolt of 1825 and the return of an exiled Decembrist in 1856. Although the introductory chapters of the novel on 1856 exist, no manuscript drafts have come down to us concerning the theme of the Decembrist Revolt of 1825. Yet over the course of the next fifty years he never lost sight of his original desire to write a novel about the Decembrists.

Once Tolstoy had settled upon the external limits of *War and Peace*, the second and most difficult stage began: working out the plan and composition of the novel. When he started to write, he by no means had clearly in mind the succeeding course of events that would fill his vast canvas. Nor did the finished product six years later embody the artistic purpose with which he began. For the earliest outlines place the emphasis upon "peace." Historical events were intended to serve merely as a scaffolding or background for the development of a tale of family life among the gentry. The principal characters were to be subjected to a series of adversities that would undermine them spiritually, but in the end they would be regenerated and begin a quiet and happy life. The whole theme of "war" with its historical events and persons did not enter into the design of the novel until much later.

By September of 1863 Tolstoy was deep in *War and Peace*. The family circle and intimate friends buzzed with the news. Father Bers in Moscow enthusiastically acclaimed the project and sent his son-in-law batches of references to source material on Napoleon's invasion. Even the studious Liza, who by now had forgiven if not entirely forgotten her unrequited love, loyally answered an urgent request for aid: "I have fulfilled your commission, dear friend Lyovochka; I have looked up the materials for your novel, and I'm sending you a list of books in which mention is made of the year 1812." There follows a long list carefully drawn up and meticulously annotated. At this point, the learned girl appears to have read much more on the subject than her brother-in-law. And from her detailed answers to his questions concerning these books, it is clear that at this stage Tolstoy was interested primarily in memoirs, letters, and human-interest stories. That is, he intended to place the emphasis upon the private lives of people rather than upon historical events.

At first this sudden, all-absorbing literary activity worried Tolstoy's wife. Besides, at the moment she

was foolishly annoyed with him for an impulsive desire he had manifested to go off to war (Russian troops were being sent to put down a Polish rebellion). "What do you think of the Polish business?" he interpolated in a letter to the poet Fet. "It looks bad! Shall we . . . not be obliged to take down our swords from their rusty nails?" Sonya took this passing fancy seriously. Angrily she scribbled in her diary: "Now he's married, is pleased with himself, has a child, but he wants to throw it all over and go to war. . . . I don't believe in this love for the fatherland, in this *enthusiasm* at the age of thirty-five."

But her Lyovochka was really interested in another war, that of 1812, and he waged it on reams of paper, shut up in his study hours on end. "Where is he?" Sonya gloomily asked herself in the diary, and she answered: "The History of 1812. He used to tell me everything — now I'm unworthy. Formerly all his thoughts were mine. The minutes were happy, marvelous, now they are not."

As soon as Tolstoy had finished a small section of the novel, written in his nearly illegible handwriting, Sonya was promptly drafted to make a clear copy, and there began the long years of close association in his literary work. She developed into an invaluable assistant. With some justice she might have complained of the use that he made of her in this work. The poet takes the best out of his life and puts it into his writings, Tolstoy once declared, which is the reason his writing is beautiful and his life bad. However conscious Sonya may have been of the truth of this observation, and although she grew jealous at times of his complete absorption, she never ceased to take an eager interest in his literary endeavors. She loved to copy *War and Peace*, she declared, and she copied a great deal of it as many as seven times. The consciousness of serving a genius and a great man gave her strength for anything, she wrote in her diary. As she copied the barely decipherable pages she felt uplifted, morally and spiritually. She was carried away into a world of poetry, and it seemed to her that it was not his novel that was so good but she who was so clever.

10

Nor all of Tolstoy's material came out of books. His own life and the lives of many who made up his intimate world were drawn upon for *War and Peace*, as in the case of so many of his other works. Of particular importance at the moment was Tatyanchik the Imp. In the summer of 1863 she, her brother Alexander, her childhood sweetheart Kuzminski, and a certain Anatole, with whom she was carrying on a violent flirtation, were all invited to Yasnaya Polyana. The slim, supple, and graceful sixteen-year-old Tanya was original and attractive in appearance with her dark, slightly wavy hair, refined face, large mouth, and delicately tinted complexion. In her

spontaneous nature that expressed itself in irresistible mirth, quick sensibility, and passionateness, Tolstoy found the model for his heroine Natasha Rostov, and he now observed Tanya's every movement.

The young people made Yasnaya Polyana ring from morn till night with their merrymaking. Tolstoy and his wife soon grew displeased with the sly, designing, handsome Anatole, and finally, offended by the impropriety of his conduct, they sent him packing. He reappeared again as the brilliant but calculating Anatole Kuragin in *War and Peace*.

Tanya was devoted to Tolstoy; he seemed like a father to her and was the one man, she said, who thoroughly understood her. When he looked at her with his penetrating eyes, she knew that she could keep no secrets from him. They were much together that autumn, often strolling through the paths of the ancient Zasek woods that seemed to Tanya more majestic and beautiful than ever at sunset. She rode with him on the hunt, and in the evening sang for hours to his accompaniment on the piano.

In October, the nobility of Tula gave a ball in honor of the young Tsarevitch, later Alexander III, who was visiting the city. The Tolstoyes were invited. Sonya wept because illness would not permit her to attend; Tanya was in ecstasies, for Tolstoy promised to take her. All the fears, joys, triumphs, and breathless experiences of Tanya on that memorable night reappear in the unforgettable description of Natasha's first ball in *War and Peace*.

The next day Sonya pensively listened to her sister's rapturous account of the dance.

"Do you know, Tanya," she broke in, "I could not have gone even if I had been well."

"Why?"

"Surely you know Lyovochka's views. Could I dress in a ball gown with an open neck? This is entirely unthinkable. How often has he condemned married women who 'go naked,' as he expresses it."

There was truth in this — Tolstoy was extremely severe in such matters. He was even capable of grotesque fits of jealousy over the harmless attention that young men paid to his wife. There was also a twinge of jealousy, however, in Sonya's reaction to Tanya's gala evening with her husband. Tolstoy continued to study Tanya's volatile nature, and he frequently engaged her in conversations about herself, while there gradually took shape in his imagination the charming image of Natasha Rostov.

Over the next six months there were periods when Tolstoy wrote little. Much of his time was spent in hunting, or on business trips to the estates of his brother and sister. Sonya disliked his being away from home. She grew melancholy, and the fear that he would suddenly die haunted her. Her letters were cheerless accounts of daily tasks and of worries over her son. His answers were chatty, amusing, and comforting. To the charge that he had forgotten her, he wrote: "Not for a moment, especially when I'm with people. On the hunt, however, I do forget; I remember only about a particular woodchuck. . . ."

In another, announcing his return home, he wrote: "Tomorrow morning I'll be leaving, and by evening I'll be feeling your watermelon and seeing your dear face." (Sonya was again far gone in pregnancy and gave birth to a daughter, Tatyana, on October 4, 1864.)

One day Tolstoy set off on horseback to visit a neighbor. Two of his hunting dogs trailed after him. Suddenly a hare was sprung and the dogs were after it in a flash. He could not restrain himself. "Sic 'em!" he yelled, and galloped after the dogs. The horse, unused to the hunt, stumbled and fell, and Tolstoy also went down, breaking his right arm. He lay there in agony for some time before he could attract the attention of a passing peasant, and he had himself carried to a hut in the village rather than home, for he feared to frighten his pregnant wife. The arm was soon set by a Tula physician, but for weeks afterward he continued to suffer severe pain. Finally, deciding that it had been badly set and that an operation might be necessary, he went to Moscow towards the end of November.

Tolstoy remained at his mother-in-law's home for a little more than three weeks. A painful operation was performed, and he eventually recovered full use of his arm. Before and after the operation, he crowded his days with activity, most of it in connection with work on *War and Peace*. He shopped in the bookstores for material, consulted authorities on history, and spent hours reading in the libraries. The amount of historical research that he did for the novel, however, has often been exaggerated. He made no attempt to exhaust such material, for he read only up to the point where it became clear to him what use he wished to make of his sources.

Liza and Tanya Bers served as eager amanuenses when Tolstoy was unable to write because of his injured arm. With a concentrated expression on his face, and supporting his bad arm with his hand, he dictated to Tanya while walking back and forth across the room. "No, it's trite, won't do," he would talk to himself, forgetting her presence. In dictating, his tone was imperious, there was impatience in his voice, and often he changed his phrasing three or four times. Occasionally he dictated smoothly, quietly, as though he had it all by heart, and then the expression on his face became calm. The awed Tanya felt that she was doing something immodest, that she had become the involuntary witness of his inner world, a world concealed from all. The periods of quiet cold dictation he distrusted. Without agitation, he told his wife, the business of writing just did not get on.

11

TOLSTOY could not resist the desire to test a few of the initial chapters of his novel by reading them to friends. An evening was arranged by papa Bers at the Perfylyevs'. Guests gathered in the large, murky drawing room, illuminated by two oil lamps. To

the observant Tatyanchik the Imp, the preparations took on all the solemnity of a christening. The plump hostess in her tall cap spangled with ribbons, seated in the middle of a high-backed divan, looked like a stuffed museum piece expecting a miracle to bring her to life.

Tolstoy began with some confusion, weakly, hesitantly. Tanya suffered for him. But he quickly gathered confidence, firmness, and soon his brilliant reading carried all with him. These guests, intimates of the Bers family, began to look furtively at each other as they recognized the living models of many of the characters he described. When Natasha was introduced, Varya Perfylyev broadly winked at the blushing Tanya. And Tanya was delighted to hear the description of her own doll, Mimi, and the true story of how she had asked Boris to kiss the doll and made him kiss her instead. This was not life transposed by art: it was life itself. And as all the guests crowded around to congratulate him at the conclusion of the performance, Varya Perfylyev excitedly cried out to her mother: —

"Why, Mama, Marya Dmitrevna Akhrosimov is you; she resembles you exactly!"

"I don't know, I don't know, Varya," replied the charmed hostess. "I'm not worth describing."

Tolstoy smiled and said nothing, but papa Bers was in a seventh heaven over the success of his son-in-law.

Tanya regretted that Sonya was not present at this triumph. Hardly a day passed during Tolstoy's brief absence, however, that letters or telegrams were not exchanged between husband and wife. As always, Sonya's correspondence was largely a record of domestic trivia: her daily tasks, the diarrhea and smallpox of the children, and the various illnesses of cows, pigs, and sheep. She worried over his seeming lack of concern for little Sergei and Tanya, and she overwhelmed him with well-intentioned advice on how to take care of himself in Moscow. The temptations of the city troubled her imagination, and she confessed to being jealous of the women he might meet.

But throughout these letters her love and infinite concern for everything that made up his life shone forth brightly. She missed him terribly. "With you I feel myself an empress, without you I'm superfluous." She pleaded for every last detail about the operation on his arm and about his work in Moscow. "Lord, how I should like to see you, talk and sit with you," she wrote after he had been gone only five days. "You know me, you know how I love you and that I'm wretched without you."

Sonya envied and perhaps was a little jealous of the privilege enjoyed by her sisters in Moscow of taking dictation on the novel. Tolstoy had left her some sections to copy, and she eagerly applied herself to this task at night, after the children were asleep and the house quiet. "How I like everything about Princess Marya!" she excitedly wrote him. "You see her so clearly. Such a splendid, sympathetic

character. I will always criticize you. Prince Andrei, in my opinion, is not yet entirely clear."

Tolstoy wrote Sonya how proud he was of her praise of the novel. Love, deep and tender, ran through nearly all of his letters to her during these few weeks in Moscow; and for her frequent moods of depression and anger over household worries or his absence, he had only words of understanding and sympathy. At the first opportunity he returned home, but only after he had handed over to his publisher the first thirty-eight chapters of *War and Peace*, a surrender that saddened him, he wrote Sonya, because he could no longer correct and improve them.

Life at Yasnaya Polyana now flowed smoothly along those well-grooved ruts prescribed by the petty obligations and pleasant amenities of a happy family existence. The Tolstoy family lived modestly, and the contented inertia that often takes possession of congenial married people made them loath to leave their isolated estate. Sonya was rapidly and completely identifying herself with the sphere Kaiser Wilhelm allotted to women: *Kirche, Küche, Kinder*. The model housewife, she ordered the surroundings cleaned up, the paths fixed, and flowers planted.

Upon surveying the results, her husband remarked with a trace of annoyance: "I don't understand why all this. We lived very well without it."

But gentle Auntie Tatyana came to Sonya's rescue. "My dear Léon," she observed, "Sonya has done well in tidying up around the house; it is so much pleasanter now to promenade." In fact, although he had a masculine weakness for old clothes and for preserving things as they always had been, he quickly took his wife's hint, and all were surprised one day to discover him painting the benches in the garden and cleaning and trimming the paths. This was not merely part of the business of learning to be a husband; it was also devotion to Sonya.

12

THE happy family life that could so easily divorce Tolstoy from his youthful ideals had also created that disposition of soul so vital to the free functioning of his art. For the present the struggle between spiritual perfection and material well-being had ceased. When he was shut up in his study, no one dared to disturb him. He wrote with irritation, often with tears and pain, but always with the conviction, as his wife expressed it, that this greatest creation of his genius must be superb.

The road ahead was long and hard, but he took fresh courage at the thought that the first section of *War and Peace* would soon be published. With a feeling of elation he wrote to Fet in January, 1865: "Do you know what surprise I have in store for you? After a horse threw me to the ground and broke my arm, and just as I regained my senses, I said to myself that I am an author. And I really am an author, but an isolated, furtive author. In a few days the

first half of Part I . . . will appear. Please, write me your opinion of it in detail. . . . What I have printed formerly, I now regard only as a trial of the pen and a kind of draft of an *opus*. What I now print . . . seems weak, as introductions must be. But what comes after — tremendous!"

No reader could have guessed from the first part of *War and Peace* the massive superstructure that would be raised on this rather slight foundation. Least of all could Tolstoy have guessed it at the beginning of 1865. Drafts of early plans called for a family novel with a historical background. There were no indications of the vast sweep, the concentration on war, and the elaborate philosophy of history in the final scheme. Tolstoy's desire to transform his novel into a mighty epic of war was first suggested in a passage in his diary on March, 1865, in which he mentions the possibility of writing "a psychological novel of Alexander and Napoleon, and of all the baseness, phrases, madness, all the contradictions of these men and of the people surrounding them."

Now new plans ran through all the cracks and zig-zags of Tolstoy's creative mind, but they still failed to crystallize into the intricate pattern of *War and Peace*. Several compelling factors, however, were inevitably directing his thoughts towards the ultimate design and execution of that work as a medium for the full expression of a philosophy of history. During the 1860's in Russia the subject of philosophy of history was much discussed in intellectual circles. The two problems most frequently posed were the relation of individual freedom to historical necessity, and the factor of causality in history. By March, 1867, he had at last hit upon the title *War and Peace*, and the future course of the novel was finally decided.

Despite fears, doubts, illness, and periods of deep despair, *War and Peace* moved irresistibly on. If Tolstoy had many low moments in the course of its composition, there were also joyous compensations after a day well spent in the successful handling of a difficult scene. Then he would jauntily emerge from his study, happy, smiling, and declaring that he had just left a piece of his life in the inkwell. The sixth and last part was published in December of 1869. It had taken him more than six years to write *War and Peace*.

Tolstoy was staying with the Bers family in Moscow at the time the first part of *War and Peace* appeared. On the morning of publication, before he got out of bed, he sent his young brother-in-law, a military student, for a copy of a newspaper in which he expected a review. The youth lagged, and Tolstoy impatiently shouted: "You wish to be a general of infantry? Yes? Well, I wish to be a general of literature! Run at once and bring me the paper!" Tolstoy was serious; he wanted to be a literary general, and *War and Peace* was intended to advance him to that rank. Further, the financial stake was considerable and now an important item in his mounting expenses.

War and Peace caused a sensation. It quickly went into a second edition and was extolled in

numerous reviews. The most thorough and discriminating criticism was contributed in a series of four articles by N. N. Strakhov, later a distinguished philosophical thinker and a close friend of Tolstoy. After reading this appraisal, Tolstoy, with the self-assurance of the genius who knows that he has scored, calmly remarked to his wife: "N. N. Strakhov has placed *War and Peace* on the pinnacle where it will remain in the opinion of society."

Each of the more than five hundred active characters he placed on this vast stage of life has his own distinct personality and speaks his own language. Even the dogs, as Strakhov pointed out, are individualized. If many of these men and women were suggested by people he knew, and if he drew upon himself for those two central figures, Prince Andrei and Pierre, all were passed through the alembic of his art and transformed into creatures of his imagination. With some justice the radical critics could point out that he did not see the faults of the privileged classes and failed to portray the dark misery of the peasantry at that time, although he significantly recognized in the novel the historical mission of the masses.

In an interesting letter addressed but not sent to the author P. D. Boborykin, Tolstoy defended his avoidance of social problems. "The aims of art," he wrote, "are incommensurable (as they say in mathematics) with social aims. The aim of an artist is not to resolve a question irrefutably, but to compel one to love life in all its manifestations, and these are inexhaustible. If I were told that I could write a novel in which I could indisputably establish as true my point of view on all social questions, I would not dedicate two hours to such a work; but if I were told that what I wrote would be read twenty years from now by those who are children today, and that they would weep and laugh over it and fall in love with the life in it, then I would dedicate all my existence and all my powers to it."

However justifiable this conviction may be as an aesthetic aim, it is not a full explanation of Tolstoy's deliberate avoidance of the real social problems that played so large a part in the historical period he attempted to re-create. The fact is that he wrote *War and Peace* in an atmosphere of love and family happiness. The prevailing spirit of the book is an ecstatic love of life in all its manifestations. Lulled to contentment by his own happiness, he evaded the suffering and grief of people in the historical past and tried to see in life, as his peasant character Karatayev did, only "a resplendent comeliness."

13

TOLSTOY told Fet that the hours seemed dead after his prolonged effort on *War and Peace*. He read and wrote nothing and simply felt himself agreeable and stupid. Nerves had been stretched to the breaking point, and his physician warned him of the danger of a collapse. His creative imagination and intellect,

however, could never lie fallow for long. Whole poems, novels, and philosophical theories, he wrote Granny, marched through his brain continually. Turgenev once remarked that the hounds of thought hunted Tolstoy's head to exhaustion.

He had already plunged into a special study of philosophy before his masterpiece was fairly out of the way. Hegel's works struck him as an "empty collection of phrases," but in August, 1869, he wrote Fet: "Do you know what this summer has been for me? An endless ecstasy over Schopenhauer, and a series of mental pleasures such as I've never experienced before."

Philosophy was an intellectual brew that Tolstoy always stirred the wrong way. He was hostile to systems of thought or to systems of any sort. He now pondered much and painfully over philosophical problems, and he talked endlessly, but the net result was always a headache. His speculations filled him with gloom and thoughts of death, whereas a faith was what he really hoped to find.

Drama quickly displaced Tolstoy's zeal for philosophy. Over the winter of 1870 he read plays of Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Pushkin, and Gogol, and he contemplated writing a comedy.

Sonya saw that he was not really serious about this new endeavor, and he actually confessed to her that after having wrestled with a subject of epic proportions, it was difficult and hardly worth while to concern himself with a drama. In fact, with another epic subject in mind, he now turned to explore the age of Peter the Great. The period excited him with its rich, thrilling activity and colorful figures. Jottings on this reading in his notebook for April, 1870, plainly indicate the preliminary massing of material for a historical novel on the time of Peter. An opening chapter was drafted, and in November he wrote Fet: "You cannot imagine how difficult is this preliminary labor of ploughing deeply the field that I intend to sow. I ponder and change my mind continually over what may happen in the lives of all the future people of this huge projected work, and I think of the million possible combinations which make the selection of one so hard."

Less than a month later, however, Fet was bewildered to receive the following information from Tolstoy: "I got your letter a week ago but have not answered because from morn to night I'm learning Greek. I'm writing nothing, only learning; and . . . your skin — to be used as parchment for my Greek diploma — is in danger." He then went on to relate that he could already read Xenophon at sight and Homer with a dictionary. "But how glad I am that God sent this folly upon me! In the first place I enjoy it, and secondly, I have become convinced that of all that human language has produced truly and simply beautiful, I knew nothing — like all the others who know but do not understand; and thirdly, because I have ceased to write, and never more will write wordy rubbish. I'm guilty of having done so, but by God I won't do so any more!" And he finally

expressed the conviction that "without a knowledge of Greek there is no education."

The proposed novel on Peter the Great was quite submerged under this new enthusiasm. He applied himself to Greek with all that ardor and concentration that he gave to any subject or cause that excited his admiration and interest. Like an arrogant school-boy, he boasted to friends that he read Plato and Homer in the original, and to Fet he wrote that he was living in Athens and at night spoke Greek in his sleep. Sonya listened to all the wearying details of his progress. Her principal worry was that his intense application would undermine his health.

In the early months of 1871 Tolstoy's health did break down. Although his Greek studies were no doubt one cause, other factors contributed. There were organic disturbances — fever and rheumatic pains, but these were accompanied by insomnia, nervous exhaustion, and depressed spirits. The feverish and fruitless activities of Tolstoy after the completion of *War and Peace* were not so much a cause as a symptom of his physical and spiritual breakdown. For to pause meant always to examine himself, to concentrate upon his own fate and historical mission. Now, as in periods of inactivity in the past, he sought to escape from himself. These swift thrusts into philosophy, drama, and Greek studies were unconscious attempts to arrest his mind with some all-absorbing task. But his studies did not distract him from the intense self-analysis that nearly always brought him to the point of spiritual despair.

14

TOLSTOY's low state at this time was aggravated by a serious quarrel with his wife. Sonya had already given birth to two more sons — Ilya and Leo. After this fourth child in less than seven years of married life, with perhaps justifiable querulousness she noted in her diary: "With every child I deny myself more of life and grow reconciled under the burden of cares, illness, and years." Nevertheless, on February 12, 1871, a fifth child, Marya, arrived, and after this birth Sonya suffered an illness that almost proved fatal. The prospects of another pregnancy frightened her, and she made known her fears to her husband. With his strict views on marriage, such an attitude deeply offended him and brought about a temporary coldness in their relations that intensified his spiritual loneliness. His poor health became so alarming that he was advised to go to Samara for a *kumys* cure.

Tolstoy visited Samara again in the summer of 1872 to purchase some land. When he returned, he found that a bull had fatally injured his herdsman. With officious zeal, the local examining magistrate, a young man, placed Tolstoy under technical arrest — that is, he obtained a promise that Tolstoy would not leave his estate until the whole matter could be brought up at court.

These proceedings infuriated Tolstoy, and worry over the impending examination deprived him of any judicious perspective in this occurrence. With a feeling of outraged dignity, he wrote to Granny for sympathy and perhaps because he deliberately wished to wound the sensibilities of this aristocratic woman who always remained in his eyes a symbol of the governmental proprieties that he scorned.

The wrong done him was infamous he protested. "It is intolerable to live in Russia — intolerable for a man like me, a man with a gray beard, six children, with the consciousness of a useful, industrious life, with my firm conviction that the fault cannot be with me, with the contempt I cannot help feeling for these newfangled tribunals as I know them, and with my sole wish to be left alone, just as I let the entire universe alone; it is intolerable, I say, to live in dread of some silly youngster, displeased with my nose, who is able to make me sit down in the prisoner's dock and send me to jail afterwards." He had decided, he told Granny, to go to England, where everybody's freedom and dignity were assured. Sonya agreed, and the children would benefit. He would sell all his property and find a good healthy place on the English coast.

Tolstoy's frequently expressed dislike for Europe and his contempt for the kind of educational value that children obtained from association with aristocratic families were momentarily forgotten in the rage that prompted this letter. On the other hand, whenever his life, as now, had come in contact with the arbitrariness of the law or abuses of society, the instinct to revolt always flared forth. Nothing could be more consistent than his growing intolerance for all manifestations of man-made civilization. It was the anarchy of extreme individualism.

The incident passed off harmlessly enough, for the authorities soon wrote to excuse their precipitate action, and Granny also to twit him for his unreasonable attitude. His feeling of resentment, however, did not die easily, and he felt obliged to answer Granny that in a matter of this sort he would always adhere to his expressed opinion that it was best for a man who esteemed himself "to turn from this dreadful sea of obtrusive triviality, of disgusting idleness, this lie, lie, lie that from all sides floods the tiny island of honest and industrious life that I have built up for myself. Away to England, for there only is personal freedom protected from every kind of outrage, and there alone is it possible to lead a tranquil and independent life!" This incident added fuel to a flame that was soon to become a bonfire and consume the last ties binding him to man's social order.

England as the domicile of the future exponent of civil disobedience had something of the ludicrous about it. Only in Russia could Tolstoy be moderately contented, or perhaps it would be better to say, only on that plot of land with which he had so completely identified himself — Yasnaya Polyana. However uncertain his spiritual happiness may have been at this time, in the bosom of his blooming family he still

thoroughly enjoyed life, despite frequent tribulations.

In March, 1872, Tolstoy wrote in a jocular vein to Granny and compared himself to an old, gray-haired, toothless creature. "My life," he added, "is the same as ever, and I could not wish it better. There are a few great intellectual joys — as few as I have it in my power to experience — and a fat fund of *silly joys*, for instance: to teach reading to peasant children, to break in a colt, to admire the large room that has just been built on the house, to calculate the income from a newly purchased estate, to translate a fable of Aesop well, to work at a symphony with my niece, playing four hands, to have fine calves, all of them heifers, and so on. The *great* joys — that means an extremely happy family, all the children lively, healthy, and, I'm almost convinced, clever and unspoiled, and then work."

There was nothing more to add to the silly joys and great joys of Tolstoy's self-contained existence at this time. Happy people, he remarked, had no history, and at Yasnaya Polyana they were all happy. In September, 1873, he mentions the eleventh anniversary of his marriage in a letter to Fet, and finds nothing to comment on, save that his children are learning, that his wife assists in teaching them, and that he is sitting for his portrait by Kramskoi, the distinguished Russian artist.

The children — a sixth, Petya, had been born on June 13, 1872 — had each finally won an individual place in the affection of their father. Their sprouting natures fascinated him and he swiftly gained their confidence, not as a father, but as a big brother who knew all the secrets of their little hearts.

Petya, when seventeen months old, died from a sudden illness. It was the first death in the family. Tolstoy drew comfort from the fact that if one of the eight members of the family had to go, it was better that it should be the youngest. Sonya grieved deeply over the loss of her child, and her husband sympathized with this sorrow of a mother's heart, that wonderful and highest manifestation of divinity on earth, as he declared.

15

SORROWS at Yasnaya Polyana, however, were few during these halcyon days. Informality prevailed in the household, although a few aristocratic traditions clung to the daily routine like fine old lace on a modish wedding gown. An editor from Moscow arrived on business. Presently a door in the rear opened and a man, a bit above middle height, appeared. He had sandy hair and a full beard, and wore common boots and a worker's dark-gray blouse pulled together by a leather belt. The editor took him for a servant and asked for the Count. The "servant" enjoyed the mistake and risked a rebuke for his impertinence before announcing that he was Count Tolstoy. At once he changed into the gracious host. Those deep blue eyes under the bushy brows lit up

with curiosity. There was something electric about this personality, and it shocked a visitor into an immediate awareness that he was in contact with the great.

A devotion to work was one of the rules of Tolstoy's life. All the family assembled at breakfast, and the master's jokes and quips rendered the conversation more gay and lively. Finally, he would get up with the words, "It's time to work now," and he would disappear into his study, often carrying off a glass of strong tea with him. No one dared disturb him.

When he emerged in the early afternoon, it was to take his exercise, usually a walk or a ride. At five he returned for dinner, ate voraciously, and when he had satisfied his hunger he would amuse all present by vivid accounts of any experience he had had on his walk. After dinner he retired to his study to read, and at eight he would join the family and any visitors in the living room for tea. Often there was music, reading aloud, or games with the children.

The children came in for a good deal of attention from both their parents. As one might expect, the democratic educational principles that Tolstoy formulated for peasant youngsters were in good part abandoned in the case of his own children, out of deference to the prevailing views of the social circle in which later they would have to move. When the children were old enough, they were placed under the care of foreign governesses and tutors from whom they learned English, French, and German. But the parents kept a strict watch over them. Sonya taught them reading, writing, and music, and Tolstoy taught them arithmetic. The children were not allowed to study only the subjects they were interested in, as had been the case in Tolstoy's peasant school, but they were not punished for failure in their lessons and were rewarded when they did well.

For the children, their father was the greatest man in the world and they loved to be in his company. He divined their inmost thoughts, and there was nothing they could conceal from him. In their games he was one of them, and they eagerly vied with him in gymnastics, skating, swimming, and riding. Frequently they accompanied him on long walks through the woods, when he tried to impress upon them the beauties of nature that he understood and appreciated so well.

With an unusual sense of childish fun, he invented games or banished their tears or sulks with some spontaneous outburst of tomfoolery. When all the children would be sitting quietly in the living room after the departure of some dull visitor, he would suddenly jump up from his chair, raise one hand, and run around the table at a hopping gallop. All the children flew after him, hopping and waving their hands in imitation. After several gallops around the table, they would fall panting in their chairs, the flat atmosphere having been cleared and gay spirits recovered. He called this restorer of happy spirits his "Numidian Cavalry."

On holidays the house was turned over to the

children. At Christmas, for example, all was a beehive of activity as the grownups arranged various amusements for the youngsters. Tolstoy always took a leading part in these festivities. The children were gathered around the tree one holiday, fingering their presents. Suddenly an old man appeared leading a bear on a rope. The children screamed with delight. At their demand the bear growled, crawled, danced, and lay down on one side and turned slowly over. Only when the children noticed the absence of their father, who had been there a moment before, did they discover that he was the bear — in a fur coat turned inside out.

16

SHORTLY after the completion of *War and Peace*, the hounds that indefatigably coursed Tolstoy's brain had turned up a fine quarry, but the game had escaped because of various false scents. For in February, 1870, Tolstoy had mentioned to Sonya a new theme for a novel; it would concern a married woman in high society who had lapsed morally. His problem, he said, was to represent this woman as not guilty but merely pitiful.

Tolstoy had actually hit upon the theme of his next great novel — *Anna Karenina* — but various occupations at that time had crowded the project out of his mind. Three years later, impelled by a curious circumstance, he suddenly returned to the theme. One day his son Sergei had been reading to his old aunt from Pushkin's *Tales of Belkin*. The book was left lying around. Tolstoy picked it up, thumbed through it, read bits to Sonya, and was delighted with the narrative skill. The opening sentence of a fragmentary tale in the collection caught his eye: "The guests arrived at the country house."

"How charming that is!" he exclaimed. "That's the way for us to write. Pushkin enters directly into the matter. Another would begin to describe the guests, the rooms, but he jumps into the action at once." That very night, under the inspiration of his reading Pushkin, he began *Anna Karenina*. Sonya noted in her diary that he started the novel on the nineteenth or twentieth of March, 1873.

As usual the family circle hummed with excitement over the beginning of a new work of fiction, and his letters at this time testify to his own enthusiasm. By March, 1874, Tolstoy had the first part of his novel ready for printing, but four months later he wrote to a friend that *Anna Karenina* was "repulsive and disgusting" to him. In truth, he had already put the novel aside, for once again the restless urge to be doing something that seemed really worth while had run afoul of his creative spirit. What that something was he explained in a letter to Granny: "I find myself in my summer disposition of soul, i.e. not occupied with poesy, and I have given over printing my novel; I'm so displeased with it that I wish to abandon it; I now occupy myself with practical matters, and precisely with pedagogy. . . ."

During the next three years, Tolstoy, as in the period before his marriage, attempted to convince the skeptical teaching profession that their methods of instructing children were wrong. This time, however, he achieved more success. An article that he published, "On National Education," won wide attention. In it he boldly attacked the popular visual and phonetic methods and sharply criticized native teachers for failing to understand the educational needs of the Russian masses. The new primers he now published were recommended by the Ministry of Education and sold in tens of thousands of copies. And as a member of the County Educational Committee, he tirelessly visited the schools of the district in an effort to improve the instruction. In the end, however, the failure of a teachers' training seminary that he set up at Yasnaya Polyana, his "university in bast shoes" as he called it, discouraged him and ended his efforts to change formal education in Russia.

No doubt Sonya felt relieved at the demise of her husband's pedagogical passion. Now he could finish *Anna Karenina*. In December of 1874 he had sold the serial rights to Katkov for the magnificent sum of 20,000 rubles, and a little more than three parts had appeared in 1875 in the early numbers of the *Russian Messenger*. Then work on the novel was interrupted until the next year. Fet egged him on, and Strakhov wrote him of the ecstatic praise going the rounds of Petersburg over the early parts. Family worries, periodic feelings of repugnance for the novel, and a trip to Samara — at the end of which he gloomily wrote Fet that he had not soiled his hand with ink or his heart with thoughts — were excuses for his failure to keep at *Anna Karenina*.

Several more parts were published in 1876, but only under considerable stress and with such a conviction that the writing was poor that he begged Strakhov not to praise his efforts. Two laudatory reviews that Strakhov sent he burned without reading. As he reached the end, however, he took new courage and expended greater effort. The final parts appeared in 1877 in the first four issues of the *Russian Messenger*. But the eighth and last part Katkov refused to publish because Tolstoy would not change unpatriotic allusions to Russian volunteers who were at that time aiding the Serbs against the Turks. Accordingly, Tolstoy published this last part separately. The whole novel, considerably corrected with Strakhov's aid, appeared in book form the following year.

Tolstoy had built the story of this novel, as that of *War and Peace*, out of the stuff of life, and its greatness rests on those qualities that he thought most important in art — simplicity, goodness, and truth. After eight years of respectable married life with a cold and pompous husband, the warmhearted and attractive Anna falls in love with Vronski, a passion that is sincerely returned. Her husband, conventional society, and her own moral nature are sacrificed to this consuming love which becomes the only thing

left in life for Anna. In her frantic efforts to protect and sustain her love, she becomes egotistic and possessive, and jealousy eventually transforms into hate the love for which she had given up everything. There is only one escape, and Anna's suicide in the end fulfills the epigraph of the novel: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

Parallel with the story of Anna and Vronski runs the account of the love of Kitty and Levin. Tolstoy drew heavily upon himself for the character of Levin, and Levin's brother Nikolai is modeled on Tolstoy's dead brother, Dmitri. Indeed, the whole story of Levin and Kitty — their courtship, marriage, and family existence — is in many respects the story of Tolstoy and his wife. Scenes from his own life are transformed by art into the magnificent drama of fiction — the birth of Levin's first child, the death of his brother, the unsurpassable mowing scene; and even the tragic suicide of Anna under the wheels of the train was suggested by the similar fate of the jealous mistress of one of Tolstoy's neighbors.

If *Anna Karenina* has nothing of the epic sweep of *War and Peace*, it gains artistically by virtue of its compactness and inner unity. As art it is perfection, Dostoyevsky remarked, and he felt that there was nothing in European literature that could be compared with it. Tolstoy had never probed more deeply the mystery of human fate or presented more arrestingly the dependence of human happiness on the immutable laws of nature. Anna defied these laws, and nature, which neither forgets nor pardons, quietly and dispassionately exacted retribution.

With the appearance of *Anna Karenina* the reputation of Tolstoy as Russia's greatest novelist was secure. Almost without exception, the enthusiastic reviews accorded him the leading position. Even abroad, Turgenev, in a foreword to a French translation of the *Two Hussars*, generously declared Tolstoy's pre-eminence. From Petersburg, Strakhov maintained a running commentary in his letters to Tolstoy on the reaction of the reading public as the parts of the novel appeared. People were in ecstasies; they wept over the unforgettable and pathetic scenes of little Seryozha, and haunted the bookshops for fear of losing out on the next installment. Nearly everyone recognized, as Henry James did some twenty years later in America, that Tolstoy's fiction represented perfection in the art of depicting life.

17

MEANWHILE, death stalked the premises at Yasnaya Polyana throughout the period in which *Anna Karenina* was written. In June, 1874, Auntie Tatyana, almost eighty years of age, died. Although it was expected, Tolstoy could not fail to be deeply affected by the passing of this foster mother of his childhood, the constant solace and confidante of his youth and manhood, the woman who had taught him "the spiritual happiness of love."

The next year, on February 21, Tolstoy's ten-months-old son, Nikolai, died from a sudden illness. He had been born only five months after the death of little Petya, and was so like him that the parents involuntarily called him "Petya." Both Tolstoy and his wife were grief-stricken. Sonya was soon pregnant again, however, and at the end of 1875, falling desperately ill, she gave premature birth to a daughter who lived less than two hours. Very shortly after this, at the end of December, Tolstoy's ancient aunt, Pelageya, who had recently come to live with the family, also died. For some mysterious reason the loss of this last link with his mother and father, his protectress during his Kazan student days, profoundly affected and haunted him for some time. It is little wonder that he wrote to Fet: "Fear, horror, death, the children's jollity, food, vanity, doctors, falseness, death, horror. It was all terribly oppressive."

Death, however, could not absorb for long the interests of a family in which births had become so frequent: a ninth child, Andrei, was born to the Tolstoys on December 6, 1877. With this brood Sonya's tasks were endless. She made their clothes, tended them in all their illnesses, played games with them; and despite the employment of various governesses and tutors, she also gave lessons to the children. And at night, if guests were not present, she made neat copies of her husband's untidy manuscripts. To her sister Tanya she wrote: "I teach, and nurse like a machine from morn to night, from night to morn."

Tolstoy felt keenly his duty towards the children, particularly in the matter of their education. When they were old enough, he taught them Latin and Greek. After explaining the alphabet, he would set them to reading Xenophon at once, completely ignoring the grammar. Ilya, the second son, surprised all the masters at his school examination by his ability to translate the classics at sight with comparative ease, although he knew no grammar. At night Tolstoy would sometimes read to them romantic fiction, such as the tales of Jules Verne, and on one occasion they were all delighted with the illustrations he drew for one of these stories.

As Tolstoy's creative work demanded more and more of his time, he easily fell into the habit of letting Sonya assume most of the responsibility for their growing family of children. The tense moments when his overcharged sensitivities reacted violently to childish misbehavior grew more frequent. The "nasty face" of little Ilya, he wrote his wife, on one of the rare occasions when she was away from home, literally tortured him all day. When he finally overcame his indecision and talked to the child, he wept with his son.

He had praised all his children to Granny, but in a letter four months later he wrote wearily: "I have felt so much and thought so much about them, and made such efforts — and to what end? In order that at best they may grow up neither too bad nor

too stupid. It's a strangely ordained world, and, as my friend Fet says, the longer I live in it, the less I understand." He was beginning to realize the truth of the Russian proverb: "Few children, few cares; more children, more cares."

Tolstoy absented himself from Yasnaya Polyana with more and more reluctance. Trips to Moscow on the business of publishing *Anna Karenina* were unavoidable, but he never remained in the city any longer than necessary. Now, not even Moscow's cultural attractions could detain him. In December, 1876, however, he felt a hurried business visit to the city well rewarded, for he made the acquaintance of the great composer Tschaikovsky. From his youth, Tschaikovsky had been an enthusiastic admirer of Tolstoy's works, which he felt had been written by an author with a superhuman power for probing the human heart.

After their first meeting Tschaikovsky wrote a friend that he had been completely enchanted by Tolstoy's ideal personality. Tschaikovsky induced N. G. Rubinstein, then Director of the Moscow Conservatory, to give a musical evening solely for Tolstoy's benefit. When Tschaikovsky's "Andante in D Major" was played, Tolstoy burst into tears, not an unusual occurrence when he was deeply affected by music. Tschaikovsky admitted that his vanity as a composer had never been so flattered. After Tolstoy returned home, he wrote Tschaikovsky that his literary efforts had never been so wonderfully rewarded as on that musical evening, and he sent him a collection of folk songs taken down in the Yasnaya Polyana district, in the hope that Tschaikovsky would make use of them, he remarked, "in a Mozart-Haydn style and not in the Beethoven-Schumann-Berlioz artificial manner!" But Tschaikovsky did not think much of the songs.

It is rather strange that this acquaintance, begun with such ardor and lofty mutual regard on both sides, should have quickly cooled. Later evidence indicates that Tschaikovsky rather resented that Tolstoy, this searcher of souls in his novels, was in real life a simple fellow who had no interest in probing his soul and merely wanted to chat with him about music.

18

DURING the period in which *Anna Karenina* was written, Sonya enjoyed and had earned the right to bask in the reflected glory of her husband's genius, but like any practical-minded woman, there were times when she would have willingly exchanged the reflected glory for some commonplace fun. She was still an attractive young woman, and the long winters at remote Yasnaya Polyana provided her with no stage on which to shine. The summer with its visitors and festivities was always an eagerly anticipated season in a year of isolation, but now Tolstoy, exhibiting a moodiness strange for him, wrote to Fet that these visitors bored him.

Sonya confided her rebellion largely to the pages of her diary. "I hate those people," she wrote, "who tell me that I'm beautiful; I never thought this, and now it is already too late. And what good would beauty do me, what do I need it for? . . . Lyovochka would grow accustomed to the most hideous face, if only his wife were quiet, worshipful, and lived the kind of life that he had selected for her." And in another passage she complained gloomily: "This excessively isolated country existence has finally become insupportable to me. A sad apathy, an indifference to everything; today, tomorrow, the months, the years are all the same to me." At this charming time of their life together, why, she suspiciously asked, did he so willingly leave her for a trip to Samara? She used the excuse of collecting material for his biography to pore over his old diaries, and once again, after almost fifteen years of married life, these records of his old sins of the flesh filled her with brooding jealousy. In her diary, passages of fiercely expressed hatred for herself and her daily existence alternated with such pathetic declarations as "I'm much concerned with my own external appearance, and I begin to dream about another life than that which I am now leading. That is, I want to read much, to be educated, to be intellectual. I want to be beautiful, to think about clothes, and stupid things."

No doubt a series of illnesses contributed greatly to Sonya's frayed disposition at this time and kept her husband in a state of constant worry. "What situation can be more terrible for a healthy husband than the illness of a wife," he wrote to a friend in the spring of 1876. He thought of taking her abroad, but instead he sent her for treatment to a distinguished Petersburg physician in January, 1877. And with deep concern he hastened off a letter to Granny in that city, asking her to watch out for his wife and give him an absolutely faithful report of her health. It was the first meeting between these two — the wife and the woman of whom Sonya could never dispel a twinge of jealousy because of the part, however innocent, that she had played in her husband's past.

Granny, as might be expected from this aristocratic lady of exquisite breeding, wrote Tolstoy a warm letter concerning his wife's charms. Sonya was more restrained in her reaction to Granny. The comforting report of the doctor was that he had never seen lungs so sound and strong (they had feared consumption). He found nothing organically wrong and attributed most of her illness to nerves. His concluding advice to husband and wife was that they should live in a normal and philosophic manner.

Tolstoy and his wife, however, had reached a point where life together in a normal and philosophic manner had become quite impossible. Something had quietly and unobtrusively dropped out of the happy harmony of their married existence. It had been caught in the ebb and flow of the ceaseless conflict in his soul, in the throb and stress of a gigantic disharmony. Outwardly, all remained as before, but a mutual dissatisfaction was felt. Nor could Tolstoy

interest himself so wholeheartedly in family matters as formerly, and Sonya observed this defection.

Tolstoy's mind was now full of thoughts on life and death. He had once again returned to the path that he had stumbled along and had been repeatedly diverted from all his life. He was never again to leave it. The questions that had intermittently worried him for years must now be answered. The spiritual crisis had been reached. His confused and persistent spiritual quest made for coldness and disharmony in the family. Poor Sonya did not understand this soul-sickness; it depressed her and evoked protest. And she would continue to protest for the next thirty years.

19

ALL his life Tolstoy had been searching for God, often in ways that evaded his own consciousness. Instead of sinning his way to God, like Dostoyevsky, he had to reason his way to Him. What was about to take place in his spiritual life did not represent a change or a break with the past, but rather an intensification of a development that had been proceeding slowly ever since his youth.

Marriage, with its hope of family happiness, had saved Tolstoy from a period of deep despair that had seemed crucial. What he did not realize, however, was that his fifteen happy years of marriage were a transition period—they had not cured his despair, but had merely diverted it. Shortly after marriage the same gnawing self-examination began again, quietly at first, but with a constantly rising tempo. This was a disease family happiness could no longer cure. Indeed, as the ideal existence he liked to consider it, his family happiness had ended forever. His sense of futility grew like a malignant cancer and slowly began to paralyze all his activities. He experienced moments of perplexity when life seemed to stand still, and he felt dejected, for he did not know what to do or how to live. These moments of perplexity passed, but they returned more and more frequently, and they were always expressed by the questions: "What is it for? What does it all lead to?"

At first, Tolstoy thought these were rather stupid and childish simple questions to which everyone knew the answers. But when he tried to solve them, he became convinced that they were the most important and deepest of life's questions. Now he had to know *why* he did anything—why he built up his estate, bettered the lot of his peasants, educated his children, or wrote novels. He found no satisfactory answer. Life came to a standstill; it had become meaningless. His love of family happiness and of art had ceased to be sweet to him. Death waited; all else was false.

The question that brought Tolstoy to the verge of suicide at the age of fifty was, as he expressed it himself, the simplest of questions lying in the soul of every man: Why should I live, why wish for any-

thing or do anything? In short, has life any meaning that the inevitable death awaiting one does not destroy? And to free himself of this dilemma, he experienced an almost irresistible urge to commit suicide. So strong was this inclination to self-destruction that he had to be wily with himself. He took a cord out of his room lest he be tempted to hang himself from the crossbeam, and he avoided hunting, for fear that he would shoot himself. One cannot doubt the reality of the forces that almost brought him to take his life, but his inquiring mind first imposed upon him the necessity of searching every possible source for a solution to this question. And his *Confession*, which he probably drafted in 1879, contains the remarkable record of this extensive inquiry.

The exact sciences, Tolstoy found, did not deal with the question at all; whereas the speculative sciences, culminating in metaphysics, dealt with it but supplied no satisfactory answer. He could get no answer from the materialists. The answers of all the pure philosophers and great thinkers he consulted may be summed up in the words of Socrates: "The life of the body is an evil and a lie. Therefore the destruction of the life of the body is a blessing and we should desire it."

In his search Tolstoy next turned to an inquiry into the lives of the men of his own class, and he decided that they met the problem that beset him in one of four ways. The first way was that of ignorance; some people, mostly women or the very young or dull, did not understand this question to which he could not close his eyes. The second way was that of the Epicureans; the majority of the men of his circle, who, because of their leisure, comfort, and all the favorable but accidental circumstances of their position, would not think of the inevitability of sickness, age, and death, which would destroy all their pleasures.

The third way out, Tolstoy saw, was that of strength and energy, an escape that he wished to adopt himself, for it was suitable only for a few exceptional people who understood that life was an evil and must be destroyed. The last way out was that of the weak people, who saw the truth of the situation and yet clung to life as though they still hoped to obtain something from it. And sadly he realized that he belonged to this category.

The fact that he could reach such conclusions and not act upon them puzzled Tolstoy. If he really believed that life was a stupid joke, then why not get rid of it? Other people were contented and liked what they were doing, so why bother them with this conviction that life was repulsive and dull? His very failure to act convinced him that something was radically wrong with his reasoning and he turned his thoughts in a new direction.

But Tolstoy did not live by reason alone. The quality of sheer feeling, so prevalent in his artistic productions, constantly warred against his rational convictions and tormented him to the point of physical suffering. Reason might prove to him, as it had to

many others, that life was a long disease of which sleep was the only alleviation and death the only cure, but a feeling deep within him told him that there was something more, some answer beyond the power of reason to divine.

He had found no answer to his doubts either in knowledge or in the personal solutions of the social class to which he belonged. Something now obliged him to turn for light to the peasantry. In his *Confession* he related that suddenly he instinctively felt that if he wished to live and to understand the meaning of life, he must seek this meaning not among those who had lost it — his own social class — but among those millions who knew it and who supported the burden of their own existence. Upon examination he saw that the peasantry had a knowledge of the meaning of life, and that that knowledge was their faith in God. This simple faith of the peasant, however, his reason at first rejected.

Tolstoy's dilemma was more terrible than ever. He could find nothing along the path of reasonable knowledge except a denial of life, and in faith he could find nothing but a denial of reason. Yet he quickly realized that it was a mistake to expect finite things to supply a meaning to life, for the finite has no ultimate meaning apart from the infinite. The two must be linked together before an answer to life's problems could be reached. And he at last began to see that however unreasonable might be the replies given by faith in God, they had an advantage in that they introduced a relation between the finite and the infinite, without which no reply was possible.

He saw at this time that religion gave meaning to life, but the Church itself was an insult to his reason. Only faith, however, could make life possible for him, for if a man lived, he must believe in something. His problem now was to reconcile faith and the Church that preached it, for he was willing to accept any faith if only it did not demand of him a direct denial of reason.

Tolstoy next began a detailed investigation of religions — Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and especially Christianity. He studied them in books, and he eagerly sought information from learned people, theologians, and monks. Even the popular "New Christians" of that time, the Evangelicals, who professed salvation by faith in the Redemption, he sympathetically considered. Tolstoy knew followers of Lord Radstock, the ardent and persuasive English Evangelical preacher, who traveled in Russia. One of them, Count A. P. Bobrinski, Minister of Ways of Communication, visited him in February, 1876, and he wrote to Granny of this prominent Radstockite: "No one ever spoke better to me about faith than Bobrinski. He is irrefutable because he does not offer evidence, he simply believes, and you feel that he is happier than those who do not have his faith, and you chiefly feel that it is impossible to acquire this happiness from faith by the power of reason; one must obtain it by a miracle. And this I desire."

But Tolstoy's searching intellect and instinctive

hatred of insincerity quickly led him to condemn the Evangelicals, who hoped to make him their spokesman in Russia. He required a faith much more intelligible than the scheme of Redemption by the blood of Jesus. God pouring down grace on aristocratic members of the English Club and well-fed stockholders seemed to him a silly and immoral conception. The faith he sought had to face the facts of life, and he imagined that it could be won only through work and suffering. In a later letter to Granny he wrote: "It is strange and awful to say, but I believe in nothing that is taught by religion. And what is more, I not only hate and despise atheism, but I can see no possibility of living, and still less of dying, without faith."

Throughout 1876 and part of the next year Tolstoy's letters to close friends revealed his attempts, now in passionate outbursts, now in closely reasoned speculation, to reconcile the God of revealed religion with his reason and his demand for a faith that made life worth living. To the ordinarily sympathetic Granny, this complex, tortured searching seemed futile. Why did he not accept the salvation offered him by the Russian Orthodox Church? And she attributed his persistent ratiocination on this theme to false shame.

The charge angered him. "The religious problem for me," he replied, "is exactly like the problem of a shipwrecked man: he looks out for something to seize in order to save himself from the imminent danger that he feels with all his being. And now for two years religion has held out to me this possibility of salvation; therefore false shame is utterly out of the question. The fact is that every time I seize this plank of salvation, I am drowned with it; I seem somehow able to float along if I do not catch hold of the plank."

20

TOLSTOY's prolonged and profound spiritual struggle seemed to effect a transformation in his whole character. Sonya noted in her diary how the religious spirit in him grew stronger every day; and she wrote to her sister Tanya that his eyes were often fixed and strange; that he hardly talked at all and had quite ceased to belong to this world. His health suffered under the strain and his ebullient nature grew meek and humble. The very thought that he had a single enemy in the world became painful to him. In this temper of mind he remembered his longstanding feud with Turgenev and promptly sent him a letter to Paris, in which he recalled their old friendship and his initial literary indebtedness to him, and concluded: "Sincerely, if you can forgive me, I offer you all the friendship of which I am capable. At our time of life there is only one good — loving relations with people, and I shall be very happy if they exist between us."

Turgenev was touched and joyfully accepted the offer of reconciliation, promising to visit Tolstoy that summer. The dangerous fascination of the younger

for the older writer had never really ceased, and Turgenev had followed closely, though critically, every step of Tolstoy's career during the whole course of their rupture of seventeen years.

True to his promise, Turgenev visited Yasnaya Polyana in the summer of 1878. The whole household bubbled with excitement, for most of its members had never seen the famous author. They were much impressed by his appearance — his huge frame and noble head with its full white beard and shock of hair. Both men seemed delighted to see each other. Turgenev thought Tolstoy had grown quiet and mature. Much of the time was spent in Tolstoy's study in philosophical and religious discussions.

Turgenev charmed the family with his conversation, played chess with young Sergei, and read to all of them one of his tales, "The Dog," which, however, failed to impress his listeners. He was very active and accompanied Tolstoy and the children on a walk about the estate. Coming across a seesaw that had been set up to amuse the youngsters, the two authors were tempted. The sixty-year-old Turgenev mounted one end of the board and the fifty-year-old Tolstoy the other, and they seesawed while the children gleefully looked on.

Returning to his own estate Turgenev wrote: "I cannot help repeating to you once more what a fine and agreeable impression my visit to Yasnaya Polyana made on me, and how happy I am that the misunderstanding that existed between us has vanished without a trace, as though it had never been." Yet not even Tolstoy's newly discovered humility could entirely eradicate his suspicion of his rival's sincerity. In subsequent letters to Fet, Tolstoy complained that Turgenev had not changed, and that it was better to "keep farther away from him and from sin," for he was "an unpleasant sort of quarrel-maker."

Throughout this period Tolstoy's distraught state of mind made literary work extremely difficult and at times impossible, although it is clear that he found a kind of refuge in creative efforts. Frequently he had lost sight of *Anna Karenina* in this religious mist, and he apparently gained comfort from the work only in describing Levin's painful search for spiritual values that reflected so strikingly his own quest. Towards the end of the novel, however, in 1877, Tolstoy returned to the design of *The Decembrists*, which some fourteen years before he had laid aside in favor of *War and Peace*.

This old project, a logical sequel to *War and Peace*, and long conceived of as the second of a great trilogy of novels, aroused Tolstoy's sluggish creative powers. He had in mind a work as prodigious as *War and Peace*, and he now turned to it with something of his former zeal. His interest continued until January, 1879, when he once again dropped the subject. His decision was no doubt prompted partly by the fact that the authorities refused him permission to study material in the State Archives, and partly because he lost sympathy with the rebels when he learned that their movement was not a purely national one but

had been inspired by French example and thought. On the other hand, it is also clear that a resurgence of his spiritual unrest and his preoccupation with another work at this time — his *Confession* — helped turn him away from the theme.

The growing intensity of Tolstoy's spiritual search for a religious faith that would solve all his doubts was gradually drawing him away from the material concerns of life. In March, 1876, Sonya had written of her husband in her diary: "Today he says that he cannot live long in this terrible religious struggle in which he has been buried over these last two years, and now he hopes that he is close to the time when he may become an entirely religious man." He extracted a curious comfort from the *Pensées* of Pascal, a book that he eagerly read, and wrote about to Granny and Fet. It was not, however, the dogmatic theology of the great Frenchman that pleased him, but the consuming and dramatically expressed doubts about life and death that drove Pascal on in his quest for religious faith.

Since the faith of worldly theologians and of the people of his own class repelled him, Tolstoy turned to believers among the poor, simple, unlettered folk: pilgrims, monks, sectarians, and peasants. Pilgrims he sought out on the highway, on their long plodding trips to holy places; peasants he stopped to converse with on their way to and from work; and hermits and monks he visited in their retreats and monasteries.

Tolstoy found a great deal of superstition mixed with Christian truths among these simple people, but the deeper he pondered the more convinced he became that they possessed a real faith that was necessary to them and gave their life real meaning. Their days were passed in labor, and whereas people of his own social level were terrified of suffering and death, he observed that these poor folk lived and suffered and approached death with tranquillity. The better he came to know them, the more he loved them, and the easier it was for him to go on living. Under their influence he was conscious of a change taking place in him, a change that had long been preparing and the promise of which had always been in him. The life of his own spoiled and rich circle had lost all meaning for him, but the life of laboring people, of the great masses of mankind that produce life, now appeared to him in its true light.

21

THE process of fluctuating between belief and unbelief induced in Tolstoy an awareness of something that had hitherto escaped his attention. He noticed that when he believed in God, life seemed worth living; when he forgot Him or disbelieved in Him, he had no further interest in life. "What more do you seek?" a voice exclaimed within him. "This is He. To know God and to live is one and the same thing. God is life. Live seeking God and then you will not live without God."

This experience drove all thoughts of suicide from his head. He recognized that the strength of life that now returned to him was not new; it had belonged to his earliest childhood and youth. He had simply reverted to the belief that the Will that produced him desired something of him — it desired a belief in God, in moral perfecting, and in a tradition transmitting to us the meaning of life.

The humble people of Russia had led Tolstoy to an understanding of the meaning of life and to a belief in God, and like them he felt that he must live "godly," and that he must renounce all the pleasures of life, must labor, humble himself, suffer, and be merciful. He realized that the essence of the peasant's faith in God, like the essence of every faith, consists in its giving life a meaning that death does not destroy. But he still had his exacting reason to contend with. Although he strove with all his soul to mingle with the people and fulfill the ritual side of their religion, his reason rebelled. For a time he accepted the dogma of the Church on the principle that truth reveals itself to love, and if you do not submit to the ritual of the Church, you transgress against love, and by transgressing against love, you deprive yourself of the possibility of recognizing the truth.

Accordingly, Tolstoy humbled his reason, faithfully attended the Russian Orthodox services, fasted, and prepared for communion. This kind of playing bopeep with God by observing religious ceremonies, the sincerity and truth of which his reason denied, soon revolted him. When the priest at communion made him say that he believed that what he was about to swallow was the true flesh and blood of the Lord, he felt a pain in his heart. He knew that he was lying and thus destroying his relation to God and losing all possibility of believing.

V. I. Alekseyev, an atheistically inclined tutor whom Tolstoy took into his house at this time, expressed surprise that a man of his intellect and sincerity could pray and observe the rites of the Church. It was a winter morning and they were discussing such questions in the drawing room at Yasnaya Polyana. The sun's slanting rays were striking the frosty tracery on the window. Tolstoy called Alekseyev's attention to the fact that in the wonderfully illuminated flower patterns he saw only the sun's reflected rays, but knew that afar off it was the real sun that produced the effect. The people, continued Tolstoy, saw only a reflected image of religion, but he himself looked further and saw — or at least knew — that very far away there existed the source from which all light comes.

But the difference between him and the people, he pointed out, need not prevent their common brotherhood, for both looked at the source of light, only their reason penetrated it to different depths. Yet at times Tolstoy, upon returning from church, ad-

mitted that he could stand it no longer. The peasants chatting unconcernedly on everyday affairs at the most solemn moments of the service proved to him that their relation to religion was one of complete unconsciousness.

Fasting also troubled Tolstoy. When his doctor warned him that he was injuring his health, he made a pilgrimage to the Monastery of St. Sergius, some miles from Moscow, to consult the famous monk Leonid. He solved the problem, however, in his own way. One day his wife served up fast-food to all the household save the tutors, who, by their own request, received regular meals. A dish of the tutors' cutlets was left on the window sill. Tolstoy asked Ilya to pass him this dish, and he ate the cutlets with great relish. From that time on he gave up fasting.

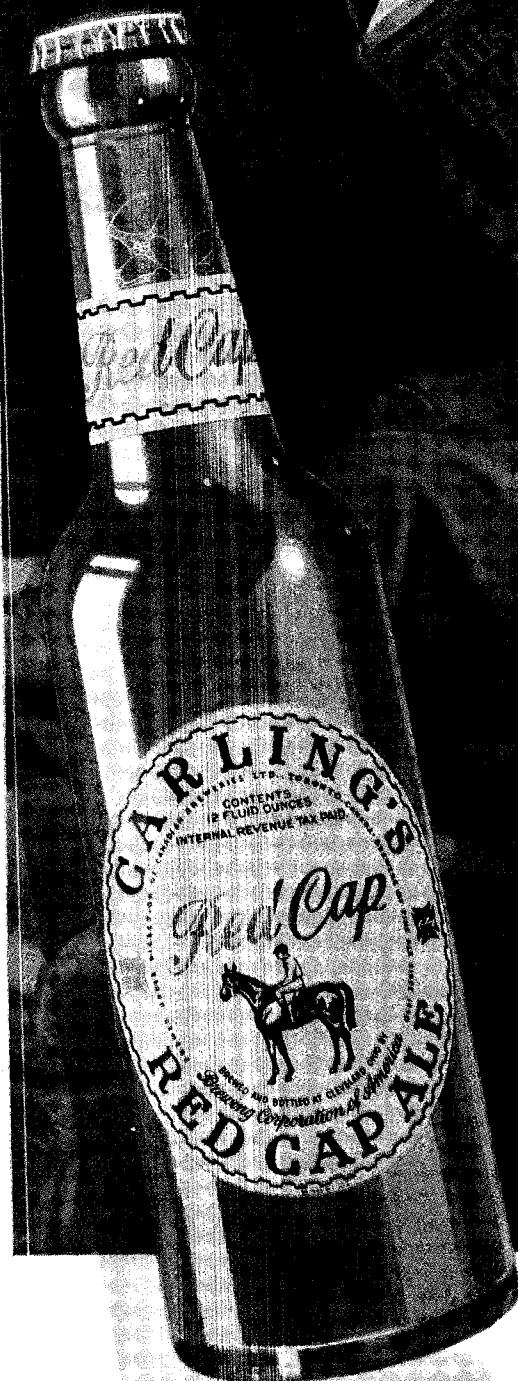
In the end, Tolstoy was obliged to confess to himself that belief in Orthodoxy was impossible. He wondered why the priests of his own Church considered the beliefs of all others heretical. Because of the conflicting interpretations of various churches, the teaching of Christ that promised to unite all in one faith and love had ended in destroying what it sought to create. When he asked a theologian why these sects should not unite on the main points on which all could agree, he was told that such concessions would bring reproach on the spiritual authorities for deserting the faith of their forefathers.

This was the last straw. Tolstoy was seeking faith, the power of life, and the priests were seeking the best way to fulfill before men certain human obligations. His disillusion was complete when he studied the relation of the Church to war and executions, for by now he had forsworn patriotism as an irrational state of mind. Killing was evil and repugnant to him, yet the teachers of the faith prayed for the success of Russian arms and sanctified murder in war.

Tolstoy ended his *Confession* on this promise to write a future work — an examination of Christian theology — in an effort to determine what is true and what is false. He had come a long way from *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. *Confession*, however, is one of the noblest and most courageous utterances of man, the outpourings of a soul perplexed in the extreme by life's great problem, — the relation of man to the infinite, — yet executed with complete sincerity and high art. In it he dared to tell the cynical unbelievers that religion contained the only explanation of the meaning of life, and to the believers in dogmatic and popular religion he declared that the very foundations of their faith were erroneous. And in *Confession* he uncompromisingly turned his back on fifty years of his existence with all their joys and sorrows, all their fame and magnificent artistic achievements, and bravely looked forward to a new way of life: that of a man seeking moral perfection in service to God and humanity.

(To be continued)

- Happy ending.



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SPECIAL TOUCH

There is no writing that tells how to produce a bourbon like Old Grand-Dad. True, there is a formula—but he who works with it must also have something born into him. He must have a special touch for coaxing the last wisp of flavor from the ripe grain, a flair for capturing the sparkle of the sun, and a great patience with the slow hand of time. For flavor and sparkle and mellowness are the delights of Old Grand-Dad—an ever-present invitation to count him among your friends and include him among your guests.

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof—4 years old



*Head of the
Bourbon Family*

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK